THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DECEMBER 17, 1927

Isaac F. Marcosson—Clarence Budington Kelland
Garet Garrett—F. Scott Fitzgerald—David Lawrence
Nina Wilcox Putnam—Arthur E. Stilwell—Christian Gauss

21 Gift Ideas

Now ready at the Parker Duofold Dealer's —right in your neighborhood

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The Parker dealer will wrap each Gift in gay Christmas trappings—all ready for Santa to deliver.

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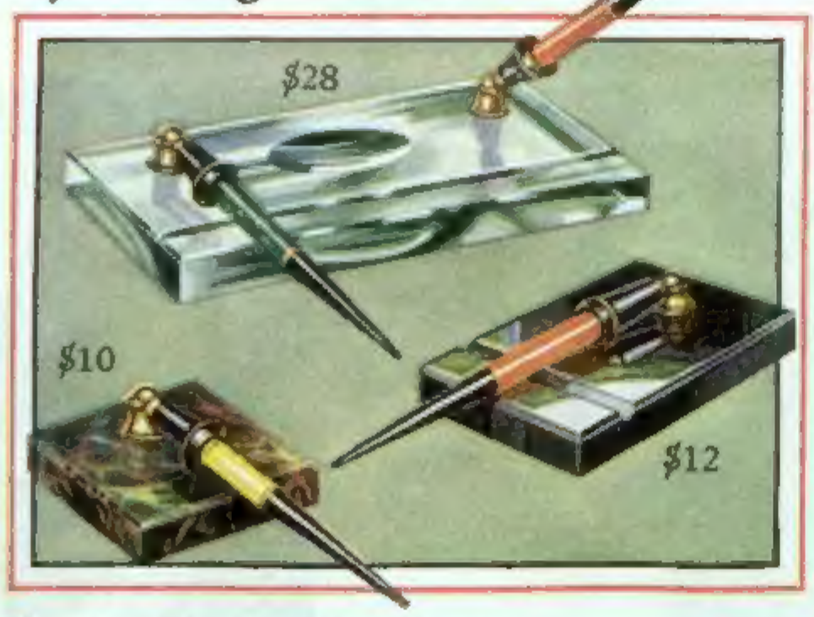
The first thing your loved ones will look for is this famous stamp "Geo. S. Parker —DUOFOLD."

So be a princely giver—don't disappoint them.



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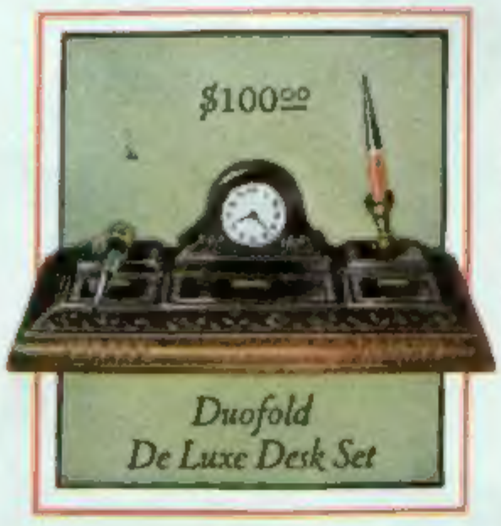
Antique Bronze or Oxidized Copper Finished Base complete with Parker Duofold Jr. or Lady Duofold Desk Fountain Pen, $9. With Parker Black Pen and colored Moire taper as illustrated, $6.75.



$100 Parker Duofold De Luxe Desk Set — Choice Gold Inlaid Walnut Set with genuine Bronze Plate—Two Over-size Duofold Pens—8-Day Clock—compartments for cigarettes, matches, pencils, clips—Masterpiece of Desk Sets.

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$31 and $35

Parker's Ball-and-Socket Action enables Pen to stand, tilt or lie level without drying

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Parker Duofold Duette
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$6.50 the Set

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Black Porcelain
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Not Cut Prices on Something Old—but Lower Prices on Something New—that's what Parker offers in these $6.50 and $8.75 Desk Sets.

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Duofold
Pens Pencils
Desk Sets

DINNER CLOTHES.....

There's a lot of pleasure in wearing them when you know they are CORRECT

An example of the correctly cut dinner suit. Like all Society Brand Clothes this model has the exclusive Snug-Ease Shoulder, which assures a smart, snug-fitting effect about the shoulders and neck.

INSTEAD of a rare garment to be brought out once or twice a year, the dinner suit has come to be "standard equipment"—something a man puts on without thinking about it, for innumerable occasions—dinner parties, informal dances, the theatre. You see it everywhere. It's an institution—like socks or pyjamas.

Strange, that with all this popularity, so few men should really wear dinner clothes well! Yet the reason they don't is not far to seek. No clothes a man puts on are so exacting—no others require such absolute perfection of design and tailoring to be smart.

Design, of course, is just another name for the Cut. If a dinner suit is designed well—if it has the *correct cut*—it is bound to look well *on you.* It's the correct cut that makes the collar fit up snugly at the neck, that gives a graceful shape to the lapels, that makes the trousers hang in exactly the right way. If the cut is correct you need not worry that your dinner clothes will have the proper air. They will stand out from the others—not by being extreme, but by being utterly faultless. And your pleasure in wearing them will be twice as great as before.

How, then, can a man get the right cut? More and more men are finding there is one sure way. Not only for dinner clothes but for all clothes, they depend upon Society Brand.

For a quarter of a century Society Brand Clothes have been famous for that one thing—their cut. Splendid fabrics, the best of tailoring—you get these, of course. But the thing that distinguishes these clothes, that makes them different from all others, is their cut. You'll know that difference instantly. Why not look up a Society Brand merchant, try on the new dinner suit models, and see for yourself how fine they are?

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Society Brand Clothes

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"Calm yourself, madam—your daughter can't drown"

IT FLOATS

99 44/100% PURE

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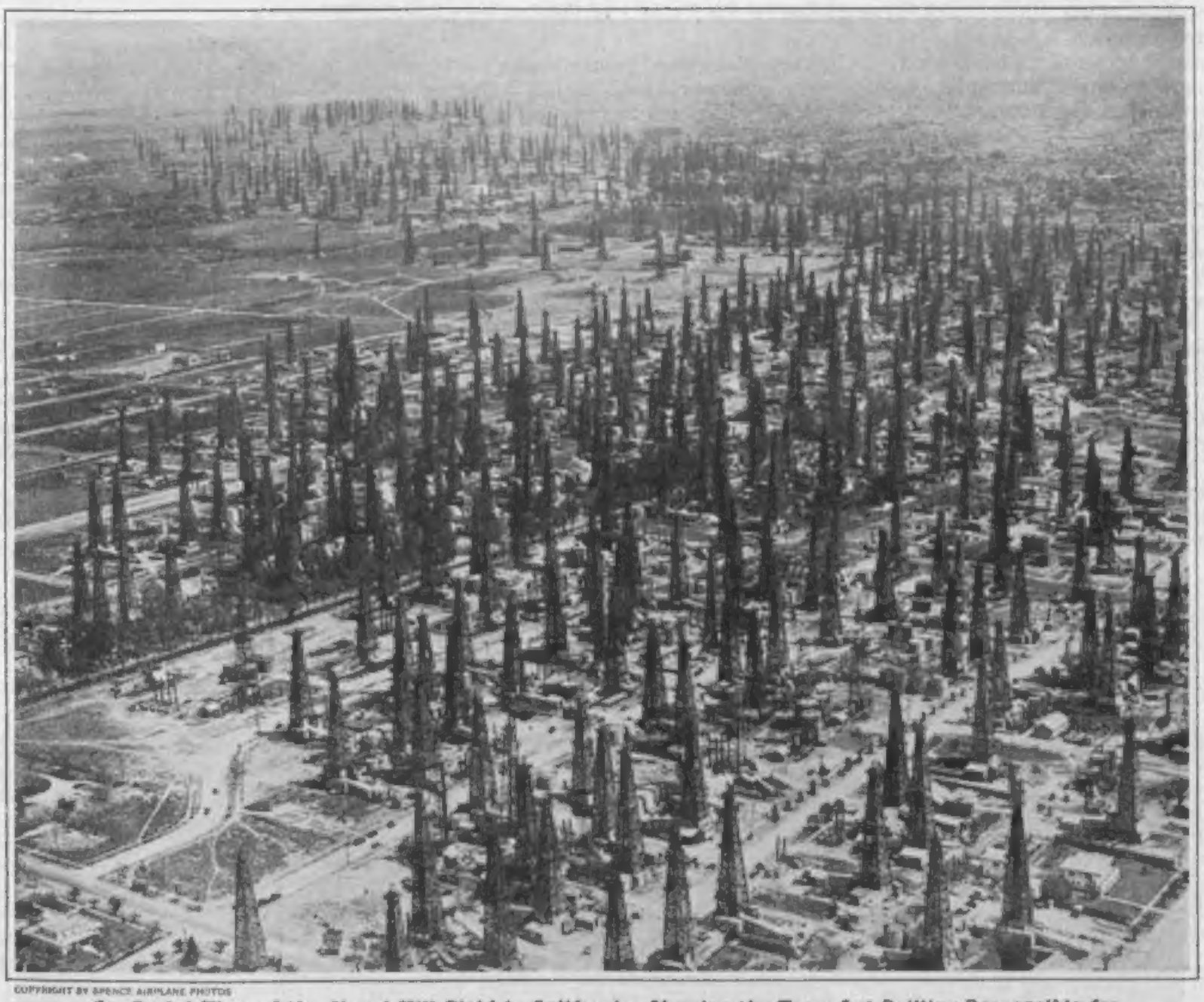
THE DELUGE OF OIL

By ISAAC F. MARCOSSON

FOR years oil men were chiefly concerned about the invisible crude supply because the black gold was elusive. Today the producers' chief anxiety is the oil above ground. Despite efforts at curtailment in various flush fields, 1927 will register a record output for the United States of 900,000,000 barrels, which is more oil than was produced in the whole world in 1922. If this could be absorbed there would be no complications and no commentary on what is going on. New derricks could rise, more drills burrow into the bosom of the earth, and the underground railway of 90,000 miles of pipe lines conduct the stream to refinery and consumer. Production, however, has passed consumption to such an alarming extent that 600,000,000 barrels are in storage, and still the greasy flood rushes on, this time not to enrich but to embarrass.

The existing overproduction, with its attendant overextension of marketing, refining and producing facilities, and financial loss, has precipitated the most serious crisis that the turbulent business has yet known. A single detail which touches hundreds of thousands of investors will give a hint of the cost of the overflow. The stocks of thirty-four oil companies traded in daily on the New York Stock Exchange and Curb Market show a loss of more than $1,000,000,000 in market value as compared with the high of last year. It is only one phase of a malignant growth, as one leader put it, that has infected the business.



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An Aerial View of the Signal Hill Field in California, Showing the Town-Lot Drilling Responsible for Overproduction

The Most Perishable of Mineral Resources

THAT the industry should be disturbed is no new manifestation, because oil and trouble have never been strangers. When it has not run afoul of economic law, it has drawn the political lightning.

In the present emergency it is up against both, with added features of immense and far-reaching significance. In a word, oil has apparently reached the crossroads and may stand or fall as it meets the encircling hazards. If competitive drilling, which is entirely responsible for the present complications, goes on apace, there can only be drastic elimination of many producing units, due to the price factor, and likewise eventual exhaustion of the supply. Thus both the industry and its raw material are in jeopardy.

It means that if mere overproduction constituted the dilemma the situation would not be so threatening or the outlook so ominous. Cycles of prosperity and distress have marked petroleum just as they have alternated in every other productive activity. Heretofore a period of excess readily adjusted itself because of the natural decline in production and the temporary failure to find new pools.

The crisis which confronts the industry just now differs from its predecessors in many respects. To begin with, it is bigger in scope, longer in duration and more destructive to morale than any of the many similar complications that have beset the business. Second and more important is the fact that the unnecessary tapping of reserves has brought the whole country, the Government included, to the realization of the perishability of our oil store and the menace to national existence that it embodies. Hence the intrusion of the Federal interest in the shape of an oil conservation board and the possibility of some kind of regulation to safeguard and prolong the life of the most precious and useful of all minerals.

Darkness

THIS brings us to the crux of the matter at hand. If we had an inexhaustible supply of oil, what is now happening would constitute a problem solely to be met and solved by the industry itself. But this, unfortunately, is not the case. Our oil reserve is problematical. Whether it will last ten, fifteen or twenty years, the bigger fact is that sooner or later we shall be obliged to depend upon the imported article or employ a product distilled from coal, lignite or shale.

Hence oil becomes a problem for all the people, because it is the one product, after food, which is well-nigh indispensable to life and the pursuit of labor. With a motor car for every five persons in the United States, with oil stoking the furnaces of peace and galvanizing the enginery of war, with liquid fuel becoming daily more and more necessary to land and marine transport, you need no diagram to point out that the fate of petroleum is inevitably linked with the economic destiny of the nation.

We are so apt to take oil for granted that we seldom stop to realize the uncertainty of the natural supply or its commercial importance. Last year our gasoline bill rolled up the imposing total of $2,225,000,000. This does not include the various state gasoline taxes, which added $250,000,000 to the outlay. The rate of increase in the use of gasoline exceeds that of any other commodity. That it follows the mode is shown by the volume of so-called bootleg gasoline released at distress prices in periods of trouble. The annual per-capita consumption of juice in the United States is 93.9 gallons, while for the rest of the world outside it is only 3.3 gallons. We have become a nation on wheels. Will possible failure of the oil reserve put us back on our feet?

The irony of the situation is that a vast industry, second only to agriculture in its part in the vital drama of American production, and representing a capitalization of $11,000,000,000, should grope for a way out of the night that hems it in. One reason is that the business, because of its procedure, is more individualistic than any other. This explains why the leaders are not agreed as to the solution of their problem and why

Uncle Sam may intervene to bring about the coöperation which spells salvation.

Since a government is often a bad business man, both the industry and the public, in this event, may be going from the frying pan into the fire. As most people know, the doctrine of state rights precludes national interference in any intrastate activity. Some new way would have to be found that would reconcile state pride and prerogative to Federal supervision. Again, the Sherman Anti-trust Law forbids agreements among producers. Jail is the penalty for coöperative act. The agreements to keep down production in the Seminole and West Texas fields are purely voluntary and exist only through sufferance of the authorities.

It follows that both from within and without the oil man's lot is not an especially happy one. Wherever he turns he faces some obstacle. Ultimate readjustment is squarely up to him, provided he obtains the legal sanction.

A Group of Typical Oil Workers at the Seminole Field in Oklahoma

No observant man need be told of the hazard that lurks in the projection of the Government into commerce. It is sufficiently menacing in ordinary channels of trade. With a raw material as vital to human need as oil, the danger becomes all the greater. Government regulation not only lends itself to blind and selfish political capitalization but, as the British control of rubber and Brazilian valorization of coffee prove, it often involves unwarranted, uneconomic and therefore unsound interference with the law of demand and supply. It sterilizes the initiative so essential to petroleum production. The farther oil can get from Federal regulation, the happier will be its fate.

What is fundamentally wrong with the oil industry? Is there widespread waste? Are we ravaging our reserves? Is Federal or state regulation the remedy? How can real conservation be achieved? Finally, after petroleum—what?

It is easier to put these interrogations than to answer them, although an effort will be made to do so in this and the succeeding articles of the series. After a first-hand survey of some of the fresh fields and talks with men in every branch of the industry, I am free to confess that no task that I have ever undertaken—and I have covered a considerable international range—bristles with so many difficulties. So wide is the gap between points of view, so varied the remedies suggested, so acute the eternal self-interest, that sane and consecutive deduction is almost impossible. Alongside this new oil problem, European debts and the reparation tangle were kindergarten lessons in the matter of lucid interpretation. The best that can be done is to state the facts dispassionately and let it go at that.

Competition

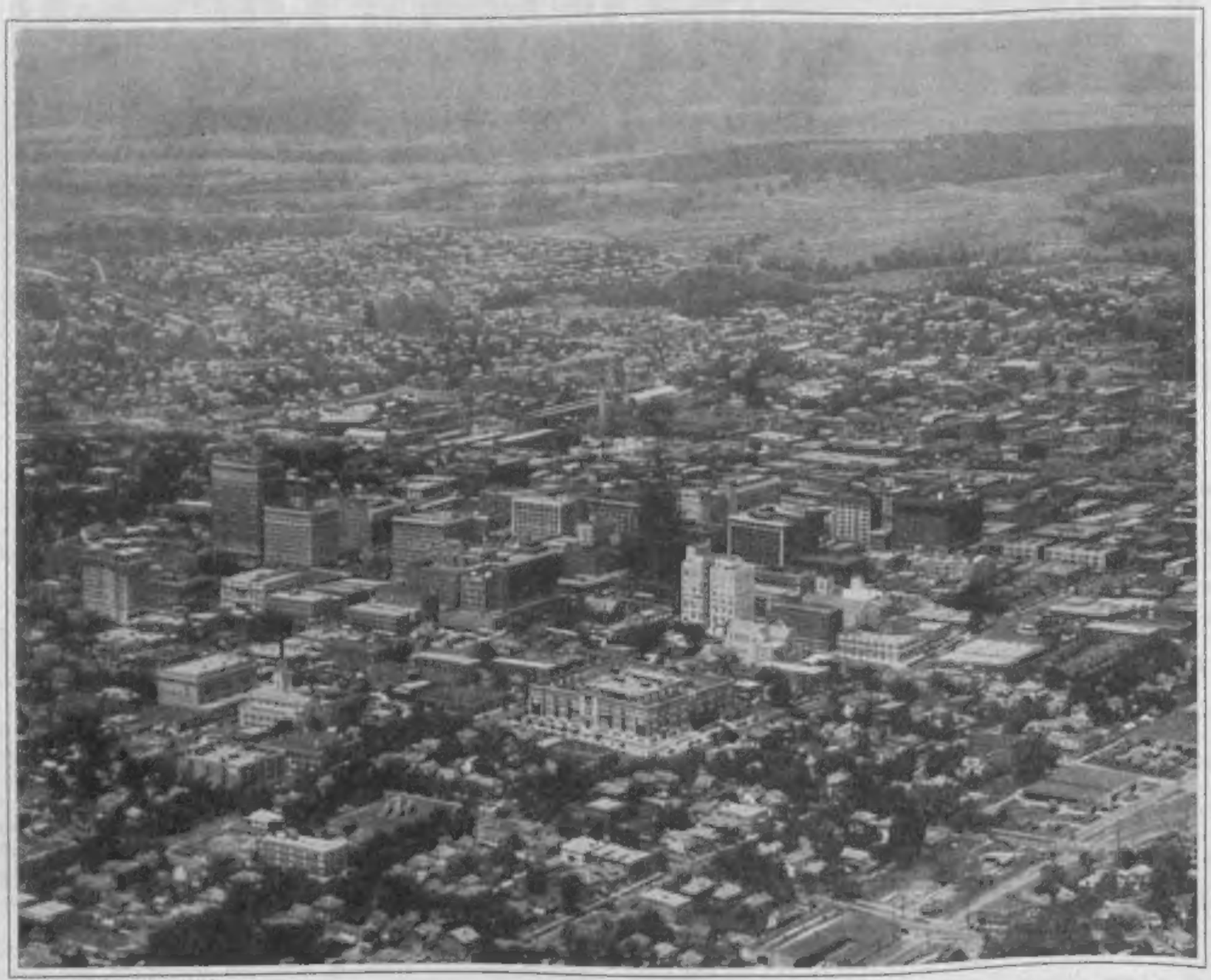
ONE thing is certain, however. In provoking the queries that I have enumerated, the oil industry is running true to form. Almost since the first well flowed in 1859 it has been one question after another. It is feast or famine, elation or the depths. No other industry has witnessed such kaleidoscopic changes. It rolled up the greatest of all fortunes and likewise underlined bankruptcy in its lexicon. Nature and human nature have combined to make it a game of chance. Despite individual personalities with big vision and commanding ability, and the imposing aggregations they have built up, the element of the haphazard still dogs the trail of petroleum to a considerable degree. The present is invariably crowded. The future is always conjecture; only the past is secure.

All this grows out of the very character of oil. It is a vagrant mineral subject to the law of capture, and becomes the property of the person who reduces it to possession. Incidentally the fugitive quality sticks long after production, especially with regard to some of the fortunes. The wildcatter with a stake often sinks his pile in the pursuit of new fields.

The moment a well begins to flow it drains adjacent areas. Hence the near-by landowner, or rather the owner of the lease on it, gets busy to trap his share. Before long the area is a forest of derricks and frenzied competitive effort rules. This explains competitive drilling, which is the curse of the calling and the direct cause, let me repeat, of the avalanche of output which has engulfed profit. One of the many striking features of the present crisis is that a business which once suffered from monopoly—I refer to the old Standard Oil trust—is now the victim of excessive competition.

The truth of the matter is that oil needed no overproduction in the United States to make it a live issue. The tumult that has attended its progress here, spanning the range from Standard dissolution to Teapot Dome, has been matched by a no less diverting career as an international irritant. From Mosul to Mexico petroleum has irked governments and tangled diplomatic issues. Like the innumerable paradoxes in the industry, it seems to fail of its proverbial service as allayer of troubled political waters. Apparently it can influence everything but itself.

It so happens that I have had to study petroleum in many climes and climaxes. The curious fact, well worth emphasizing, is that the American impress is everywhere, whether it is Rumania, Russia, Venezuela, Colombia or Peru. You can spot the Yankee oil driller just as you can single out the railroad man or the circus employe. He has a distinct physiognomy—a face, so to speak—which somehow indicates his calling. This may grow out of the fact that oil is more distinctively American than any other activity except baseball. Moreover, American method and ingenuity have conquered rebellious sand and rock wherever derricks have risen. Few stop to realize how oil production reflects the American character and temperament. This, however, is in passing.



An Aerial View of Tulsa, the Oil Capital

The Foundations of the Oil Empire

IN 1923 and 1924, as some readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST may recall, I traveled halfway round the world to appraise oil conditions. Although the international political aspects entered into the narratives, the primary objective was the romance of the industry. Then you saw how the accidental discovery of gold on an Australian sheep grange led to the organization of the Anglo-Persian, which expresses Britain's world petroleum might; how the dream of an obscure clerk, as he added up figures in an East Indies trading post, developed into the far-flung power of the Royal Dutch; how the wizardry of Rockefeller and his early associates laid the foundation of our own empire of refining and production.

Then, too, were unfolded the careers of Drake, Rogers, Archbold, Doheny, Guffey, Gates, Cullinan, Barneson, Stewart, Matson and the other pioneers who passed, in many instances, from prospectors to plutocrats. They comprised the forerunners of men of the type of W. C. Teagle, W. S. Farish, W. L. Mellon, K. R. Kingsbury, E. W. Marland, Frank Phillips, William Skelly, H. L. Doherty, Robert Stewart and the others who dominate today. Revealed also was the vivid panorama of great pools like Spindletop, Cushing, Powell, Ranger, Glenn, Burbank, Tonkawa, Burkburnett, Los Angeles Basin and the other areas that had their gush of glory and gain only to revert, in many instances, to

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ILLUSIONS OF 1928

Some Aspects of Business and Politics—By David Lawrence

TRADITION plays an influential part in American life, but in nothing does it affect our psychology quite as much as in national politics. Something that we do only once in four years—and only a few times, relatively speaking, in our adult life—can hardly be called a habit. Yet there are underlying reasons why millions of persons go to the polls every four years and unhesitatingly vote a straight Republican or a straight Democratic ticket. Even if there is an inclination on the off years to vary the program by splitting the ticket for governor or mayor or legislature, inevitably one's regularity is established in a presidential year.

But, irrespective of whether the inner urge is to vote for the Republican or Democratic candidates for the presidency on the basis of tradition, the fact remains that just about ten or twelve months before a presidential election there develops considerable conversation on the uncertainties of business in a presidential year.

It has come about that, no matter what the economic outlook of the country may be from the basis of commodity prices, our export trade, or any of the hundred and one factors that may govern a nation's prosperity or depression, there seems to be a fetish that in some mysterious way the political leaders of one party contrive to slow up business in order to emphasize the importance of maintaining them in power, while another set of leaders reveal dire forecasts which have come to be discounted as calamity howling.

We eat just as much in a presidential year as we do in an off year. We need just as much clothing. We go to the theaters and the movies just the same. If we see good prices ahead we plant just as big crops as we can. The economic machinery of our industrial life proceeds as eagerly toward dividends and profits for stockholders and owners in one year as in another. The desire to forge ahead is ever potent.

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President Coolidge Before Congress

Words in the Lexicon of Business

WHAT, then, brings about the state of uncertainty, and what is the foundation for the illusion so commonly held that a presidential year is itself a bad period for business? Before the European war this tendency to fear a presidential year was even more pronounced than it is today. Other illusions were equally strong. If, for example, money began to tighten in the big banking centers, a timidity asserted itself in business and affected credit and brought about the inevitable dread of a panic. Somehow, since the Federal Reserve System was established, the word "panic" has disappeared almost entirely from our business vocabulary. If you will look it up in your dictionary you will find that a panic is a state of mind. Many of the difficulties in the business cycles of prewar days were entirely due to a state of mind.

Since the war we have emphasized another word—"deflation." And in the depression of 1921 there were not a few people who insisted that artificial factors had brought about a tumbling of prices. Yet the year 1920 was a good year from a business viewpoint, and hardly a word was heard about business uncertainty in the Harding-Cox campaign.

We had just come out of the war with a scale of prices and an era of quantity production which did not in the least disturb the even tenor of business men's conversation, except that here and there were the usual predictions that "what goes up must come down" and that deflation of production costs must be forthcoming at some time.

The depression of 1921 came within a few months after President Harding was inaugurated, and because a presidential campaign was nearly three years away we heard very little talk to the effect that the Republican Administration was responsible. Along in 1924 the business situation had righted itself to a considerable extent, and when the Republicans were nominating Calvin Coolidge at Cleveland, agricultural prices were steadily mounting, all of which was presumed to be helpful in allaying the discontent of the agricultural regions. Business was worried, of course, about the possibility that Senator La Follette might win enough electoral votes to throw the election into the House of Representatives for decision; but it was worried chiefly that we might have an unprecedented situation in which we would not know for several months what national policies were to come from the White House. The fear was more than that a radical change might be made in existing policies; and quite a number of business men who ordinarily voted the Democratic ticket forgot about the merits of John W. Davis, the Democratic nominee, and voted for Calvin Coolidge in order to make sure that Senator La Follette would not get enough electoral votes to mess the final count.

This instinct on the part of the Democratic business man is to vote for stability instead of radical change, which would naturally be even more pronounced in the business cities of the South were it not for the fact that in the South neither the Republican Party nor the independent or third party ever gains enough strength to make it worth while for these same Democratic business men to abandon the tradition. Local issues also are controlling in those instances. So the true measure of the effect of business on politics may be discovered in the Northern and Western states more readily than in the South; though in a line-up in a Democratic primary between a conservative candidate for the Senate or the House and a radical, the business men invariably align themselves with the conservative.

There was a time when the word "conservative" was interpreted in political parlance as meaning an insistence on the status quo and clinging to everything that had been established and an unwillingness to accept any change. Nowadays there has developed the phrase "liberal conservative," which is presumed to indicate a willingness to accept, and even advocate, reform or revision of existing policies whenever a sound solution of a problem in controversy is brought forward. In other words, your conservative is usually a voter who abhors change for change's sake and who recognizes in many of the so-called reforms and nostrums of the party out of power merely devices for ousting the party in power. Whenever politics becomes a mere game for the shift of personnel, the conservative recoils and is perfectly willing to let well enough alone. It is not that he has any particular fondness for one group of politicians over another, but that he has found by experience that candidates for office grow more conservative or, to put it in another way, more cautious about performing a surgical operation on the laws of the country as they absorb the responsibilities of public office.

The Money

THERE is, of course, a good deal of hypocrisy about political phrases and political doctrines; and yet sad experience has taught those who would cast off the two major parties that it takes a real public upheaval to drive the voters into a third party and that, besides, it takes considerable money in modern times to finance a third party. Reformers are rarely wealthy enough to finance campaigns themselves, and must depend, therefore, on the generosity of those public-spirited citizens who are persuaded that the public good will be subserved by independent-party movements or independent candidates.

Volumes might be written on the subject of why people contribute money to political campaigns. But when everybody who has had any experience in party finances has confessed all that has ever been said on the subject, either in the privacy of fund solicitations or in the subsequent days when the contributor asks for his pound of flesh, it will be found that funds are contributed for party purposes for selfish reasons as well as unselfish reasons and that a selfish reason is not necessarily an illegitimate reason. Many a contributor to a campaign fund never expects the slightest return and never asks a favor from his party if it happens to win. Many a contributor, on the other hand, will occasionally feel that a recommendation of a friend for public office should at least be given consideration because of his own interest in the party finances. And then, again, there are those who, fearing hostile legislation, call upon their party leaders to exert the necessary influence on elected officials to prevent disturbance.

There is an old saying in politics that it is easier to get money if there is a radical candidate in the field. The instinct of self-preservation causes the business man to dig deeply into his pocketbook. He feels that he is protecting not only himself but business in general against the whims of a radical who, by demagoguery or otherwise, manages to corral enough strength to win a nomination and actually

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A SHORT TRIP HOME

All the Time Out of the Corner of My Eye I Watched the Shining Orchid on Ellen's Shoulder as it Moved Like Stuart's Plume About the Room

By F. Scott Fitzgerald

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

I WAS near her, for I had lingered behind in order to get the short walk with her from the living room to the front door. That was a lot, for she had flowered suddenly and I, being a man and only a year older, hadn't flowered at all, had scarcely dared to come near her in the ten days we'd been home. Nor was I going to say anything in that walk of ten feet, or touch her; but I had a vague hope she'd do something, give a gay little performance of some sort, personal only in so far as we were alone together.

She had magic suddenly in her pink palms, in the twinkle of the short hairs on her neck, in the sure, clear confidence that at about eighteen begins to deepen and sing in attractive American girls. She was nearly complete, yet the dew was still on her.

Already she was sliding into another world—the world of Joe Jelke and Jim Cathcart waiting for us now in the car. In another year she would pass beyond me forever.

As I waited, feeling the others outside in the snowy night, feeling the excitement of Christmas week and the excitement of Ellen here, blooming away, filling the room with "sex appeal"—a wretched phrase to express a quality that isn't like that at all—a maid came in from the dining room, spoke to Ellen quietly and handed her a note. Ellen read it and her eyes lit up, as when the current grows strong on rural circuits, and glowed off into space. Then she gave me an odd look—in which I probably didn't show—and without a word, followed the maid into the dining room and beyond. I sat turning over the pages of a magazine for a quarter of an hour.

Joe Jelke came in, red-faced from the cold, his white silk muffler gleaming at the neck of his fur coat. He was a senior at New Haven, I was a sophomore. He was prominent, a member of Scroll and Keys, and, in my eyes, very distinguished and handsome.

"Isn't Ellen coming?"

"I don't know," I answered discreetly. "She was all ready."

"Ellen!" he called. "Ellen!"

He had left the front door open behind him and a great cloud of frosty air rolled in from outside. He went halfway up the stairs—he was a familiar in the house—and called again, till Mrs. Baker came to the banister and said that Ellen was below. Then the maid, a little excited, appeared in the dining-room door.

"Mr. Jelke," she called in a low voice.

Joe's face fell as he turned toward her, sensing bad news.

"Miss Ellen says for you to go on to the party. She'll come later."

"What's the matter?"

"She can't come now. She'll come later."

He hesitated, confused. It was the last big dance of vacation, and he was mad about Ellen. He had tried to give her a ring for Christmas, and failing that, got her to accept a gold mesh bag that must have cost two hundred dollars. He wasn't the only one—there were three or four in the same wild condition, and all in the ten days she'd been home—but his chance came first, for he was rich and gracious and "white headed"—at that moment the desirable boy of St. Paul. To me it seemed impossible that she could prefer another, but the rumor was she'd described Joe as "much too perfect." I suppose he lacked mystery for her, and when a man is up against that with a young girl who isn't thinking of marriage ——

"She's in the kitchen," Joe said angrily.

"No, she's not." The maid was defiant and a little scared.

"She is."

"She went out the back way, Mr. Jelke."

"I'm going to see."

I followed him. The Swedish servants washing dishes looked up sideways at our approach and an interested crashing of pans marked our passage through. The storm door, unbolted, was flapping in the wind and as we walked out into the snowy yard we saw the tail light of a car turn the corner at the end of the back alley.

"I'm going after her," Joe said slowly. "I don't understand this at all."

I was too awed by the calamity to argue. We hurried to his car and drove in a fruitless, despairing zigzag all over the residence section, peering into every machine on the streets. It was half an hour before the futility of the affair began to dawn upon him—St. Paul is a city of almost three hundred thousand people—and Jim Cathcart reminded him that we had another girl to stop for. Like a wounded animal he sank into a melancholy mass of fur in the corner, from which position he jerked upright every few minutes and waved himself backward and forward a little in protest or despair.

Jim's girl was ready and impatient, but after what had happened her impatience didn't seem important. She looked lovely though. That's one thing about Christmas vacation—the excitement of growth and change and adventure in foreign parts transforming the people you've known all your life. Joe Jelke was polite to her in a daze—he indulged in one burst of short, loud, harsh laughter by way of conversation—and we drove to the hotel.

The chauffeur approached it on the wrong side—the side on which the line of cars was not putting forth guests—and because of that we came suddenly upon Ellen Baker just getting out of a small coupé. Even before we came to a stop, Joe Jelke had jumped excitedly from the car.

Ellen turned toward us, a faintly distracted look—perhaps of surprise, but certainly not of alarm—in her face; in fact, she didn't seem very aware of us. Joe approached

her with a stern, dignified, injured and, I thought, just exactly correct reproof in his expression. I followed.

Seated in the coupé—he had not dismounted to help Ellen out—was a hard thin-faced man of about thirty-five with an air of being scarred, and a slight sinister smile. His eyes were a sort of taunt to the whole human family—they were the eyes of an animal sleepy and quiescent in the presence of another species. They were helpless yet brutal, unhopeful yet confident. It was as if they felt themselves powerless to originate activity, but infinitely capable of profiting by a single gesture of weakness in another.

Vaguely I placed him as one of the sort of men whom I had been conscious of from my earliest youth as "hanging around"—leaning with one elbow on the counters of tobacco stores, watching, through heaven knows what small chink of the mind, the people who hurried in and out. Intimate to garages, where he had vague business conducted in undertones, to barber shops and to the lobbies of theaters—in such places, anyhow, I placed the type, if type it was, that he reminded me of. Sometimes his face bobbed up in one of Tad's more savage cartoons, and I had always from earliest boyhood thrown a nervous glance toward the dim borderland where he stood, and seen him watching me and despising me. Once, in a dream, he had taken a few steps toward me, jerking his head back and muttering: "Say, kid" in what was intended to be a reassuring voice, and I had broken for the door in terror. This was that sort of man.

Joe and Ellen faced each other silently; she seemed, as I have said, to be in a daze. It was cold, but she didn't notice that her coat had blown open; Joe reached out and pulled it together, and automatically she clutched it with her hand.

Suddenly the man in the coupé, who had been watching them silently, laughed. It was a bare laugh, done with the breath—just a noisy jerk of the head—but it was an insult if I had ever heard one; definite and not to be passed over. I wasn't surprised when Joe, who was quick tempered, turned to him angrily and said:

"What's your trouble?"

The man waited a moment, his eyes shifting and yet staring, and always seeing. Then he laughed again in the same way. Ellen stirred uneasily.

"Who is this—this ——" Joe's voice trembled with annoyance.

"Look out now," said the man slowly.

Joe turned to me.

"Eddie, take Ellen and Catherine in, will you?" he said quickly. . . . "Ellen, go with Eddie."

"Look out now," the man repeated.

Ellen made a little sound with her tongue and teeth, but she didn't resist when I took her arm and moved her toward the side door of the hotel. It struck me as odd that she should be so helpless, even to the point of acquiescing by her silence in this imminent trouble.

"Let it go, Joe!" I called back over my shoulder. "Come inside!"

Ellen, pulling against my arm, hurried us on. As we were caught up into the swinging doors I had the impression that the man was getting out of his coupé.

Ten minutes later, as I waited for the girls outside the women's dressing room, Joe Jelke and Jim Cathcart stepped out of the elevator. Joe was very white, his eyes were heavy and glazed, there was a trickle of dark blood on his forehead and on his white muffler. Jim had both their hats in his hand.

"He hit Joe with brass knuckles," Jim said in a low voice. "Joe was out cold for a minute or so. I wish you'd send a bell boy for some witch-hazel and court-plaster."

It was late and the hall was deserted; brassy fragments of the dance below reached us as if heavy curtains were being blown aside and dropping back into place. When Ellen came out I took her directly downstairs. We avoided the receiving line and went into a dim room set with scraggly hotel palms where couples sometimes sat out during the dance; there I told her what had happened.

"It was Joe's own fault," she said, surprisingly. "I told him not to interfere."

This wasn't true. She had said nothing, only uttered one curious little click of impatience.

"You ran out the back door and disappeared for almost an hour," I protested. "Then you turned up with a hard-looking customer who laughed in Joe's face."

"A hard-looking customer," she repeated, as if tasting the sound of the words.

"Well, wasn't he? Where on earth did you get hold of him, Ellen?"

"On the train," she answered. Immediately she seemed to regret this admission. "You'd better stay out of things that aren't your business, Eddie. You see what happened to Joe."

Literally I gasped. To watch her, seated beside me, immaculately glowing, her body giving off wave after wave of freshness and delicacy—and to hear her talk like that.

"But that man's a thug!" I cried. "No girl could be safe with him. He used brass knuckles on Joe—brass knuckles!"

"Is that pretty bad?"

She asked this as she might have asked such a question a few years ago. She looked at me at last and really wanted an answer; for a moment it was as if she were trying to recapture an attitude that had almost departed; then she hardened again. I say "hardened," for I began to notice that when she was concerned with this man her eyelids fell a little, shutting other things—everything else—out of view.

That was a moment I might have said something, I suppose, but in spite of everything, I couldn't light into her. I was too much under the spell of her beauty and its success. I even began to find excuses for her—perhaps that man wasn't what he appeared to be; or perhaps—more romantically—she was involved with him against her will to shield someone else. At this point people began to drift into the room and come up to speak to us. We couldn't talk any more, so we went in and bowed to the chaperons. Then I gave her up to the bright restless sea of the dance, where she moved in an eddy of her own among the pleasant islands of colored favors set out on tables and the south winds from the brasses moaning across the hall. After a while I saw Joe Jelke sitting in a corner with a strip of court-plaster on his forehead watching Ellen as if she herself had struck him down, but I didn't go up to him. I felt queer myself—like I feel when I wake up after sleeping through an afternoon, strange and portentous, as if something had gone on in the interval that changed the values of everything and that I didn't see.

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"Who is This—This ——" Joe's Voice Trembled With Annoyance. "Look Out Now," Said the Man Slowly

FORGERY

By Clarence Budington Kelland

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE

"Get Us Rooms, and Get 'Em Quick," Said the Man. "We Keep Our Best Rooms Inside," Said Giotto. "Will You Step In and Register?"

MR. HAMILCAR BELLOWS sat on the piazza of the tavern which bore his name and basked. Basking was more than a profession with Mr. Bellows—it was an art. Mrs. Bellows did not bask. She managed the hotel, and was so occupied from early morning until late evening with that endeavor that basking was as impossible to her as juggling Indian clubs would be to a man without arms. Nevertheless, Mr. and Mrs. Hamilcar Bellows agreed perfectly. She doted upon breathless activity, he doted upon comfortable immobility. Neither made the slightest effort to usurp the other's department.

The one slight defect in the arrangement was that Mrs. Bellows was so exceedingly busy with this and that and the other that she quite overlooked the necessity for making money with the hotel, and Mr. Bellows was so very comfortable that he did not care whether or not the enterprise showed a profit. The result was a mortgage which entertained Mrs. Bellows in odd moments, but which was negligible to her husband.

Hamilcar stirred in his chair and moved it a trifle toward the sun. As he did so he opened his eyes and, finding them open, seized the opportunity to look about him. He observed a young man coming up the walk slowly. Before he went to the trouble of dropping his lids again he thought he might as well watch the young man approach, which he did without active curiosity, but in a manner wholly receptive.

The young man paused at the top of the steps—there were six of them—and rested. He leaned against a pillar to help him rest, and he was panting with the exertion. Hamilcar noted that the young man was pale and large of eye and very thin. But as there seemed nothing he could do about it, and as Mrs. Bellows was somewhere inside to take care of arriving guests, he permitted his eyes to close themselves.

"I beg your pardon," said the young man.

"No offense meant, no offense taken," said Mr. Bellows.

"I wasn't exactly apologizing," said the young man; "I was opening the conversation."

"My wife's inside," said Mr. Bellows. "She 'tends to the conversin'."

"Do you," asked the young man, "own this tavern?"

"Cal'late to, but she runs it."

"I know a great deal about hotels," said the stranger. "In fact, I have studied them on the five continents and Australia, to say nothing of the antipodes, but one thing I never have been able to find out."

Hamilcar opened his eyes.

"What's that?" he asked.

"How a person can live in one of them indefinitely without paying his bill."

"H'm," said Mr. Bellows.

"I like your tavern. It looks as if there was lots of health around here."

"'Tain't a sickly climate."

"I'm looking for a spot where the folks have a surplus of health—where, in short, there is more than enough to go around."

"Why don't you talk to my wife? I dunno's I jest foller ye."

"I have a two-dollar bill—which is unlucky—and one hundred and thirty-six pounds of myself—marked down from one hundred and seventy-five. I thoroughly approve of your tavern and its eligible location. I am more than willing to inhabit it and to eat at your table three times a day until I have recaptured my missing thirty-nine pounds. But there is the obstacle of payment."

"Seems as though," said Hamilcar. And then: "Go on talkin', young feller; it sort of makes me drowsy."

"To come to the point: You do not happen to have a situation, position, appointment or job suitable to my weight and attainments which will enable me to leap the high hurdle?"

"She does the hirin' and firin'," said Hamilcar. "Seems as though I heard a commotion this mornin'. Sounded to me like the clerk gittin' through. When my wife discharges a body she does it thorough."

"Where will I find the lady?"

"Poke your head through the door," said Hamilcar, "and holler."

But this course was unnecessary. As the young man stepped into the lobby, or office, of the hostelry a large movable body emerged from the dining room, traveling at a high rate of speed. Mrs. Bellows always sped without decreasing her weight. At sight of the young man she put on brakes and came to a stop.

"I," said the young man, "am the new clerk."

"Who says so?" she snapped.

"It is only reasonable I should be," he said patiently. "Either I am the new clerk or I cannot stay in your tavern—an eventuality which neither of us dares contemplate."

"Land sakes!" exclaimed Mrs. Bellows.

"I write illegibly, have no memory for names, cannot add, divide or subtract, am unable to carry trunks, but retain the strength to push the register across the counter. What more can you ask?"

"Why," said Mrs. Bellows, "I never even see ye before!"

"Madam," said the stranger, "there you have the advantage over millions of human beings who doubtless will never see me at all."

"Ye look peaked," observed Mrs. Bellows. "This here place drives me till I'm 'most wild, what with this and that a-comin' up. And him carryin' on with a chambermaid till I couldn't endure it, and all!"

"You mean my predecessor?"

"The young spriggins that I had fur a clerk."

"I do not carry on with chambermaids. I would not even carry on with the cook. I am advocating a reform,

Mrs. Bellows, which aims to suppress utterly all women under fifty. Or, if they remain, they should be let out for air but once a day, and then on leash."

"Kin ye do anything besides talk?" She frowned. "I'm that busy I dunno which way to turn. I got to have somebuddy. I'll try you a spell. Wages ten dollars a week and room and board."

"It is a far, far better wage than I have ever earned; a far, far better job I take than I have ever known."

"There's the desk and the register and the safe and the books and the cigar counter," said Mrs. Bellows. "My husband's allowance is two cigars in the mornin', two in the afternoon and two in the evenin'."

"I understand perfectly," said the young man.

"What's your name?"

"Giotto North."

"I vum!" exclaimed Mrs. Bellows. "Kind of furrin, hain't it?"

"Only by education," said Mr. North, upon which he moved toward the desk which was to be the center of his life for many days. He stepped behind it, leaned an elbow on the counter and regarded the door hopefully. It would be no untruth to say that the world was brighter before his eyes; that despair had crept a little back into the cavern from which it had been emerging. He put the other elbow on the desk and rested his forehead upon his two fists.

II

THE first night spent by Giotto North in Bellows Tavern was not guiltless of excitement. Clamor awakened him at midnight; a terrific din boiled into his room, and arising from his bed, he peered out upon the square. Moonlight showed him a figure in flapping nightgown belaboring with an iron bar a huge iron tire suspended from a maple tree. Something told Giotto this was the local fire alarm.

Presently half-clad citizens were dragging the apparatus out of its house, and with a shouting not unaided by small boys and dogs of all sizes, they commenced to run toward some invisible destination. Giotto watched, shivering a little, for his blood was thin and the mountain night was chilly.

The shouting moved itself farther and farther away, and then flames appeared above the tree tops, which increased and became more malignly beautiful until the whole heavens to the westward of town were lighted to an incredible redness.

Giotto considered it advisable to enter his clothing, which he did with less rapidity than a fireman, and walked down the stairs to the piazza. Tardy citizens were rushing past to enjoy the conflagration.

It may have been half an hour before a motor drew up before the hotel and there alighted a large man and a medium-sized woman in attire which nobody could suspect of being modish. The gentleman wore a straw hat with a colored ribbon, a woolen bath robe, and was in his bare feet. The lady was satisfied, and properly so, to leave her bobbed and curling hair uncovered. Otherwise she was content to appear in a sports coat, an orchid silk nightdress and mules. The most obtuse might have guessed they were refugees of one sort or another, and Giotto, putting two and two together, was able to deduce that the current fire was not unconnected with their misfortunes.

They came up the walk and mounted the steps hastily.

"Where's Bellows?" demanded the gentleman.

"I think," said Giotto, "he is attending the fire."

"Where's Mrs. Bellows?"

"Probably," said Giotto, "she is helping Mr. Bellows."

The gentleman announced his irritation.

"Holy mackerel," he said loudly and savagely, "we can't stand around like this!"

"You might," said Giotto, "catch cold."

It might have been noticed that he resolutely kept his eyes averted from the savage gentleman's companion.

"Who are you?" the woman asked suddenly.

Still keeping his eyes upon a distant object, he replied, "I am the clerk."

"Why didn't you say so instead of standing there gawping?" growled the man.

"I was working up to it," said Giotto.

"Get us rooms, and get 'em quick," said the man.

"We keep our best rooms inside," said Giotto. "Will you step in and register?"

"Register hell!" said the man.

"Papa," said the young woman placidly, "is disgruntled. You'd better humor him before he turns violent. He's very strong, especially as to language."

"If," said Giotto, "you will follow me. The gentleman may register in the morning when he gets some pants."

"Actually, We Came Down Ladders"

"I am John H. Rockwell," announced the gentleman, as if giving off information of grave importance

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. This way, sir," said Giotto, and heading the little procession, he led the way up the stairs. Here he opened a door. "Two élite rooms with connecting bath," he said.

Mr. Rockwell grunted. Miss Rockwell said good night. Mr. North returned to his bed.

In the morning there was turmoil. Mrs. Bellows was adept at creating turmoil. The hotel would be as peaceful as a forest glade at a given hour; the cat would drowse in a rocker; Mr. Bellows would drowse on the piazza; the cook and the waitresses and the chambermaids would go silently and sluggishly about their appointed tasks. Then suddenly Mrs. Bellows would appear. One minute thereafter every living thing within those walls would be furiously and noisily engaged at something—that is to say, all but Mr. Bellows, who would have dozed through the San Francisco disaster.

The present turmoil, however, was a more considerable cataclysm. John H. Rockwell had notified Mrs. Bellows it was his intention to live in the hotel until he could rebuild his mansion, and that he desired a suite prepared for himself and his daughter immediately. Bellows Tavern was not much given to suites. Single rooms without baths were its specialty.

"I'm drove near distracted," said Mrs. Bellows, "and now this comin' along to cap it all. I jest don't know which way to turn."

"When in doubt," said Giotto, "turn to the clerk. Madam, leave the problem in my hands. Go placidly about your several occupations. The gentleman shall have his suite. One important question: Where did he get the pants he had on this morning?"

"Somebody fetched 'em in."

"How neighborly! And who is the gentleman?—if that be a proper question."

"Mr. Rockwell," said Mrs Bellows, "is a millionaire and owns the pulp mills and a widower and it's goin' to drive me nigh distracted havin' him on my mind to fetch and carry for with his highfalutin' notions." Mrs. Bellows spoke in paragraphs without punctuation. As Giotto was to discover subsequently, she also was a mistress of the *non sequitur*, an example of which she introduced at this juncture.

"Leslie Rockwell's a perty girl," she said, "so I cal'late I better go clean the pantry shelves."

"That," said Giotto, "is one way of looking at it."

He retired behind his desk and occupied himself with matters of finance until he was interrupted by a charming voice discharged upon him at close range.

"Actually," said the voice, "we came down ladders."

Giotto looked up into a pair of gray eyes which impressed him as being the brightest he had ever seen. There was in them a dancing light of life, so that they seemed not only to be very serviceable eyes judged purely as optical instruments, but to be independent living entities besides. They were quizzical and humorous. The nose was slender and pert. The cheek bones were a telling accent rather high upon the face, and the mouth carried still further the revelation of elfishness. The hair was short and waved exactly as hair should wave; besides which, it was of the color of ripened straw. Elfin! From top to toe Leslie Rockwell might have stepped out of a fairy tale, and had she been two inches tall instead of five feet and two inches, and had she carried a wand in her hand and worn a tiny

(Continued on Page 84)

The American Book of Wonder

This Was a Vast Seed, Containing the Complete Principle of Economic Deliverance

By GARET GARRETT

CARTOONS BY HERBERT JOHNSON

WORLD supremacy is not by golden chance. Such an idea was the bad star of Spain 400 years ago. What was it then seated England in that office of power? Economic facts, perhaps. Rich coal measures at tidewater, skill of trade and banking, argosies, a monopoly of machine craft. Yet she had no ore. There was other coal. The Dutch were great traders and bankers, with many ships, before the English knew the art of international commerce. And as for machine craft, anyone so minded might have beaten her at it. The Germans, when they were ready, did it in thirty years.

The weakness of economic explanations is their suave plausibility. They pass over the historical footnote that says supremacy as a definite event has in every case indicated a significant contribution to the data of human reality. If you try to define the meaning of this or that contribution, you may become involved with subtleties of interpretation. In the case of Great Britain, was it an errand to the backward peoples of the earth in the guise of trade, or was it to demonstrate the first age of industrialism? Either, or both, or something else. But try it to the intuition. Imagine wiping out the fact of British supremacy in the nineteenth century as if it had never been. Would the world be a different place? Or in the same way erase the fact of Roman supremacy. Certainly life now would be in some ways very different. Yet you cannot say precisely how; you cannot say what would have happened in place of what did.

And now American supremacy regarded as an event: What does that mean?

Hitherto people have not asked such questions about themselves or about one another. They have taken supremacy to be a natural competitive fact, as in one aspect it may be, but moreover, as a lurch of fortune, which it is not. In the modern mind there begins to be some thought of history as a continuous drama on a time plane of its own, making up the tale as it goes along, and from this comes much more curiosity as to the meaning of the material that goes currently into it. People are conscious of their parts. This is a new omen.

What America represents is power of original magnitude. This is not a might of prowess. Its manifestations are economic. Specifically, it is a power of production. In beneficence thereof is a degree of common prosperity never before equaled in the world.

Thought and Feeling

BUT the explanation of American power is not in means and methods of production, as the European onlooker commonly assumes, nor is it in a theory of a progressive division of consumable wealth. There could not be the division without the production, nor the production without the division. That is so. But it is also true that you could not have the material results without certain ways of thinking.

If that were all—certain ways of thinking, a working theory, an industrial technic—there would be no obscurity. Ways of thinking may be examined, a theory may be clearly stated, a technic may be learned. But when you have all this, still there is something missing, and that is nothing less than the tune.

What is a way of thinking? Thought may be feeling rationalized; feeling may be thought emotionalized. A way of thinking is not dynamic until it has become also a way of feeling. The French, perhaps better than anyone else, should know. Their power historically has been in feeling, not in battalions, not in flourishings of the intellect, not in economic circumstance.

It was a characteristic way of American thinking that overthrew the fatal dogmas imbedded in the European book of political economy—the book received in this country along with the forms of Old World industrialism.

The first and most disastrous of these dogmas was the brazen law of wages. Such was the term fixed by socialists upon the economic doctrine that there was a natural wage, or a natural price for labor, just above the line of misery, for if wages were more than this the proletariat would multiply too fast, thereby increasing the supply of labor and breaking the price. Another form of the same dogma was the doctrine of a limited wage fund. The total of wages that could be paid was determined by the amount of capital available for the purchase of labor—the wages fund—and this fund could be increased only by capital savings from the profits of industry.

Then the second dogma—namely, that profits and wages were directly opposed in natural principle. Neither could be increased but at the expense of the other. Therefore profits, from which the wage fund was derived, could not be increased without reducing wages to begin with; if, on the other hand, wages were increased, then profits were diminished and the wage fund was impaired. Secondly, if wages for any reason increased above the needs of bare existence, then the supply of labor increased by procreation, with again a disastrous effect upon the price of labor.

The Seed Germinates

THUS, from the operation of what was believed to be a natural economic law, a proletariat was doomed to exist outside the pale of prosperity, with no sense of participation in the increase of wealth, no strength of its own but the strength of despair.

Old World industrialism under the tyranny of this way of thinking became a menace to society; and if the state, acting on motives of both fear and humanity, had not interfered to provide out of the public funds such minimum decencies of environment as the proletariat was unable to buy with its natural wage, industrialism would have become a menace to the human race.

In this country occurred a revolution of thought. The American doctrine is that capital, profits and wages are limited only by production. If there is any law to limit production, we have yet to discover it. Therefore, so far as we know, prosperity is unlimited by any physical or natural fact. What we did discover, however, was that production could be limited by a state of feeling. Leave capital and profits to come back to; take it now simply as to wages. More than fifty years ago an American economist definitely formulated the thought that wages were unlimited save by the productivity of labor. This was a vast seed, containing the complete principle of economic deliverance. Yet it did not immediately transform American industrialism.

Why was that? And why was Europe, whose economists took this American seed and examined it critically—why was Europe unable to grow it at all in the soil of Old World industrialism?

The answer to the first question is this: We perceive that wages are limited only by the productivity of labor. To increase wages in a progressive manner you have only to increase the productivity of labor per man in the like manner. Very good. But how are you going to increase the productivity of labor per man or per man hour? You may put in the hand of labor a tool more powerful and cunning, you may devise a science of motion, you may impose the perfect method; but if labor is dark at heart, if it is hostile or secretly disbelieving, still production will be

limited. You may promise that the effort of willing collaboration shall be rewarded by higher wages, you may offer the wage beforehand; labor has heard all that before and has been many times so tempted to drive itself.

You see what has happened. Labor has accepted the old employers' law of conflict between wages and profits in principle. It has organized itself against the despair implicit in that law, against an industrialism that treats labor as an impersonal commodity; specifically, it has bitterly organized itself to limit the production per man per hour in order to make more jobs. Suppose, it says, that for greater productivity you did pay higher wages. That would mean fewer jobs, unemployment, then two men running after one job everywhere and ultimately lower wages than before.

So, notwithstanding the liberating thought, the better machines, the more scientific method, production is still hindered. It is hindered by ways of thinking and feeling on the part of labor, and what labor thinks and feels is inevitable from the way of thinking that has hitherto governed industrialism.

There is the last impasse. No thought, merely as thought, has the power to break it. The thought might lie for centuries on the shelf of abstraction. It contains the mystery of fecundity; to germinate, it requires to be buried in the ground of common feeling. It must grow downward into feeling and become emotionalized; it must appear again on the plane of thought as feeling rationalized. Then it becomes dynamic. That takes a length of time.

As to the second question, why the American idea that wages were limited only by the productivity of labor was a seed that could not germinate in the ground of Old World industrialism, the answer is that it was alien to a social philosophy assuming the natural existence of a proletariat in a condition disciplined by poverty and fear of want.

There was all the time a characteristic way of American feeling. In the struggle between industrialism as it was in the 70's, 80's and 90's of the past century, and the old Puritan expectation that economic and social motives were to be reconciled, it suffered many defeats. At crucial moments it appeared to have lost its vitality. The early success of industrialism as a heedless force so offended and mocked it that some of it had turned away, finding refuge in cults of mortification. Much of it had been overwhelmed by the alien flood. This was the immigration that began about 1870 and continued for forty years. Regarded merely as a movement of humanity from one world to another, it was of epic proportions. Regarded from the traditional American point of view, it was catastrophic.

These were not such people as had been coming before, self-selected out of the ancestral stock. They were new people racially, and would be perhaps much more difficult to assimilate—some 25,000,000 of them in four decades, added to a population that was less than 40,000,000 when the inundation began. Generally their social emotions were class-conscious. They preferred the industrial centers and either regarded themselves as wage slaves or responded to that view of their condition when it was presented to them by demagogic leaders. For this was the Old World proletariat, bringing its feelings with it.

American industrialism, be it said, treated it as such; and the human spectacle in the environs of large production became even worse than it was in Europe, because here the material was polyglot, with nothing more in common than fear of the police, hatred of the boss and a sense of oppression.

The Touchstone of Production

THUS, industrialism in the European meaning, governed by Old World dogmas of political economy, was continued here long after that event of thought which was sometime to transform it, simply by reason of having this enormous and endless supply of cheap labor that bred itself in Europe and migrated hither.

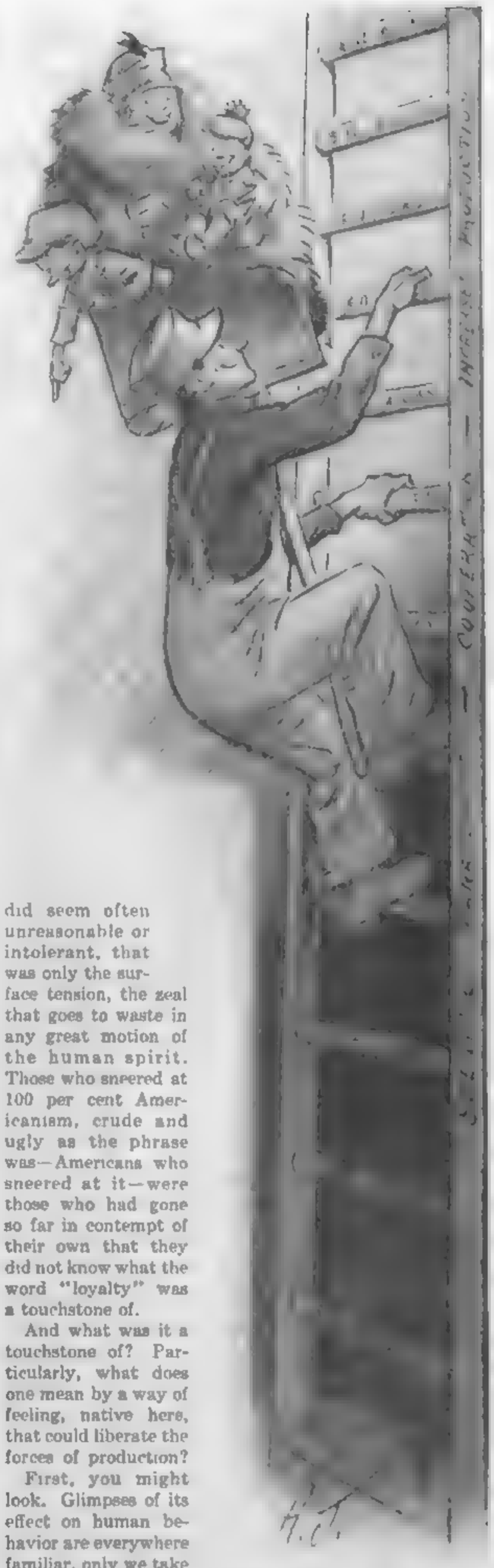
Industry then had no ethical or social ground, no technic of justice. As an assertion of pure will, untamed, neither moral nor immoral, it had an aspect of grandeur. The scars of its infliction were deep. Americans who lived by their hands were engulfed and suffered with the aliens. The words that follow are those of an industrialist, Henry S. Dennison, president of the Dennison Manufacturing Company, and now a director of the American Management Association:

"There will be an underlying suspicion for one full generation after employers have for the most part been square and wise. The tales today's workmen heard their fathers tell at the supper table set their subconscious attitudes."

But a certain way of feeling was implicit in this foundation. The war was its powerful reagent; and if the passion then and afterward to Americanize alien things did seem often unreasonable or intolerant, that was only the surface tension, the zeal that goes to waste in any great motion of the human spirit. Those who sneered at 100 per cent Americanism, crude and ugly as the phrase was—Americans who sneered at it—were those who had gone so far in contempt of their own that they did not know what the word "loyalty" was a touchstone of.

And what was it a touchstone of? Particularly, what does one mean by a way of feeling, native here, that could liberate the forces of production?

First, you might look. Glimpses of its effect on human behavior are everywhere familiar, only we take them too much for granted and so miss the essential impression.

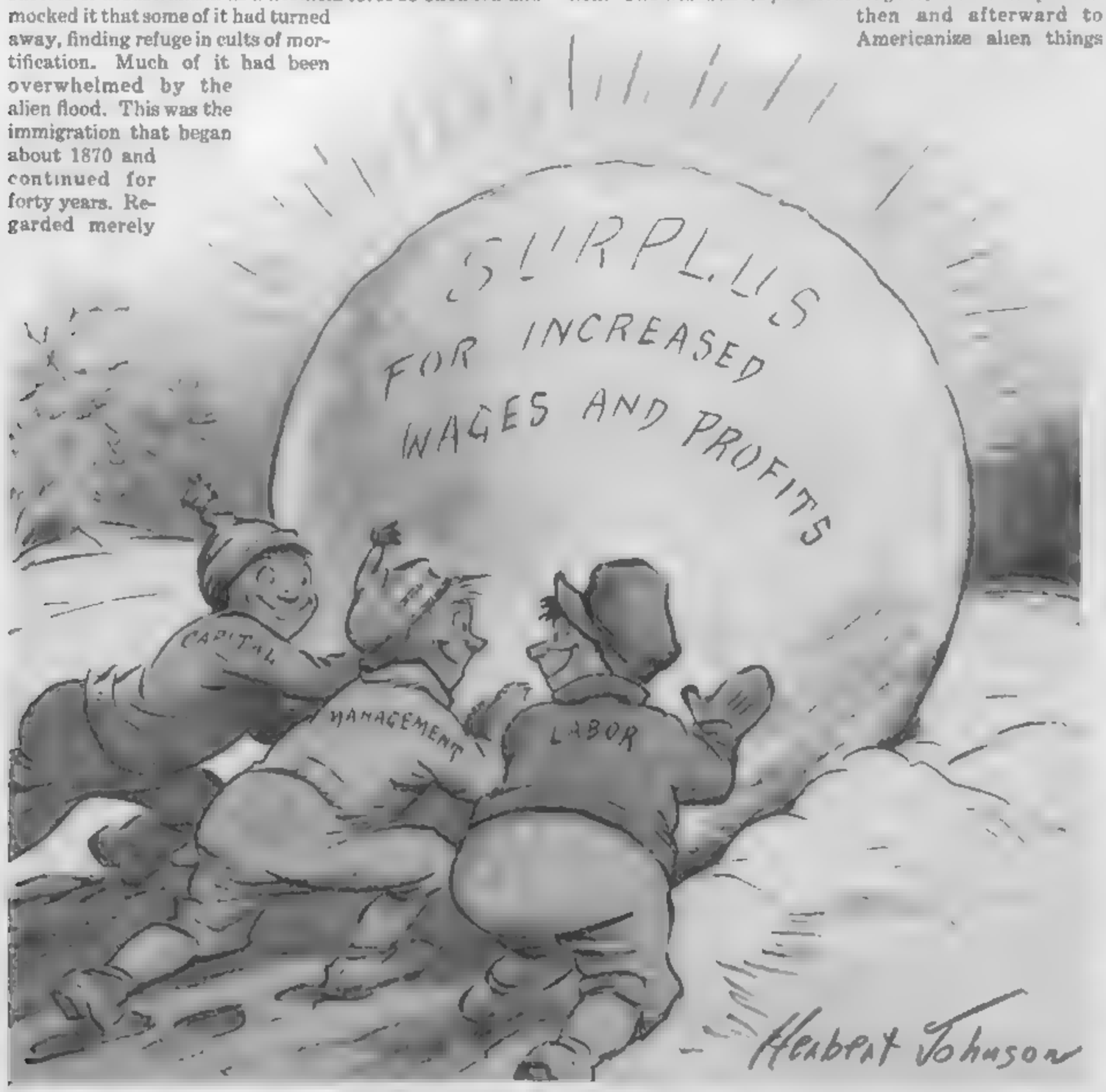


Therefore, So Far as We Know, Prosperity is Unlimited by Any Physical or Natural Fact

As a traveler by rail, you must sometime have seen the official train go by—one or two Pullmans and the president's private work car. And have you noticed how it is saluted by the men on the ground—yardmen, train crews, even section gangs out on the right of way? They all make one gesture alike. It is a free, wide sweep of the arm, with this interesting peculiarity—that although it takes form suddenly as a reflex action, it ends slowly, instead of snapping out like a military salute.

Its character as human expression lies in that difference. The power that sustains it in space for one more instant at the end of the arc—what is it? You do not see, perhaps, that the men on the official train—executives, managers, superintendents, the president himself—are continually

(Continued on Page 113)



They Come to See That When They Stop Pulling Against One Another, and Instead Push Shoulder to Shoulder in the Same Direction, the Size of the Surplus Created by Their Joint Efforts is Truly Astounding

THE SHOT

By GEORGE BROADHURST

ILLUSTRATED BY R. M. CROSBY

"Why are You Here in Miss Easton's Dressing Room?" Tyrone Demanded

WHAT the audience had not realized was the fact that even before the curtain had touched the stage, the immaculately white bosom of the shirt of the leading man was stained by a gradually enlarging smear of red! It was, undoubtedly and deservedly, the most distinctive and important première of the season. In the first place there was the play itself. Its English author, Shrewsbury Foote, in discharging his last three shots at the target of success, had hit the bull's-eye so squarely that on each occasion the ringing of the bell had been heard round the world. Each of these three plays had reached New York after having made a solid success in London. On this occasion, however, the new play, by name The Tigress, was to have its première in New York, and this alone would have stamped the first night with the imprint of international interest.

Then there was the company, with special attention given to the two leading players. The principal woman's part was to be in the hands of Laurel Easton. Yellow-haired, slim, graceful as a young eucalyptus tree swaying in the breeze, she was now a star of the first magnitude in the dramatic firmament, a position achieved because her God-given gift of acting had overcome her obstinacy, perversity, willfulness and lack of consideration both for her manager and her fellow players.

Her first great success was achieved by trickery and treachery. Engaged to support Amelia Meredith in a play called The Danger Signal, on the opening night in New York she played her rôle, which the star was supposed to dominate, browbeat and score off, in a way diametrically opposite to that which had been intended by the author and in which she had portrayed it during rehearsals and the preliminary presentations on the road. Her performance on this occasion made her; it placed her in the forefront of the actresses of the day; after it there was none to deny her ability or her power. But it ruined Miss Meredith and it killed the play, which, at the end of two weeks, was quietly interred in the storehouse, murdered by being stabbed in the back.

When, the next season, Miss Easton became a star, she was, back of the footlights, selfishness implacable, and she soon became known as the embodiment of stage autocracy and despotism. Knowing this, Broadway was astounded to learn that for her second starring engagement she would share her throne with Ronald Tyrone by permitting him to be co-starred equally with her.

Tyrone was a handsome young Irishman of about twenty-eight whose smile was a charm to lure the elves out of the woods. He would have been the ideal of stage lovers had not an imp of perversity denied him three additional inches of height. Still, he had overcome that disadvantage sufficiently to enable him to be the most popular leading man on the stage. In fact during the season that had just closed he had been more than a leading man—he had been a star. His play, however, had not had a strong public appeal and after two months in New York he had taken it on the road.

Among the conditions which Shrewsbury Foote imposed when he disposed of the acting rights of The Tigress to Samuel Marlyn was one to the effect that the cast and production must be satisfactory to him. Another was that he must stage the play, and almost from the first rehearsal he developed the habit of asking Miss Easton to lunch with him. The second time that he proposed it, saying that there was some business of the play that he wanted to discuss, the actress suggested that as Tyrone was co-starred with her, it might be politic to invite him as well, and to this Foote somewhat grudgingly agreed.

After that, however, Miss Easton always evaded the issue by having her maid bring something from her apartment, because, she said, it dissipated too much of her energy to go to a restaurant. She invariably asked the playwright and the actor to join her, but the playwright, disgruntled, always declined, while the actor promptly accepted, thereby adding to the feeling of affront with which the dramatist was becoming possessed. Between the author and the actor a feeling of restraint developed, not on the surface of affairs but as an undercurrent which one could not see but which one instinctively felt. This feeling was deepened considerably on the part of Foote when, at a first night to which he had invited the actress and which invitation she had declined, he found her there with her fellow player.

In The Tigress, apart from those of the two stars, there were three principal rôles, one of which was to be played by Miss Meredith, in whose support Miss Easton had made her first success. Her descent after that fateful night had been as rapid as Miss Easton's rise. Naturally, no other star rôle had been offered her; and suffering from her public humiliation, she tried to uphold her pride by scornfully refusing the subordinate parts for which she was suggested. Then she went away—to London, it was said—and nothing was heard of her.

Two years later she reappeared, looking fifteen years older, and she let it be known that she was now willing to accept subordinate parts, but none was offered her.

Soon after Miss Easton had signed to appear in the new play she met Miss Meredith, and although the older actress would have avoided her, she stopped her and said:

"Look here! I played you a rotten trick. Now I want to pay you back if I can."

"I don't want anything from you," Miss Meredith replied. "I'd rather die in the gutter."

"I know how badly you need an engagement. Well, I can get you one if you'll take it."

"With whom?"

"With me."

"You are suggesting that I return to the stage in your support. I'd rather ——"

"You've said that before," the younger woman interrupted. Then she continued: "Don't be a fool. I can get you a good part, with a good salary, in a play which looks sure-fire for a long run. That will give you a chance to reestablish yourself."

The older woman regarded the other coldly and suspiciously. Then she asked, "Why are you doing this?"

"I told you. I owe you something and I want to pay it. I shan't look for any gratitude either."

"If you do, you won't get it."

"All right. That's understood."

"And don't think it would be a case of forgive and forget, for it wouldn't."

Miss Easton laughed and said, "Any time I'm fool enough to put myself in a position where you think you have a chance to get even, you have my permission to go ahead and do it."

"Don't forget that."

"I won't. And so, what do you say?"

Miss Meredith protested and argued against what she proclaimed an unbearable humiliation, but in the end necessity conquered pride and she signed the contract.

Of the two other principal rôles, one was a comedy part in the very capable hands of Arthur Christie, who, in the play, was Tyrone's best friend. The third one—that of the man who caused the trouble between Miss Easton and Tyrone—was being rehearsed by an actor who evidently was not meeting with the author's unqualified approval. As he was a likable chap and badly needed the engagement, everyone was hoping that he would pull through, but on the afternoon following the first night at which the dramatist had seen the two stars together, the actor was met at the stage door by the manager's secretary, who handed him an envelope. Fifteen minutes later Carter Temple walked in to take his place.

It was evident that the coming of Temple was resented by both the stars, and especially by Tyrone. The new-comer was extremely good-looking, and a lock of white, which started from his forehead, in his otherwise extremely dark hair gave him an unusual and distinguished appearance.

It was not this, however, that Tyrone resented. It was the fact that Temple overtopped him by a good three inches.

After the rehearsal both stars waited to see the dramatist. Tyrone was the first to speak.

He said, "Surely, Mr. Foote, you don't intend to keep Temple."

The playwright replied: "Why not? I think he'll play the part splendidly, don't you?"

"It isn't that, and you know it," the actor answered, his temper, which had been smoldering, ready to flame.

"Then what is it?"

"It's the fact that I am in nearly all his scenes and that no matter how I build up he'll top me by more than two inches."

The dramatist said, pausing for a second so that the speech should have full effect, "Surely, Mr. Tyrone, you are not blaming me for the shortcomings of Nature."

Impulsively the actor stepped threateningly forward and the two men faced each other, the one calculatingly and provocatively deliberate, the other needing but the slightest pressure to pull the trigger of his emotions.

Realizing that trouble was imminent, Miss Easton quickly interposed, and said, "I, as well, object to Mr. Temple's being in the cast."

Her turning movement being effective, the dramatist inquired of the actress, "And may I ask why?"

"Well, if you must know," the actress answered, "Mr. Temple and I were once engaged to be married."

"And because of it I must dismiss an actor who suits me perfectly? Really, Miss Easton, that's too childish for consideration."

"I insist that he must not be in the company," the actress said.

"So do I," said the actor.

"And I insist that he will remain in it. That is final, so far as I am concerned. If you object to my decision or care to try to overrule it, I suggest that you see Mr. Marlyn."

A few minutes later both players were in the office of the manager, who, by the grace of the legislature, was able legally to sign his name Marlyn, although that of his father contained two *k*'s and one *itch*, and whose method of conversation was to ask a series of questions and then answer them before anyone else could reply.

He greeted them with: "Glad to see you. Everything's going fine, ain't it? Sure."

"Foote brought Carter Temple in to play the heavy, and I object to him—object most emphatically," Tyrone replied.

"And so do I," said Miss Easton.

The manager looked at them for a second or two, and then, smiling knowingly, rejoined, "You two are in love, ain't you? Sure you are." And when both the players dissented emphatically, he continued, speaking to the actress: "When you agreed to co-star with him so easy, was anybody more surprised than me? Sure there wasn't. And nobody has to push me into a river to let me know there's water in it. So what's the use of trying to fool me, when you can't do it? None! Especially as I'm your friend. Ain't I? Sure I am."

"We're not only in love, we're engaged to be married," said Tyrone impulsively; and when Miss Easton protested that he had promised to keep the matter a secret and seemed greatly distressed that he had broken his word, Tyrone told her how sorry he was that he had acted on impulse, but reassured her by saying he was certain that Marlyn would respect their confidence.

"Sure I will," said Marlyn. "You wouldn't worry none if your secret was in one of them Egyptian tombs, would you? Of course you wouldn't. Well, that's me, only I ain't dead yet. And now what's the trouble about this fellow Temple?"

"As I explained to Foote," Tyrone replied, "no matter what I do, he'll top me by over two inches, and if Temple plays, I don't."

"No more do I," said Miss Easton emphatically.

"Listen, children," rejoined Marlyn; "do I want to be rough? You know I don't. But we got contracts, ain't we? And is there anything in 'em about how high or how low the other actors have to be? If there is, I ain't seen it. And ain't Foote got a contract with me as well? And don't it stipulate and agree that every member of the cast must be satisfactory to him? You can bet it does. So anybody I suggest he can say no to; and he does, except Temple. If I got to choose between Foote, who's within his rights, and you, who ain't, then I choose Foote. Well, what's the answer? Tell it to me."

The answer was, jointly and emphatically, that, contracts or no contracts, they would not play with Temple in the cast, and with that as a final declaration they left. But knowing that Marlyn could not be bluffed, and realizing that neither with their association nor in a court of law would they have any standing, next morning they reported for rehearsal as usual.

A few days later a great newspaper published the story of the engagement of the two players, with their photographs prominently displayed. Miss Easton vehemently contradicted the report, and Tyrone, much against his own desire, but urged by the pleadings of Miss Easton, contradicted it also. When taxed by them with the betrayal of their confidence, Marlyn denied the charge with such sincerity that the players were constrained to believe him, though they could not understand from what other source the news could have emanated.

On the afternoon of the day on which Miss Easton and Tyrone denied their engagement, when the actor came off the stage after rehearsing a scene with Christie, he was met by Natsuki, his Japanese valet, who had been with him for several years and who, in the play, took the small part of a servant in Miss Easton's home.

"Excuse, please, but might I speak with you moment?" Natsuki asked. "I think maybe I got something important tell you. I think maybe most important."

"What is it?" said Tyrone.

"Excuse, please, but not here. Please come dressing room like we talk about what clothes you wear in third act. Most secret and most important. Yes, sir."

Tyrone hesitated for a second and then went to his dressing room, followed by Natsuki, who looked carefully up and down the passage and then closed the door cautiously.

"What are you so mysterious about?" asked the actor.

"Excuse, please," answered the servant, "but while you rehearse scene Mr. Christie, I see Miss Easton give piece

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"But She Knows I Didn't Do This and She is Simply Trying to Divert Suspicion From Herself"

New York to Yonkers in a Day

By NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD VINCENT CULTER

We Were Off, Being Passed on the Up Grade of the Next Hill by a Group of Laughing Bicyclists. "Get a Horse!" They Yelled. "Get a Horse!"

NOT since my father won the croquet championship of New Haven had anything of such a sporting nature occurred in our family. Over my dish of tutti-frutti ice cream my spoon hung suspended as I listened to Uncle Robo's proposal and mother's response, my heart beating with a strange mixture of fear and pleasure. An automobiling trip all the way to Yonkers, and in such company! No, I must be dreaming!

Mother took it more placidly, or at least she concealed her emotions better. In the shadow of the long pointed toque which projected over her nose like a flowery gunboat, her black eyes were snapping with excitement. Yet she delicately dropped the black-and-white malines veil which had been pushed up over her nose to permit her eating, and pinned the ends into the heavy coil of gray hair at the nape of her neck with perfect poise, before thanking my uncle in a voice which denoted consent.

"It is most thoughtful of you, Robo, to remember us," she said. "I suppose there is no real danger?" Uncle wiped his heavy white mustache and his ruddy face shook with the enthusiasm of his denial.

"Danger!" he snorted contemptuously. "How can one of those absurd contraptions be dangerous? They are not like horses—they have no spirit or will of their own! How can an automobile take it into its head to run away? Answer me that! How can they get restive when you are mounting or dismounting? Ha-ha! You will find the experience like sitting in an uncomfortable rocking-chair, my dear, and about as speedy!"

"But they do seem so dangerous," said mother, accepting his superior masculine judgment, however. "Almost against Nature!"

"Quite!" agreed Uncle Robo. "Quite right, my dear. They can never replace horses, but they may have their uses, at that. Nobody shall say I am not open-minded about the rattletraps, and it is a splendid advertisement for the wine, besides!"

The event he referred to was of an extraordinary nature, and in all New York no person was better fitted to have thought of it than Uncle Roosevelt Montgomery, affectionately known to his family and friends as "Robo." He was my mother's elder brother, a wine agent of distinction, and in addition to that, a famous whip. For years he had tooled the Friday coach from the Holland House to a fashionable country club, and to grace the box seat beside him was an honor even more coveted than to sit beside Alfred Vanderbilt, that dashing young sportsman, who in handling the ribbons was fast becoming a rival of the old gentleman.

One of the great sights of the city was to see Uncle Robo come into town on his drag, the four magnificent horses that were the pride of his life gliding in and out of the complicated traffic below the park with magic ease under his skilled guidance. In short, Uncle Robo had been king of the highways until very recently, when the remarkable increase in automobiles had threatened to distract public attention from the legitimate sport of coaching.

For months he had ignored the cheap publicity given to the horseless carriage, but with the advent of an actual automobile show, purporting to compete in interest with the November horse show, Uncle Robo had felt it was time to prevent the thing going further. "These autos should be put in their proper place." And to this end he announced he would give an enormous silver cup, filled with champagne, to the first auto which bettered his record—made with drag and four horses—from the Holland House to his country house at Yonkers. The rules for the entries were simple but strict. Each auto must carry not less than three passengers besides the driver, two of them to be ladies. It must be tooled by the owner, and a last unwritten condition was that all entrants must be gentlemen—a rule no upstart was likely to attempt to test, for Uncle Robo was well known to be a member of the Four Hundred.

Mother and I had followed the news of this great event through the daily press, but until today we had not dreamed of participating in it. To begin with, our circumstances were too moderate to permit of our taking up the social position which my mother might have claimed through her relationship with Uncle Robo. He had never quite forgiven his pretty sister for choosing a penniless writer of vague books instead of one of the rich young bloods to whom he had frequently introduced her in their youth. On the other hand, my father had little use for the famous wine agent, who he declared was one of his own best customers, and consequently we didn't see very much of Uncle Robo, nor expect to take active part in the brilliant events of the upper world in which he lived. So when, the very day before the great New York to Yonkers race, Uncle Robo had requested that mother and I meet him for luncheon at Martin's a delicious premonition had possessed us.

And now it was justified! Both mother and I were to be in the great race as the guests of G. Worthington de Witt, the catch of the season, the beau ideal of every ambitious

mother with a marriageable daughter and of every bud from Washington Square to Fifty-ninth Street. He who had hitherto been but a myth was to be our host for a whole day, and all by the fortuitous circumstance of Rosamond Talbot's illness. This famous heiress and her mother were originally to have accompanied young Mr. de Witt, but at the last moment an attack of mumps had intervened, laying the fair Rosamond low, and the delicate task of supplying a last-minute substitute had been put up to Uncle Robo by the distracted driver. He had been frank with my uncle, as one good sport to another, and had begged my relative to procure a young lady who would do him credit without arousing the jealous ire of Rosamond, and Uncle Robo had at once thought of me.

"Well, brother," said mamma when all the details of how and where we were to locate Mr. de Witt at the Holland House next morning were completed—"well, brother, I think you are a duck to arrange this. I appreciate it greatly because I can do so little for Nina. We will be there ready to start promptly at eleven. And thank you again, dear Robo, for the lovely luncheon. I declare, it's a treat to eat in a restaurant when you are ordering! Well, we must toddle along and do a bit of shopping, because we haven't a thing to wear tomorrow, and I'm sure we shall have an awful time finding anything suitable for such a trip."

"Uncle Robo, you're a perfect old pippin!" I said, kissing him good-by. "An absolute corker! Ta-ta, until tomorrow evening." Uncle Robo snorted and puffed in his rubicund way as mother and I drew on our twelve-button gloves and slipped into our jackets. But the moment she and I were alone in the hansom cab which mother took in order to "save our backs," we exchanged a significant look of understanding.

"Now, daughter!" she said. "Naughty girl! You can't expect to steal young De Witt right out of the auto. I'm afraid he's as good as engaged to Rosamond Talbot. However, it's certainly not announced!"

"Oh, mother, he wouldn't look at me!" I protested, not without hope, however. "But the other man—Cadet Northfort of West Point—I've never been there and perhaps ——"

"Ah, one never knows," said mamma with a hopeful sigh. Then followed three hours of strenuous shopping at McCreery's, where Mr. Duffy, the genteel floorwalker who had assisted our family with difficult purchases for years, and had even recommended the satin for mother's wedding gown, came again to our rescue, undaunted by the unconventional problem of automobile costumes. After which, exhausted but triumphant, we went back to our home in East Fifty-fourth Street.

It was an expensive apartment, costing us seventy-five dollars a month, but mother, who had a strong instinct for such things, had insisted that the neighborhood, although a little far uptown, was steadily becoming more fashionable, and I was happy to think that we had taken it in spite of the outrageous rental, for of course the society columns would carry our names and address after tomorrow's event and it would look well in print.

I was so excited that I could scarcely put away my new treasures, and that night, after I had changed the braid on the bottom of my gray-poplin seven-gored skirt, sewn fresh shields into my changeable-silk shirtwaist and tacked a new tulle bow to the front of its high collar, my prayers were a long and earnest supplication of the Deity to protect me from the unknown dangers of automobiling, interspersed with earnest requests that I would land Mr. de Witt, or, if the Lord considered that too good a catch for humble little me, then perhaps Cadet Northfort or, anyway, someone who would keep me from being an old maid.

Next morning the late spring sunshine was so vivid that it even penetrated the gloom of the ventilating shaft into which my bedroom window opened. How glad I was to see the sun! Now the race would come off, "sure fire," as the boys said. Clouds would have meant a postponement, for Uncle Robo would not expect anyone to travel in an auto in the rain, even with the rubber sheeting—those clever rain protectors which had been recently invented, which stretched over the entire person of the passenger and driver, leaving only their heads sticking out. A corking good idea, of course, but only for emergencies. However, the weather was perfect, and so was my costume.

"There!" said mother proudly, patting me with satisfaction while I held my breath and drew the lovely rose-color grosgrain belt with the silver buckle tight about my waist. "There now, Nina, you look as if there was something to you!"

The fact was I was deplorably slender for my age, and it was necessary to add the voluptuous fullness so essential to an attractive figure by artful means, such as thickly gathered petticoats and corset padding. But today the ruffled skirts of my short gray jacket lent me sufficient embonpoint, and over this I threw on the long gray linen duster which mother had bought on Mr. Duffy's assurance that it was the very latest in auto togs. My hat was of moderate size, being no larger than the average dish pan, of gray straw trimmed with large pink roses to match my belt and the bow of tulle under my chin, and an enormous motoring veil of heavy pink chiffon tied the hat on with what then seemed to me security, its delicious ends floating coquettishly over my shoulder. I had a new pair of goggles, deep-cuffed gauntlets, and button boots of patent leather with gray suède tops. Take it all in all, mine was an absolutely stunning get-up, and I only wished Mr. Dana Gibson could see me in it.

In the pocket of my skirt was a second bodice—a décolleté of silk with a bertha of real lace—which I expected to change into for the gala dinner at Sharpe Manor, where Uncle Robo would be awaiting the contestants, and I blessed the fashion which had made the three-piece dress all the rage. My pocket also contained evening gloves, a small fan and a lace handkerchief.

Mother was just as stylish, but of course in a way suitable to her age, and when, shortly before our departure from the apartment, two huge cannon-ball corsages of violets bearing Mr. de Witt's card arrived, our joy and our costumes were complete indeed. Then, while mother was for a moment absent from the room, I did something which in Bowery slang might have been described as "fierce." First looking over my shoulder to the open door to make sure I was not observed, I made a swift pass at the little pot of nail rouge that was on my dresser, and in an instant the evil deed was done and my lips, pale from excitement, blossomed into faint pink. A most wonderfully becoming effect resulted, and I had barely time to wipe my guilty hand on the sheet, underneath my pillow, before mamma returned.

"I'm glad to see you have a little color this morning," she said innocently. And with this we set off in the hansom which was to take us downtown, my heart still beating with a hang-dog feeling of shame in deceiving mamma so easily.

But this soon wore off in the excitement of the great adventure. Below Thirty-fourth Street crowds were already beginning to gather as if for a parade, and bicycle policemen darted up and down importantly. The Holland House itself was gay with flags and its balconies crowded with fashionably dressed, eager spectators, mostly

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"Danger!" He Snorted Contemptuously. "How Can One of These Absurd Contraptions be Dangerous? They are Not Like Horses"

MONARCH OF THE LAGOONS

By Paul Annixter

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

ONE spring morning just after a sluicing Florida downpour, one of the strangest of all wilderness children was born in a cool green nursery amid the lily stalks just under the overhanging bank of a wine-brown lagoon. His mother was a cautious old cow of the great interrelated family of manatees who every summer peopled the neighboring ponds and streams, and left mysteriously each fall. She had the graying whiskers and the lined and shriveled countenance that denote age in a manatee as they do in a human.

This new water baby was one of the queerest spectacles in all animal land. Seeing him you would never have known what he was, unless you were one of the pinys or backwoods crackers who inhabited that amphibious region. He was about three feet long and covered all over, from his spade-like tail to his funny round head, with thick, wrinkly, elephant-like skin. He had no teeth yet, but his cleft, purse-like upper lip was already beginning to sprout whiskery hairs. With his tiny eyes closed and his flippers folded together, he looked like a fat fish with a wrinkled dog face. He was in reality as nearly half fish and half mammal as it is possible to become.

Many thousand years ago, before the Second Ice Age, the dim ancestors of the manatee people—strange, browsing, land-running animals with four short legs—were driven to take to the water to survive their many carnivorous enemies of the jungles. Throughout the ages Nature has indulged the drastic change to the limit of her power. The manatee in time became a water creature, but his lungs are still the lungs of a mammal, and every few minutes he must come up for air. His flat flexible flippers are merely thumbless swimming mittens grown about a pair of short arms.

Born almost in the water, the new fish-mammal infant could swim and float from the moment he came into the world. Within the first twenty-four hours of his life his mother took him in her arms and gave him his first trip through the water of the lagoon. He was a solemn, serious little chap, and though none of his elders knew it, he was almost a third larger than any day-old manatee had a right to be. Also, instead of being a dull slate-gray color, he was a study in gun metal and brown, for his father had been none other than the great dark-colored bull who had been the acknowledged leader of all the sea cows in the region for as many years as any of the backwoodsmen of the district could remember. It was this little one who was destined to become the biggest and wisest manatee of all the bayou country.

It had been a terrible year for the sea cows. Death had dogged them every hour of the night and day. Negroes and backwoodsmen had of late been decimating their numbers for their tender veal-like meat, which they salted down like beef for winter use, and for their valuable oil, which all druggists were willing to buy. Crafty river alligators and the big garfish of the lagoons had taken to lying in wait for the young ones each spring and, added to this, a sudden cold spell the fall before had killed great numbers of the herd, for all manatees are extremely susceptible to cold.

Unlike their long-tusked brothers, the dugongs of Australia, the manatees are mild and inoffensive by nature, and have no other defense than their size. For the manieth time in their age-old battle for existence they faced extinction. The Government, awakening tardily to the value of these gentle animals and the interest they lent to the Florida coast, was beginning to take steps for their protection, but it was still a toss-up whether this northern species would survive man's avarice and rapacity.

So it was that the newborn manatee in Santee Lagoon was predestined for adventure and vicissitudes. They began on the day of his birth, and continued in swift grim sequence throughout the first six months of his life—some of them long, slow and grilling, others fierce, swift and unforeseen as flashes of jagged lightning in a night sky. But the little calf was both luckier and tougher than most of his fellows, for he survived all encounters, and in so doing he drew instinctively upon the massed wisdom of his race and developed a cunning far beyond his years.

Of course he spent the first week almost constantly with his mother, wrapped in the protecting folds of her flippers, but he could not be there all the time, and those young of the water folk who stray but a few feet from their mothers often never return. It was during the first twenty-four hours of his life, as he was practicing floating on his back with his round head just showing above the surface of the lagoon, that one of the swiftest deaths that menace the smaller bayou dwellers struck a blow that almost made the youngster's first day his last. His mother, after scanning the still surface of the lagoon for the thirty or forty feet which is the limit of the manatee's vision, and listening intently with a pair of microphone eardrums sharpened by water dwelling until they could detect the slightest plop of falling leaf or pebble for forty feet or more, decided there was no danger anywhere. The still surface of the lagoon looked like molten lava in the afternoon sunlight. Over it gnats hummed peacefully, gaudy dragonflies glittered and skimmed, and flame-colored butterflies floated above the buttery cups of the water lilies, while all around the stillness was intensified by the croaking and braying of the big eight-inch paint-green frogs which inhabited the shallows and whose silence was the chief danger signal for all water dwellers. Silently the mother manatee sank to the bottom of the lagoon where grew the lush reeds and grasses sea cows love to eat.

She had been gone but a minute when from mid-sky the telescope eye of a drifting white-headed eagle caught the movement of the little manatee in the shallows. The eagle had been hunting vainly for hours and, driven by a fierce hunger, he folded his wings and shot hissing downward, doubtless taking the little swimmer for a big fish basking lazily on the surface. His round fierce eyes were hard and fixed as agates in the sunlight, and he hurtled downward without a sound except for the wind whistling through his pinfeathers.

Not until the shadow of the bird fell upon him and the rush of air was in his ears did the nearsighted calf have warning of his danger. Immediately he submerged, but slowly, like a submarine, for he had not learned diving tactics as yet. With a whir of wind from wildly flapping pinions, amid a shower of spray, the eagle's talons struck deep into the youngster's sides before he sank two feet. The long claws of the sky king sank into the flesh and locked in the fishhook hold of his kind. Not until then did the eagle realize his mistake; his talons had clutched no fish, but a mammal, and they had penetrated so deeply that he would be several minutes in extricating them. Young as he was, the weight of the calf was too much for the great bird to raise from the water. Though he struggled fiercely, the eagle could no more than raise the youngster's back to the surface of the lagoon. There was a sound like cracking nuts as the big bird's beak snapped in fury.

At the first sound of the commotion the mother manatee came speeding up from the bottom and folded her calf close in her armlike flippers to still his piteous bleating. Minus any means of offensive, the cow simply sank with her little one, which proved the most terrible punishment that could have been administered to the eagle. He was a full minute under water before he extricated his claws and went flapping and splashing shoreward, where he huddled a long time in the mud, the most bedraggled and unkingly of birds. Thereafter he made it a point to circle lower and peer more intently from his hard golden eyes before launching an attack on any of the water clans.

Long the mother manatee rocked her little one, comforting him after his terrible experience with the eagle. Balancing on her tail at the bottom of the lagoon, she stood in an upright position, swaying gently to and fro, amazingly like a human mother holding her child, her blunt mask reflecting a look of peace and thankfulness. It was thus that the fable of mermaids had its origin, when mariners of ancient times brought home tales of these strange sea cows who nursed their young ones on the surface of the ocean.

The fierce fright and narrow escape that marked the first day of the little manatee's life were of vital import in developing the early caution which was to be the chief factor in carrying him through the most dangerous months of his calfhood, as well as the most perilous year the manatee folk had ever known. Thereafter he was ever on the alert for danger, especially from above. So indelibly was the experience with the eagle engraved on his memory that the tiniest splash of a frog in a distant part of the lagoon caused him to submerge in terror.

In the next two weeks the youngster showed an amazing growth. His little eyes became clearer and more distinct, long hairs began sprouting out on his body, and he cut seven blunt pebbly teeth—which is about all that could be expected for that length of time. Then began a terrible period for all the manatee folk. There came a week of torrential rains. Each day the intermittent downpours continued, until all the lagoons were overflowing and the knees of the cypresses and the sprawly spotted arms of the sycamores around their margins were submerged in water. Soggy bottoms became pools and ponds, and new waterways never before known reached out like tentacles through the dripping woods. In the wake of the floods came a new enemy to harass all the water dwellers.

The big river alligators, who for many years had not ventured so far from the larger streams to the north, now came wallowing like armored tanks down all the waterways in search of new and unwary hunting. They came without warning, and to all lesser creatures they were death incarnate. Between darkness and daylight one night a dozen or more of them ensconced themselves in the near-by lagoons and along the reed-grown peninsulas, where they lay camouflaged like dead logs grounded by the floods. Many an incautious one next day went forth and never returned, having blundered

within the eight-foot area of some waiting 'gator's tail stroke. Twice during the two weeks which the saurians remained, death all but had the little manatee. Once as he lay napping on the soft warm mud of a stream bank, no more than ten feet from his browsing mother, there came a sudden horrid rush from the near-by reeds and a half-grown alligator had the youngster's tail in his jaws before the latter's eyes were rightly open. There began then a ghastly tug of war, with the alligator on one side and the mother manatee on the other, the piteously bleating calf the bone of contention between them. The 'gator could easily have won by simply maintaining a dogged hold with his trap-like jaws, whose grip the mother manatee had no means of breaking. But when the frenzied cow surged forward and with a seal-like wriggle heaved her clumsy body full upon him, the inexperienced saurian made the mistake of losing his temper as well as his hold. For a space of moments his jaws slashed at the parent in punishing rage, but those moments were enough to enable the little calf to flap back to the safety of the water, whither his mother slowly followed, dragging after her the coughing, snarling bulk of her attacker. Formidable as the 'gator was, he could not overpower the ten-foot, eleven-hundred-pound bulk of the big cow; yet with savage tenacity he hung on, jerking and tearing for a full five minutes, until he was finally scraped off against the roots of a big sycamore which twined over the opening of one of the secret refuge dens under the lagoon bank which every manatee family maintains.

The second time the calf was caught when he swam down into the deepest part of the lagoon where he had never learned to anticipate danger. Here, where the reflected greenhouse light of the water changed to a brown translucent gloom, he fed along the bottom. Suddenly from a thicket of waving water grass a grotesque and horrible head was thrust. A pair of slit, goat-like, evil eyes gleamed with a gray-green light, and a huge dragon-like form came shooting straight at the little manatee amid a trail of phosphorescence.

This time it was no half-grown 'gator, but a wise old bull mugger, and a giant of his kind, with an eleven-foot body of reënforced plate armor against which even the bulk of the cow manatee could not avail. With a spasmodic writhe the youngster swam shoreward with all the strength of tail and flippers, but it was nothing compared to the speed of the monster that launched after him. Twice the jaws of death gaped and gnashed at the little one's tail and twice he flicked instinctively aside and the double rows of interlocking teeth just grazed him. The third time he was gripped and held just as he gained the shallows.

Quickly the cow manatee came rushing to the scene, and there began again one of those pitiful tableaus which happen so often in the lives of these mild grass-eating folk. Round and round the mugger swam the frenzied mother, biting ineffectually with her blunt-toothed mouth, while in her flat mask was mirrored that love and anguish which are only possible to mammal mothers whose young are born of their bodies, not of egg or spawn. The waves sent off by the struggle went rustling and whispering along the weedy margin.

Foot by foot the scaly monster dragged his prize back toward the deep water, his pale goat eyes, with their vertical pupils, set and terrible in the sunlight, seeming to take no note of the frantic mother. Again and again the cow flung herself against his grim sprawled shape, but the saurian, with the wisdom of nearly a century in his cold reptilian brain, was inexorable as fate in his one-pointed objective.

At last, with but a few fleeting seconds between the little manatee and death, the most unexpected of allies joined in the hunt. Already the youngster was submerged and his faint puppylike cries cut short, when out from the near-by woods came running the shabby figure of old Anse Wiatt, a bayou dweller and inveterate hunter, who lived on a pine knoll a mile back from the lagoon. Anse was an old enemy of the manatees, but also of the tribe of 'gators. Attracted by the struggle in passing, he had come running with his inevitable rifle in his hand. His shallow blue eyes took in the scene with the instantaneousness of a camera lens, and with equal swiftness, product of years on the hunting trail, he made his decision. No humane impulse was back of it; manatees were simply everyday occurrences in the bayou country, while 'gators, especially such a specimen as this one, were rarely to be met even down in the 'gator country.

Old Anse had it in mind to see that monstrous hide drying in his wood yard, and no more than an instant elapsed between the thought and the crack of his rifle. The report shattered the heavy somnolence of the cypress woods, and his well-placed bullet entered the right eye of the saurian just as he was sinking under. In a mugger of such a size the eye is the one really vulnerable spot in his plated body. This one, stricken unto death, still hung at pause for the space of heavy moments it takes for the sluggish saurian brain to answer a stimulus.

Then his jaws gaped to a rivulet of blood, his head swung from side to side, and in another minute the giant bulk of him was lashing its life away amid the shallows.

Meantime the little manatee, dazed, blinded and half strangled, had been swept close beneath his mother's protecting flipper and convoyed to the cool darkness of one of their breathing caves beneath the bank, before Anse Wiatt had time to reload his antiquated rifle. Once more, as if by the direct intervention of fate, the little bull had been delivered from death.

But not all his calfhood was composed of terror and grim escapes. There were days of quiet and unbroken happiness such as come into the lives of even the most harassed of hunted things, when in company of other calves of his own age he played, quarreled and tussled in an elysium of growing bliss. Sometimes two or three families would take long naps together on the warm mud flats, while the little ones would slide down the slippery banks and land with a splash in the water, or sample the tender salty water weeds in preparation for the vegetable diet that would soon take the place of their mothers' milk.

These were the days in which the calf learned all the primary lessons of the water folk. He learned to enjoy salads of tender water sprouts at the pool bottoms, how to scratch and curry his wrinkled skin by scraping and rolling over the gravelly stream bottoms, and how to blow like his far-off relative, the whale, by stretching apart his lip lobes and spraying the water in the air. He learned to sleep on the bottom of the pools for half an hour at a time by closing the stoppers of his nostrils. And all this time the growth of his body and the strategy of his small brain went on apace.

Not long after the high water had gone, and with it the saurian invasion, the first and most dangerous period of the little one's calfhood came to an end. He was more than six months old when one night, as the manatee family slept on the warm clean sand with their tails in the water, the old leader of the herd suddenly awoke. He had detected a distinct change creeping through the waters of the lagoon. A shiver passed over him and immediately he went about waking each member of his family. The first change of fall had come, and from now on the waters of the big lagoon, which was affected by the ocean tides, would gradually become colder. If the manatees did not hurry to the more sheltered waters farther inland they would catch cold and die. They started just before the dawn, as fast as they could paddle toward the main river course, and thence upstream toward a chain of shallow, sequestered lagoons, where no coastal

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The Long Claws of the Sky King Sank Into the Flesh and Locked in the Fish-hook Hold of His Kind. Not Until Then Did the Eagle Realize His Mistake; His Talons Had Clutched No Fish, But a Mammal, and They Had Penetrated So Deeply That He Would be Several Minutes in Extricating Them

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

By George Agnew Chamberlain

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

V

THERE was no spoken compact, but it seemed understood that Miss Newcombe should manage to visit Tappen at least twice a week. She did not come on any fixed day, but she was careful to let him know when to expect her, sometimes indirectly by telephone, sometimes by an unsigned note or a message left with the concierge. When he thanked her for her thoughtfulness she was surprised.

"I couldn't do any less, could I? Why should you be cooped in, wondering if I'm going to appear from nowhere? I don't give you anything—not really. I come here to use you and your room—to pull up anchor and drift for an hour or two. I'm sure of finding what I want, but if you get anything out of it you're lucky."

"Very lucky," he said contentedly. "Don't worry about me."

But a week came when she failed to appear, and he was assailed by an increasing depression which was destined to carry him down to folly. In its first stages it merely threw him back on his own resources and stirred him to strike another balance sheet. What sort of life was this he was leading? When she was present the world was his, but during her absence he walked like a monk, isolated by his frock from every interest save one.

She put no restrictions whatever on his time or his conduct while away from her. She never asked a leading question or implied a reservation. He wondered now if it was because she was conscious of a power that depended for protection upon intuition alone. After all, the dullest sensibility could thrill to the abyss between such a fragile relationship as theirs and the everyday gutters of a life of pleasure. It was merely common sense to live as if she might come upon him at any moment. But above and beyond that there was an instinct which told him that the greater his abstinence from other contacts, the safer the future of a companionship which not only absorbed but elated him.

A Scene So Alluring That It Seemed a Dream

He had no cause for regret, nor even in this mood of elucidation did he feel he had been blinded by his star. But having accepted the ladder of its single beam to the exclusion of all lesser lights, he dangled in mid-air at its eclipse. By the fourth day of Miss Newcombe's apparent desertion he began to chafe, by the fifth he was too nervous to go out at all, on the sixth he was despondent, and about mid-afternoon of the seventh he took a sudden resolution.

Picking up his hat and stick, he hurried out, ran down the steep steps into the Rue Berton and then along its curving descent to the spot where he had first talked to her. He paused and smiled at himself—a smile without mirth. He was reconstructing the scene according to the best usage of the local police, convincing himself that the event had been an actuality and not a springtime dream.

With head bent, he went on, apparently absorbed in a reverie, strolled along the Quai into the Chaussée and halfway across the Grenelle bridge. There he paused again to read the inscription on the squat replica of the Statue of Liberty, presented to the people of Paris by a grateful American colony in 1889. Three or four ragamuffins were playing with pebbles from the gravel spread about its base. They seemed to resent his presence, stopped their game, sauntered off, and presently began to run as they saw him turn and stride down the slant into the Allée des Cygnes.

He took his time, stopping occasionally to watch the scattered fishermen. Presently his eye was drawn to two or three figures, hurrying along the distant Pont de Passy at an unusual pace. He looked back to the Grenelle bridge and discovered a like phenomenon, except for a decided difference in numbers and the presence of a girl. He decided to walk toward the lesser group, but had gone only a few steps when he saw that reënforcements were on the way to join it from the right side of the river. He smiled, not because he realized he was in for a fight but as a tribute to the accuracy of Miss Newcombe's foresight. The *apaches* slowed down their pace once they were sure their quarry was trapped, but still came on steadily, aware that time was of the essence of their enterprise.

After all, it was no fight, for Miss Newcombe's further prediction was about to be confirmed. Tappen whirled his heavy stick in a circle around his head, but the maneuver kept his assailants at bay only for a second. They scooped up handfuls of dust, sand and twigs, tore up tufts of sod by the roots and simultaneously hurled the lot at his face. Blinded and choked, he plunged forward, only to meet a shower of kicks and blows. A multitude of hands tore at his clothes and reached for his throat. He felt the point of a knife glance on one of his ribs and that decided him. With a desperate lunge, he managed to throw himself backward over the parapet into the river.

As he struck out to swim an *apache* pried loose a large stone from the cobbled ramp and hurled it at him. It missed his head only by inches, but crashed full on his extended left arm. He sank, and when he came up his assailants had scattered and the fishermen were just recovering their senses enough to shout hoarsely for the police. Two of them unmoored their boat and went to his assistance. They dragged him over the gunwale, exclaiming excitedly over his dangling arm, and promptly consented when he begged them to land him on the north shore. As they reached it he looked back and saw that the causeway was deserted.

A group of people were already gathered on the Quai. Having thanked his rescuers and refused offers of further assistance, he tried to push through the ranks of the curious and free himself from those more urgent who attempted to detain him, gesticulating graphically toward the near-by bridge, where two gendarmes could be distinguished, haling along the girl who had been among the band of thugs. He evaded them, escaped into the Avenue Frémiet, and at the conjunction of Charles Dickens Street and the Rue des Eaux, came upon the same hidden stairway which had proved the salvation of Miss Newcombe and himself on the occasion of their last visit to the Allée des Cygnes.

Only at the moment of entering his apartment was he conscious of excruciating pain. Abdul took in the situation almost at a glance. He stripped off his master's wet clothes with infinite care not to jolt the broken arm, dressed the knife wound, rubbed him down, got him into a warm bath robe with the left sleeve already rolled up, and gave him a stiff drink of brandy. Then the two of them went into consultation on the injured arm as they had done time and again during sick parade on many a victim of bush work or *safari*. Abdul clucked his tongue rapidly, expressing censure, commiseration and distress.

"It's a clean break," muttered Tappen. "Get busy."

The boy hurried out. Within ten minutes he was back, carrying a large package of cotton wool, bandages and some thin strips of wood. Tappen held his left elbow firmly

on a table with his right hand, while Abdul seized his wrist, drew the fractured bones apart and then let them back slowly, feeling for the proper setting with his free fingers, while he looked not at what he was doing but at his master's face.

"That's it," said Tappen after the third attempt. "How does it feel to you? Straight?"

"All right," declared Abdul, and proceeded to apply the splints. When he had finished the job and got his patient snugly into bed, he stood looking out of the window for a long, still moment. "No good this place. Better go back make *safari*."

"You're homesick," said Tappen. "Go get chicken. Make me a fine broth with rice."

The papers on the following day were full of his escapade, making a long story out of what would have been merely an item had he stayed to give the facts. But the vanishing of a man with a broken arm—according to bystanders, an American—piqued reporters as well as the police. Too late to trace him by his wet footsteps, they fell back on investigation of the scene of the fight and its surroundings. When somebody found insults to the United States scrawled in chalk on the base of the Statue of Liberty on the Grenelle bridge, the battle was linked up with a series of such incidents as the mutilation of the monument to doughboy and poilu by a Russian refugee. The lurid account of the fight as supplied by eyewitnesses did not worry Tappen. There was small chance of the press or the police finding him now and, thanks to his quick get-away, his identity had not been betrayed.

"Abdul?"

"Yes, master."

"Keep your mouth shut about me."

"All right."

The doorbell rang imperatively. A moment later Miss Newcombe swept into the bedroom, carrying a twisted newspaper in her hands. Her face was white with anger and her eyes blazing, but at the sight of Tappen, propped high on pillows and with his arm strapped across his chest, the light in them died down. She started to speak but could not quite control her lips; so she merely stood there, looking at him. If he had had any doubts as to her power to attain sheer beauty, they were definitely set at rest.

"So you've come around at last," he remarked.

She still stood looking at him, twisting the paper nervously, but her lips no longer trembled. "You must know that you're safe from me," she said. "I'll have to wait till you get well to tell you what I think of you."

"Nonsense," said Tappen—"unless you were planning to beat me up. There's nothing the matter with my ears or my tongue."

"What made you do such a childish thing?"

"I'd do it ten times over for the same reward. But why should you be the one to go for me? Because you've made me miserable for a whole week?"

"I've been away. You might have known I was away."

"I did know it. I knew it more and more. If you mean you left town, surely you could have told me you were going, couldn't you? That would have helped a lot."

"No, I couldn't," she exclaimed. "I didn't wish to. I thought you would have the sense to know that if I didn't tell you it was because I couldn't talk about it." She turned and took a step toward the window. "I don't know what to do."

"About what?"

"About coming here. If you can act so outrageously, it shows you already have the sense of a possession which doesn't exist."

"I was wrong when I said you didn't have me at an advantage," said Tappen. "You can go whenever you like."

She was down beside the bed in an instant. "Oh, I didn't mean to hurt you. It was unfair and it was a lie—a lie to myself as much as to you -and I'm frightened because it is a lie."

"That's better," he murmured with closed eyes. "You admit that some small part of you—the part I've made for myself—does belong to me after all."

"I do."

"Better and better. You can curse me out all you like now, only please give me a smoke before you begin."

She got up, found a cigarette, lit it and handed it to him; then she dragged a low chair from the other room, placed it beside the bed and sat down. "Was it as terrible as the paper says?"

"Nothing like it," he answered with a rueful smile. "You were entirely right—it wasn't even a fight. Just a swarm of hornets, and I was lucky to get away with only one sting and a broken arm."

"Who is your doctor and what time does he come? I want to see him."

"That wouldn't be wise, would it?" he asked teasingly.

"Perhaps not, but I must see him."

"Well, as it happens, you have already. It's a combination of Abdul and me." He laughed. "Oh, don't look so horrified. We've handled more broken bones than many a doctor with a diploma and a string of letters after his name. Let's talk about something else. Where have you been?"

She looked at him steadily until he could have wished he had bitten off his tongue before asking the thoughtless question. "I can stay for an hour. Shall I read to you?"

"Anything at all," he agreed hastily. "Read, fill me a pipe or two, or talk, so long as you just hang around."

She got up to look for a book, but paused in the doorway and turned. "I shall go away for one week in every month as long as you know me."

It was some moments before she came back from the other room, but the frown her words had brought to his forehead was still there. She noticed it and her own brow clouded. "Don't try to dig into me. Play the game."

"That's exactly what's worrying me—trying to be sure what is the game," said Tappen. "My end of it, I mean. When I landed at Marseilles there were a thousand things I wanted, and I was going to get them, one by one. How could I dream they would be handed to me, wrapped up in a single parcel? There's only one thing I want now—and it isn't you."

She half gasped at the unexpected ending and then gave him a sudden smile. "You may go on."

"Drop that book and take off your hat. Sit down and listen to the truth. The only thing I want at the present moment is so to behave that you'll be a happier woman for every hour we pass together—merely a fair exchange."

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He Had Never Felt a Woman Cry Like That, But He Knew Enough Not to Touch Her

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An American Mussolini

THOSE who follow the adventures of the immortal Alice or the journeyings of Doctor Doolittle, with his miraculous powers of restoring dumb animals to health and happiness, must be aware of the streak of common sense and even of high morality that runs through these narratives. The writer of phantasy has an advantage over him who deals in sober fact; if skillful, he can instruct and even moralize without tediousness. The pleasing conceit of the story itself sugar-coats an otherwise unwelcome pill.

In the same way good may come from reveries of the If I Were King variety or from musings on what an American Mussolini might do. The less likelihood of a dictator the more pleasant and harmless are daydreams of what he might do. Such speculation must, from the very nature of our national qualities and institutions, bounce off lightly, and yet perchance leave a trace of an idea. Often the less seriously one's remarks are intended or taken the more residuum of value they leave.

Once an absolute ruler took hold he would observe, no doubt, that not a few of our political boundaries are artificial. Just why certain Western states were shaped as they are, except on the principle that a straight line is the shortest distance between two points, defies the most elastic of imaginations. A large portion of the Far West presents a normal desert problem. Water makes a desert bloom, and water in such places is a matter of engineering and dollars, not of state lines.

California and Arizona have not been able as yet to agree on how the great Colorado River, which acts as boundary between the states, shall be developed. Yet vast portions of both states have identical economic problems and are physically alike as two peas in a pod. If they were not separated by an artificial political boundary there would be presented a normal continental problem—sea coast, interior, and great river in the middle.

There are at least two states which, in the opinion of not a few of their more thoughtful residents, might be divided to advantage. In one state the natural economic interests and line of development of the two sections are utterly unlike. In such cases a political marriage breeds irritation.

But someone will object that these ideas are not worth presenting even in whimsey. Did not Wilson, Lloyd George, Clémenceau and others seek to reallocate a large part of the world along supposedly improved lines? And with what results? We agree that political boundaries are not lightly altered; these changes jar the machinery and, what is worse, disturb peoples' thinking. But it is a confession of defeat to argue that boundaries cannot be improved.

In almost every state there are school districts, villages, towns and counties that have no excuse whatever for existence except to furnish a few officeholders with jobs. There are cities with election districts where the cost of receiving the vote is preposterously high, just because population has moved away and the districts have not been rearranged as yet. Are we bankrupt in respect to self-government that it takes so painfully long to adjust political boundaries to an utterly different economic world?

These changes can be made if there is the will or the outside pressure. It was possible to divide the country up into districts for purposes of the Federal Reserve Banking system. Perhaps the division was not perfect, but it has served well. Lacking beneficent Cæsars, a people usually makes momentous decisions only under the pressure of war. Our greatest constructive lack is the popular will in times of peace to plan for the future and to adjust the machinery of collective activities on the basis of present knowledge of future needs.

The March of Youth

WE HEAR much these days of the laxity and impudence of youth, of its challenge to religion and authority. The accumulated knowledge of the race, its most precious traditions and hallowed principles are being set at naught, if all the whispers and insinuations of not a few older folk are to be taken at face value.

But what are the boys and girls of high-school age really doing with their time? Well, for one thing, since 1923 pupils in more than seventeen thousand high schools, public, private and parochial, in the United States have participated in the Secondary School Oratorical Contest, which, in 1928, will enter upon its third year on an international scale and its fifth year nationally. The estimated total of participants since 1923 is seven million secondary-school pupils of nineteen years of age or under.

When it is considered that the primary motive and intent of this project is to instill in the minds of boys and girls an understanding of the fundamentals of government and to induce them to give that understanding the impetus of their youthful enthusiasm, it will be realized that youth is not entirely engaged in heedless and indulgent squandering of its golden years.

These contests take the form of the presentation of the basic principles of government in ten-minute orations, prepared by the pupils of their own accord and passed upon by their teachers. In many instances in which the teachers give credit for work on the contest in their English or history classes, the entire student body of the school participates.

By a process of elimination, the number of contestants in all the schools of the United States is each year reduced to seven, these seven going to Washington the first week in June of each year to compete for the national championship. At these final national meetings the President of the United States has made an address each year except one. The judges have been five members of the United States Supreme Court.

The winner has been proclaimed champion of the United States and its representative to compete with spokesmen of other nations in October of each year in Washington. The United States winner this year was a girl. Each of the seven finalists is given a trip to Europe, and many prizes are given to other contestants far outnumbering the numerically unimportant ones who reach the highest stages of the competition. The total of awards in this country in 1927 exceeded $70,000, a considerable part of which was money in the form of scholarships which will be used by contestants in securing a college education.

From its beginning this project has been organized, financed and conducted by a group of newspapers all over the United States and in foreign countries. It has been a contribution made by the newspapers toward promoting a wider knowledge of what constitutes good citizenship.

The original object was to increase interest in and respect for the Constitution of the United States. When the contest became international the project was broadened to increase interest in and respect for the basic principles of government in each participating nation. In addition it is hoped that the meeting of young men and women will help to promote better understanding among nations through the frank and friendly exchange of national viewpoints. Then, too, such contests should stimulate scholastic enthusiasm for intellectual as contrasted with purely athletic pursuits.

In this country many pupils take the subjects for their orations from the general field of constitutional development, writing on such themes as the respective contributions to the Constitution made by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Franklin, Marshall, Webster and Lincoln; but they were also invited this year to discuss the importance of voting in a democracy, and similar topics. English, French and other foreign pupils deal with topics inherent in the genius of their own governmental institutions. In France and Mexico the contestants use French and Spanish, as they do at the international contest in Washington.

Youth is always restless, active and on the march. It takes naturally to rivalry, emulation and disputation. Its energies in these directions need not and plainly are not being turned wholly toward destructive or even vapid ends. Youth cannot be on a more wholesome or useful march than to an understanding of the basic principles and ideals of government, mindless and forgetful of which nations perish.

Dull Red Freight Cars

THERE is no object more lowly and prosaic than the ordinary dull-red freight car. Beside it the automobile radiates adventure, and the aeroplane is filled in spirit and yearning, if not in fact, by multitudes of old and young.

But the complex life of today depends upon the dull-red freight car. The efficiency with which it functions is as true a measure as any of material well-being and economic progress. The increase in the past four or five years in the rapidity and certainty of freight delivery has in turn reduced the necessity of carrying heavy mercantile inventories, speeded business turnover and released large financial resources.

Largely because of regional coöperative organization in which railroads and shippers have joined, the old-fashioned periodical car shortage has apparently been pushed off the economic stage as a first-class specter. A far larger volume of freight is now handled with what in former years would have been regarded as a minimum of equipment. Industries are more able than formerly to schedule supplies of materials and parts, as well as finished materials, and the resulting release of capital once held in surplus stocks is an important contribution to prosperity.

But even duller—flatter, as it were—than a freight car are the terminal sidings, sorting and classification yards where these cars accumulate. The occupants of a limited passenger train pass through or by such a place with about the same interest as they go by a mud puddle near a highway. But no test of our economic system or of the effectiveness of technology can quite equal the way in which a freight terminal or classification yard operates.

However much the beauties or charm of the national capital may be extolled, no one thinks of Washington as a railroad center, and visitors are never taken to see the Potomac yards on the Virginia side of the river. Yet the city would be uninhabitable without those yards, where five thousand cars a day are received and distributed.

It will hardly be denied that the ability to secure fresh, perishable fruit and vegetable products in all sections of the country the year around, regardless of climate, should make for health. The recent completion of three new perishable-freight terminals on three North River piers in New York City by one of the great trunk-line railroads is said to be an important step in that direction.

Technical improvements in handling freight cars and in the layout of freight yards and terminals may seem dull, drab stuff. They have no appeal to the individual such as his own automobile or the thought of a trip in an aeroplane has. But it is only because progress is made in these humdrum matters that the enormous structure of industry and commerce does not fall of its own weight or fly to pieces from complexity.

THIS NEW WORLD AND THE UNDERGRADUATE

By Christian Gauss
Dean of the College, Princeton University

WHEN your optimistic acquaintance looks up from his morning paper and informs you in delighted enthusiasm that we are living in a new world, do not encourage him. Tell him to hold his horses. It is not necessarily a matter for congratulation.

Civilization means restraint; and the more advanced the civilization, the more we feel the pressure of regulations. One-way streets, for instance, are a concomitant of the increased use of the automobile. If a single inebriated truck driver violates this convention, a jam results and the whole system breaks down. The traffic problem, a part of civilization, is not more complicated than civilization itself. Certain arbitrary rules, certain conventions, must be enforced. We all suffer from some of them at certain times. That is why even the 100-per-cent New Yorker will find a happy relief in a two weeks' plunge into the Maine woods. Over-regulation has got on his nerves, even though he may not know it.

That we live in a new world is at best only partly true. We have a new world, but most of us do not yet live in it. It is not an easy thing to do. Some persons are still abusing Darwin.

We hooted the first man to use an umbrella. The hooters were probably persons above thirty years of age. In my mind's eye I can see children following the umbrella man as they followed the Pied Piper. Some of these same children, I take it, later made makeshift imitations to use behind the barn on the next rainy day.

When new worlds are offered for old, it is the young who present themselves as buyers. Boys and girls in the colleges today cannot help being young, and they are making an attempt to live in this new world. Many of the things they do the public disapproves of, and, on the whole, they are getting rather the worst of it at the hands of their critics. Let us see how far they deserve it.

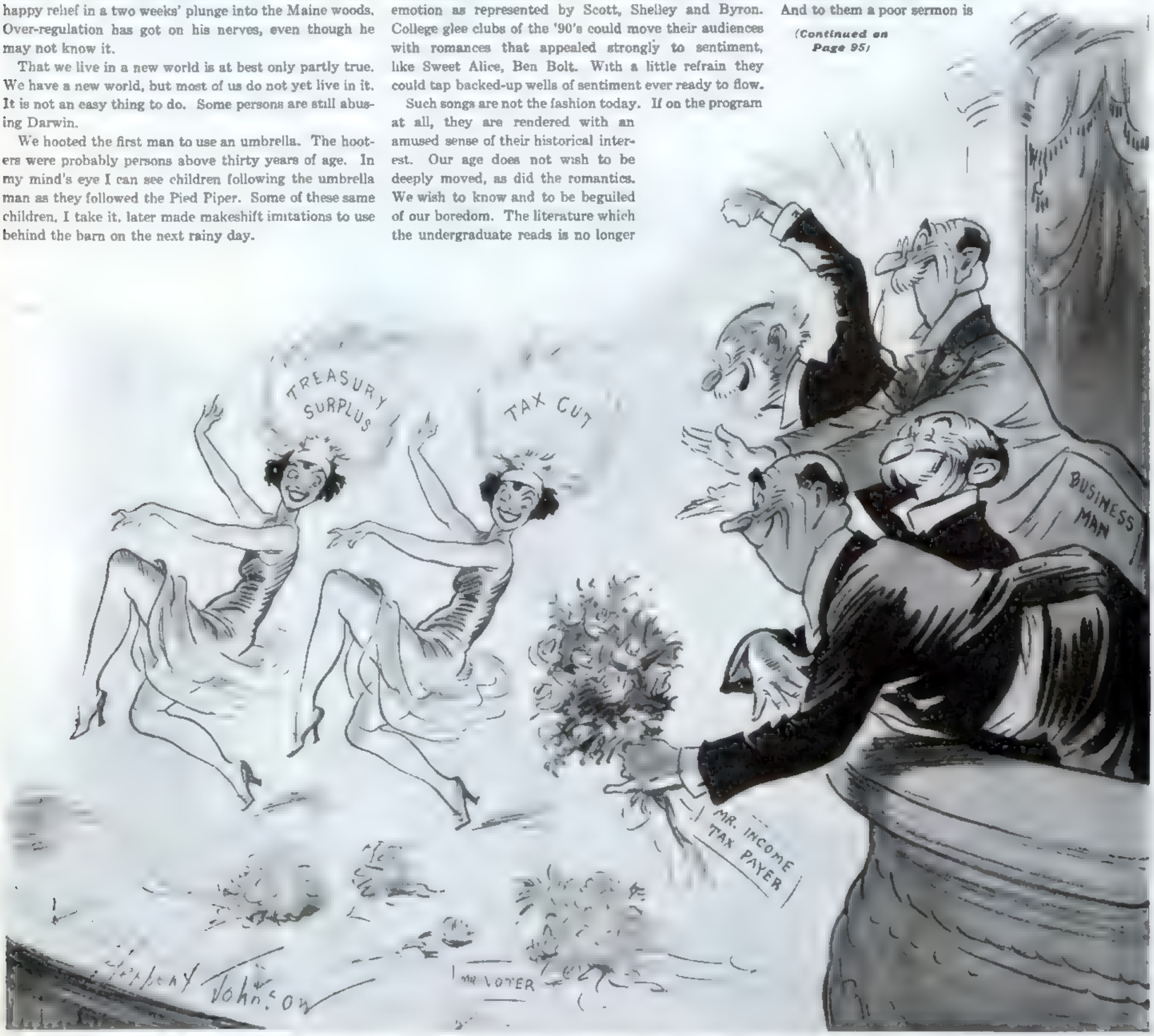
If we are to generalize at all, it is fair to say that the undergraduates of 1927 are not so romantic as most of us were in the '90's. Young students given to literature today will not grow so enthusiastic over Stephen Phillips' Marpessa as we did then. Nearly all older professors of English tell us that there is a growing interest in courses which deal with the literature of the Age of Reason, with Pope and Dryden, and a decline of interest in the literature of emotion as represented by Scott, Shelley and Byron. College glee clubs of the '90's could move their audiences with romances that appealed strongly to sentiment, like Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt. With a little refrain they could tap backed-up wells of sentiment ever ready to flow.

Such songs are not the fashion today. If on the program at all, they are rendered with an amused sense of their historical interest. Our age does not wish to be deeply moved, as did the romantics. We wish to know and to be beguiled of our boredom. The literature which the undergraduate reads is no longer the literature of fathomless devotion, of pathos and tears. It appeals not to sentiment but to the simpler, often more brutal, instincts, and to the intelligence. Proust, Joyce, Aldous Huxley, T. S. Eliot, Cabell, Dreiser and Mencken, favorite authors of the intellectuals in the colleges, are certainly not of the school of Stevenson and Barrie; neither are they of the school of Meredith and Hardy.

Critics to whom all these changes are distressing never tire of telling us that the colleges have destroyed the undergraduate's religion. This is nonsense; for if there is one set of problems more earnestly discussed in college bickers than any other, it is these very problems of God, freedom and immortality which have constituted the fundamentals of religion in every age. It is true that students were never so critical of a poor sermon.

And to them a poor sermon is

(Continued on Page 95)



THIS TWIN ACT IS ALWAYS SURE FIRE

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"I Certainly Wouldn't Want to be in Your Shoes, Girl Friend." "I Should Think You Wouldn't, Dearie! They're at Least Four Sizes Too Small for Your Feet"

Futility

I'D SING to you of tropic moons,
And scent of frangipani rare;
Of the beat of surf, like soft bassoons,
And the amber glint of your magic hair.
All these, my love, I'd sing to you—
But I've a date with an oyster stew.

—James Gabelle.

Why Men Forsake the Radio Business

"HELLO, Court Radio Shoppe? . . . This is Mrs. Parish out on Forest Parkway South. My set was playing beautifully and suddenly it stopped in the middle of the Simmons Soap Concert. We want to hear the Glutzdorf Hour Program at 8:30, so come out this instant and fix it. . . . Hello, Court Radio? . . . Well, I want a newly charged battery over here toot sweet. . . . Yeh, the old one went dead. We want to hear the fight. . . . How far are we? Only eight miles beyond the interurban trolley terminal. . . . Hello, this you, Henry? Well, I tried hooking my set up to the washing-machine motor to save charging the batteries and I heard a loud explosion and the music stopped. I demand that you come out here and make good your guarantee or I'll —— Hello, dis de radio companee? Tony Pasquale talkin'. Whatsa matt' my set? She no playa nicea opera. Come up fixa right away, please, eh, boss? . . . Hello, this is Mr. Brady. I can't seem to tune out my neighbor's eleven-tube set and I want to hear the Homicide Four from PDQ in ten minutes. Hop right out this second. Get a wiggle on or you won't even get the second payment on the infernal machine." And so on through the night.

Mother Raccoon: "Now Remember if You're Bad, When You Die You'll be Worn by Things Like That"

Presence of Mind

The Ukulele Troubadour

IT OFTEN is said that Romance now is dead,
That the swains who sang sweet serenades,
Striking amorous bars on romantic guitars,
Wouldn't flatter our latter-day maids.
The romanticists say to the girls of today,
"Oh, you never will sample the bliss
Maidens knew when pursued by a suitor who wooed
With a song that went something like this:

"'Oh, queen of my heart, I with ardor impart
The love, gentle dove, that I feel.
Plunk, plunk!
You're rare as the rose that the fair zephyr blows.
A supplicant suitor I kneel
Plunk, plunk!

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What a Bald-Headed Man's Mirror Tells Him—and What it Doesn't

What an Old Belle's Mirror Tells Her—and What it Doesn't

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL
SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

I'm so fleet upon my feet,
I win at every game.
Campbell's fare will get you there
And make you feel the same!

SOUP
with the tomato's sunniest smile

Just the golden goodness of the full-ripe tomato! All else is discarded by Campbell's. The pure tonic juices, the luscious tomato meat in a rich puree, with fresh country butter adding its food and its flavor, and with that delicate seasoning for which Campbell's chefs are so famous.

Here is a sparkling blend that revives even the drooping appetite and imparts a glow to the whole meal. Richer still served as a Cream of Tomato Soup according to the simple directions on the label.

12 cents a can

Campbells' SOUPS
LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

I HAD A HUNCH

"If We Telegraph You Thursday Night to Put Your Teams to Work on the Bottoms Near the Missouri Pacific Lines and to Commence Digging Dirt Friday Morning, Will You Do It?"

By Arthur E. Stilwell and James R. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY RAEBURN VAN BUREN

WHEN at twenty-seven years of age I hit out for the Middle West on my mission of forming a trust company and through it building a great railroad, having nothing more tangible with which to accomplish this purpose than $25,000 in the bank and unlimited gumption in my system, the journey had all the trimmings of being a fool's errand, as Mr. Batterson, the Travelers' president, had bluntly told me. One card up my sleeve, on which I had expatiated to no one except Mrs. Stilwell, was the fact that I knew a lot of people in that section, many of whom I could call good friends. Insurance men formed a large part of my circle of acquaintances. While I was the Travelers' state agent for Rhode Island and Connecticut the company had appointed me assistant superintendent of agencies, and I had met these men in the course of my rounds through the West to instruct them in selling the coupon annuity and accident endowment policies which I had invented.

In furtherance of my theory that it is advantageous for a man to know as many solid, worthwhile people as possible, I had also tried to make a friend of every man to whom I personally sold a policy. Mrs. Stilwell, being imbued with the same ideas, had likewise made it a point to meet substantial folks, so we were not wanderers in a strange land. A man who had always been of the greatest assistance to me and who knew many of the leading business people of St. Louis was A. A. Mosher, the Travelers' state agent for Missouri. So I went at once to him, outlined the big thoughts in my mind and again obtained his help in the way of right introductions.

Coaxing the Cat Out of the Bag

IN ABOUT six weeks I was all set to bring my preliminary maneuverings to a head. I got together a carefully selected group and laid before them my plan for a trust company with headquarters in Kansas City, stressing the fact that the opportunity existed for a new live banking organization there, but not going into the ultimate aim I had for the trust company financing a railroad which would reduce freight rates and relieve the Kansas farmers of an unjust burden.

Mr. Mosher consented to go on the board of directors, as did Judge McKeigan, one of the leading attorneys of St. Louis; Judge Adams and B. F. Hobart, a large coal operator; George C. Smith, of the Missouri Pacific; H. A. Lloyd, general counsel of the Wabash; and Charles M. Hayes, of the Missouri Pacific, afterward president of the Grand Trunk of Canada, who lost his life when the Titanic sank near Newfoundland after a collision with an iceberg. They all subscribed to the project, and additional pledges came in from Dave Francis, afterward governor of Missouri, for $5000, and Rolla Wells and Sam Kennard for equal amounts. The total amount subscribed was $180,000.

Judge McKeigan incorporated the company and I went to Kansas City with my subscription list; but knowing fewer persons there than I did in St. Louis, I decided it would be more expedient for me to use other means to obtain a quick and favorable foothold than the tedious process of having one introduction lead to another. It occurred to me that what I was doing really constituted a good item of news, so the first thing I did was to see to it that the newspapers were tipped off that I was in town with a proposition of much local interest. The reporters sought me out on schedule and put me through the regulation third degree concerning my plans.

Assuming the rôle of a rather reluctant news giver, I filled them full of details, and they left in a happy frame of mind, quite jubilant in thinking they had succeeded in getting out of me something I did not wish to give. All the papers carried complete accounts of my arrival in Kansas City to form a great trust company and to build homes for the working people, the houses to be sold on terms which would be not more than the rent they were then paying and the debt to be canceled in case of death. For the next day or two Kansas City read with absorbing interest of this boon which was to be conferred on its inhabitants.

At that time Kansas City was well supplied with large trust companies—the Equitable, the Jarvis Conklin Mortgage Company, with about $10,000,000, and the Lombard, with a similar capital, all making farm loans and selling them in different parts of the world. But I had a new idea in banking, and it was on this I went to my people. The men I selected for my opening attack were those to whom I had sold the coupon annuity. In my previous contact with them I had made it plain that I was the inventor of the policy, and though this little ballyhooing I had done on my own account was put over with becoming modesty, it must have stuck, for they gave me the friendliest kind of reception.

The first person I saw was one of these earlier clients—E. L. Martin, who had been mayor of Kansas City and who was then engaged in the wholesale liquor business and a director in several banks. He subscribed for $10,000 of stock and agreed to become one of the vice presidents of the trust company. In fact the chat I had with Mr. Martin that day was destined to have a much more important aspect than this mere initial transaction. E. L. Martin, as you will see, became a very active factor in shaping my entire life from that moment.

Dr. W. S. Woods, president of the Bank of Commerce and the leading financier of the West at that time, and other men of the right type came into my proposition. I then came to the conclusion that the next important step for me was to go East and make financial connections whereby I could sell my debentures. Philadelphia was the city I hit on for this operation, but why the selection I can't say, unless it was that I'd been there once before, when I sold the Penn Mutual my copyrighted annuity draft policy.

If any man knows what it meant to be dropped down in Philadelphia in 1888 and attempt to raise money from people who had never even heard of him, he will agree that I cut out a hard job for myself. But it was a happy selection, as subsequent events proved. An outgrowth of that hit-or-miss decision was that Philadelphia became one of the pivotal centers in the mission on which I was now fully embarked—that of helping the Middle-Western agricultural districts to find their bearings.

The Tribulations of an Inventor

KNOWING not a soul in town aside from one or two of the Penn Mutual officials, I went about the task of ascertaining who was who by buying a Sunday newspaper and cutting from its pages the lists of directors of all the trust companies, as they were published in those days. I classified the names, making a special list of the men who appeared as directors of more than one company. Out of this list I selected one name. It was a hunch, pure and simple. I had never heard of the man before, and knew nothing about him except that he was a director in several large companies. The man I chose was William Waterall, a large paint manufacturer.

I called on Mr. Waterall several times and presented my plan. Somehow or other, after I had met him the first time, I felt certain he was my friend.

After he had listened to me on these different visits until I had explained the whole subject in complete detail, he surprised me by remarking: "Stilwell, you have taken your idea from the United Securities Company, of which I am a director. They do exactly the same thing you are going to do in Kansas City."

"Mr. Waterall," I replied, "at the time I worked this out in Hartford I had never heard of your company."

Mr. Waterall was yet dubious. He said: "Mr. Verner, who designed the plan for us and who formed the United Securities, is coming to my house for dinner tomorrow night.

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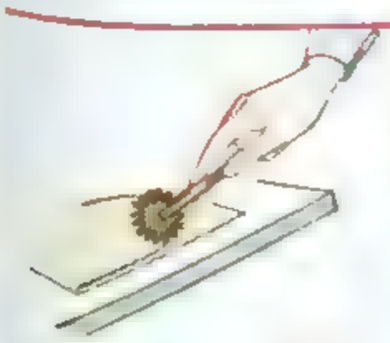
Individual Mince Pie with Christmas Hard Sauce

Sift together 1½ cups flour and ¾ teaspoon salt. Chop in ½ cup Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard with knife until well blended. Add cold water to form dough, handling as little as possible. Chill overnight in refrigerator. Roll lightly and line individual pie tins. Fill each with 4 tablespoons mince meat and cover with fluted lattice strips. Bake 30 minutes in moderate oven (375° F.). (Serves 6.)

For Christmas Hard Sauce, cream ½ cup butter with 1¾ cups confectioner's sugar. Add 1 teaspoon vanilla, 1 tablespoon sherry flavoring, grated nutmeg to taste, and sliced candied cherries and citron. Serve very cold with hot mince pie.

Fluted bars give pies a delightful air of old-fashioned hospitality. The fluting, of course, is not necessary. But it can be done more easily now than in grandmother's day by means of the little wheel, shown here, which can be purchased at many stores.



For your holiday feasting— pastry with a special tempting richness

An easy way to put new goodness in old-time favorites

Such a mixing and baking all over the land—joyous preparation for holiday feasting! At this season, women who pride themselves on their good things to eat are most anxious to get special, tempting richness into their cooking. How careful they are to give their holiday baking that finishing touch of extra goodness, mellow and satisfying, which comes only when the shortening is just right!

To make absolutely certain of delicate richness, good cooks use the shortening preferred by housewives for years—Swift's "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard. Rendered exceptionally sweet and pure from choice pork fat, "Silverleaf" brings to all cooking a special goodness which is especially prized at holiday times.

And because of its remarkable creamy smoothness—just the right consistency to mix well with other ingredients—there is special lightness and tenderness in baked foods made with "Silverleaf."

In the rush of holiday work, you will find "Silverleaf's" self-measuring carton a great help. Just score the print as indicated and cut the exact amount needed without bothering to pack a cup.

For pleasing richness in holiday cooking, and all the year 'round, ask for "Silverleaf" by name. In the self-measuring one and two pound cartons, also in 2, 4 and 8 pound pails.

Swift & Company

"Best to buy for bake or fry"

New help in holiday cooking! "Silverleaf" is already measured for you—just score the top of the lard as shown on the flap of the carton and cut the exact amount needed.

"Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard

(Continued from Page 24)

I'd like to have you and Mrs. Stilwell join us. You and Mr. Verner can talk the thing over then. The first thing I want to know about you, Stilwell, is whether you are honest."

"And the first thing I want to prove to you is that I am honest. I shall be glad to meet Mr. Verner."

So the next night I met Mr. Verner and I went all over my plan and showed him how I had arrived at my figures. He, in turn, showed me how he had arrived at his figures. It was about ten o'clock when we finished, and Mr. Waterall came in and asked "What is the verdict?"

Verner spoke first; "Mr. Waterall, I am convinced Mr. Stilwell never heard of my plan. It is simply a coincidence, the same as in the invention of the telephone, where two men worked out the same idea at the same time."

Once convinced that I was acting in good faith, William Waterall became one of my staunchest friends, and if ever a man on earth helped another he helped me. A treasured memento of our enduring friendship is a letter he wrote to me in 1918 to acknowledge the receipt of one of my books on universal peace, in which he comments:

"You were always a seer of visions; in other words, one of the young men who sees visions, something like John Bunyan and John the Baptist—visions that are far-reaching, after God and man."

The Power Behind the Throne

WITH the help of my new-found friend, I saw John Lucas, also a prominent paint manufacturer; E. T. Stotesbury and A. J. Drexel, the bankers; Samuel Shipley, president of the Provident Life; George M. Troutman, president of the Central National Bank; Mr. Kitchen, cashier of the Central; and numerous other prominent Philadelphia men. The entire capital I sought for the trust company was $1,000,000, and of this sum Philadelphia came through with $300,000. In New Haven, Connecticut, I disposed of another $50,000 or $60,000 worth, one of the principal buyers being E. Henry Barnes, of Sperry & Barnes, packers, who also became one of the directors. With what I raised upon returning to Kansas City, the full amount was finally subscribed for, although the actual working capital was only $666,000, as I had sold the issues for sixty-six cents on the dollar.

It had taken six solid months to do the job, and I now had both the money and my directors—twenty-four strong. Everybody asked me why I wanted so many directors. I knew why, but I did not tell them. The reason I wanted so many was that I was doubtful whether I knew as much about the trust-company business as they probably thought I did, and I figured that if I could get enough strong minds around me, what I lacked in knowledge I would in time absorb from them. It was quite obvious I could never plead ignorance of my own subject, which would have been a ridiculous situation. Yet I have to be frank and say I was ignorant about a whole lot of the technical phases of banking. When questions arose concerning these points my cue was to look wise, listen and say nothing. Until such time as I had gained a proper grasp of the mechanics, my part would have to be the attainment of our objective, which had been put to the test and pronounced practical, rather than the working out of methods by which the ends were gained.

The facility with which this expedient operated proved to me in that early period of my association with big business that, as a general policy of safe-and-sane finance, large directorates are invaluable. Since then the forty companies or so promoted by me have had from twenty-four to thirty-six directors. I became convinced in those days that there is nothing on earth so effective in business as man power and brain power. In the great crises I have gone through I am sure I could never have succeeded with a small board, for as time went on I found that we invariably needed every ounce of strength we could muster; and if there had been even one less director, the scales might have been turned in the wrong direction. When a man can sit at the head of a table with a sufficient number of clear-thinking minds at hand to give him support, it does not seem to me there is any emergency the combined intellect cannot come pretty near solving.

When we started in business our quarters consisted of two rooms on the top floor of an office building centrally located. It was considered best that I, being so young—I was then twenty-eight—should not be elected at once to the presidency. Judge McKeigan was chosen for this job, and as he was a very dear friend of mine, I did not mind this. I had naturally been hopeful for great things, but even in my most optimistic moments had not counted on the tremendous volume of business which developed from the outset. At the end of six months we were able to declare a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent—3 per cent semi-annually on the par of the stock, $100. So all my friends who had subscribed at $66 had a 50 per cent profit.

At one of the meetings about nine months after we had started, Judge McKeigan said: "We objected to Mr. Stilwell being our president because of his youth, but it seems to me we are working on the wrong premise. I am resigning herewith and I propose him as my successor."

In elevating me to the presidency the directors raised my salary from the magnificent sum of $5000 to $6000.

An Idea Warmly Welcomed

AT THE end of one year's incumbency of office I proposed to the directors that we have our own office building. They consented and we bought a lot in Wyandotte Street and erected quite a handsome building for those days, a red-brick structure with terra-cotta trimmings, costing $98,000, land and all. I was particular to the point of being finicky about everything that went into the building, even to the smallest details. On a visit to Philadelphia I had seen some lettering on a store window which impressed me as being extremely artistic and effective. Standing in front of the store, I copied the peculiar lettering, with its long, sweeping tail, as nearly as I could on the back of an envelope, took it back to Kansas City with me and told the decorators that I wanted it reproduced on the windows of the Guardian, the name we had given our trust company.

The lettering man did a fine job, and his handicraft appealed so much to my eye that every now and then I'd run across the street to stand admiring the work. One morning while I was thus engaged, thinking to myself that this was some show window and that there was nothing like it in the West, a young broker of my acquaintance came along and joined me in my admiration of the job.

"A. E., that's a corking piece of work," he remarked.

"You bet."

"Do you object to my copying it on my one little window?"

"Not at all; you can get my decorator to do it for you if you want."

"Well, between this and the stove I now have for my office, I'll have a neat little brokerage shop."

"What's the point about the stove?" I inquired.

"Why, I've just been down at the gas offices to get one. They told me I'd have to buy it, and when they named the price I said, 'It's too much; we'll have to shiver.' I was about to leave when an idea came to me, and I went back to the man and said, 'Why don't you rent me a stove? It'll increase your gas business, and that's what you're after.' They agreed to it, so I'm not going to freeze to death in my office this winter."

That idea advanced by the struggling young broker this chilly morning put a big thought into the minds of the gas company. Renting gas stoves became one of its fixed policies and business grew by leaps and bounds. In fact I'm quite positive that the whole system of renting stoves, now in common practice throughout the United States, had its origin in the brain of this clever young man who wanted some way to keep himself and his clients warm.

Not long ago I sat in a luxurious suite of offices in the Equitable Building, New York, engaged in one of my frequent chats with the man who was the youthful and energetic broker of that distant day. He is W. J. Wollman, one of the

(Continued on Page 96

Major Hyland, Wearing the Inevitable Prince Albert, Paused When We Arrived at This Point. He Said, "Stilwell, the Problem of Reaching the West Bottoms is Solved"

Recent progress crowds this eight . . . with unmatched value $2195

Do you know what remarkable results Hupmobile has recently achieved in the further advancement of eight-cylinder motoring?

Unless you have seen and driven the current Hupmobile Eight, a surprising revelation is in store for you.

Things have been happening in Hupmobile's experimental laboratory that throw an entirely new light on the higher possibilities of straight-eight performance.

No motor car buyer can afford to remain in ignorance of these events, for they profoundly affect both his motoring satisfaction and his pocketbook.

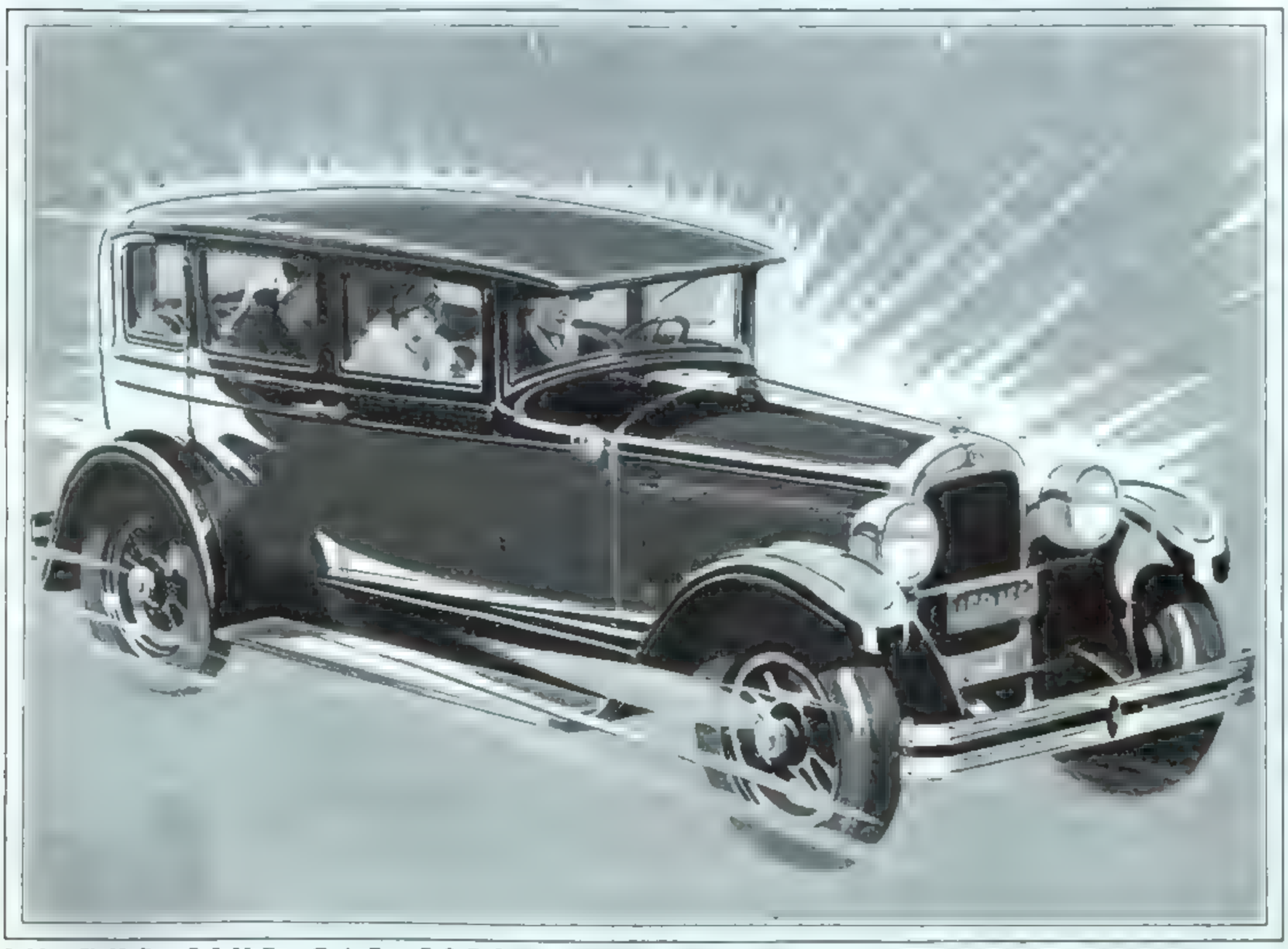
When you know what this car is like, what it does and what it gives, the price will double your surprise.

Only a company with a world's record for straight eight production could do it.

Even if you were planning to pay $1000 more than the Hupmobile Eight costs, see it and drive it. Get all the facts before you commit yourself to any other eight at any price.

Fourteen distinguished body types. Standard line priced from $1795 to $2520, f.o.b. Detroit, revenue tax to be added. Custom bodies designed and built by Dietrich.

We believe the Hupmobile to be the best car of its class in the world.



IN THE FINE CAR FIELD THE TREND IS UNDOUBTEDLY TOWARD EIGHTS

HUPMOBILE

8

EIGHT

—the aim of every successful interior decorator—to avoid uninteresting "dead" areas in the room scheme. So the use of floors like the one shown here is growing steadily. It is a *Karnean Marbled Inlaid* pattern—the patrician "Granada." (No. 3031)

Marble itself is no lovelier

YOU turn over the pages of magazines that are devoted to the building and furnishing of homes. You see more and more rooms whose floors are interesting—decorative—patterned. For the time has passed when home-owners must be satisfied with the monotony of plain floorings.

Today gifted artists are originating floor-effects to harmonize with other beautiful things for the modern home. *Karnean Marbled Inlaid* for example.

So natural and graceful is the veining, so rich and mellow the colorings, that marble itself is no lovelier. Yet these patterns are actually inlaid linoleum—the newest of many beautiful effects in Nairn Gold Seal Inlaids. Sensationally different, however, from other linoleums. Because of the exclusive Nairn *Super-Finish*, dirt or grease cannot penetrate them. They are as easily cleaned as glazed tile.

Let us make a suggestion. Think of style as well as practical qualities when the time comes to select floorings for a new home or have old ones renovated. Weigh the advantages of the new and improved Gold Seal Inlaids.

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"— NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH"

By Chester T. Crowell

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

THE gay sunshine of late February splashed and laughed across the hillsides of Southwest Texas. Already the air was fragrant with promises of approaching spring. From the front porch of his ranch house Colonel Hardy and I could view at least five miles of rolling pasture land, dotted here and there with little hills each of which wore a topknot of scrub live-oak trees. There was a suggestion of deer in that landscape and the certainty of quail. I intimated as much to the colonel and hinted at a desire to investigate, but he had something on his mind and preferred to talk.

The colonel is getting along in years and is a fruitful talker, so I hesitated. Incidentally, his title was conferred simply by the courtesy and respect of friends and neighbors. But he looks the part, according to traditions that have nothing to do with West Point; they grew out of the Civil War and lasted for more than a quarter of a century thereafter. He is a man of pleasing countenance, smiling blue-gray eyes, set in a network of delicately etched wrinkles that also smile; a man of vast common sense, poise, good-will and picturesque vocabulary, with a fine scorn for grammar.

"I've just won a battle," he said. And then: "Yes, sir, a battle that's been going on forty years."

"I'd call that a whole war, colonel," I commented.

"Well, you'd be blamed near right. Some day I think you ought to write a piece about this here war of mine."

"All right; I probably shall."

"That's fine! Then listen."

"Well," I Says, "We Haven't Hurt Nobody Around Here and We Don't Want to be Held Just as a Favor to Some Kinfolks Back Home." With That I Unlimbered a Terrible Old Cannon I Had Packed Along and We Walked Out

Mary and me, I reckon you know, was born and bred in Tennessee. Her pa and ma lived on a farm about two mile from the farm where my pa and ma lived. They was both right good farms for them times. Well, when I was nineteen and she was seventeen I fell in love with Mary. It was the blazingest dern case of love at first sight that anybody ever seen. Somehow I hadn't never noticed the girl up to one special Sunday morning when we was both at church, but after that I couldn't see nothing else. I sure was in love. Funny thing, too, for it to happen all of a sudden like that, because I'd seen the girl lots of times before. But girls is funny. Now you take Mary—she hadn't looked like anything much till that spring; just a long-legged kid with a pair of plaits down her back; looked more like a string bean than anything else. Then all of a sudden—bang! And she'd knock your eye out.

Well, I took one good look at Mary a-setting with her pa and ma and her brothers in church that morning, and then I sidled around so as to meet her when she come out and we walked home together. We done that twice, and the second time I says to Mary, "Mary, I want us to get married." And Mary says, "So do I."

Now, son, that's what I call a girl! None of this here giggling and come-and-catch-me business while I hide behind some rosebushes—none of that at all. I says, "Mary, I want us to get married." And Mary says, "So do I," looking right square at me.

I never have got over being much obliged to Mary for that, because a kid of nineteen, when he's all balled up in love, comes pretty near choking to death, anyway, when he tells a girl he loves her; and if she makes it easy for him, why, he ought to remember it.

People have got a lot of fool ideas about women and love anyway. They think the harder a girl is to get, the more she's wanted; and most men being the kind of fools they are, people may probably be right. But I've seen a lot of the world and I'm here to tell you that it's my judgment that the harder a girl is to get, the more likely you are to be disappointed when you get her. When one steps right up like Mary done and says, "So do I"—well, you can't be in a whole heap of doubt about where she stands, and that's likely to be a heap of consolation later on. Marriage is mostly woman's business, anyway; if she likes it she can make a go of it, while a man has got to get out and scratch around for a living.

Well, when she said yes, I went on home with her to invite her pa and ma to the wedding. Mary told me at the time I hadn't ought to done that, because it would be better if she took a couple of weeks to sort of get them ready for the news, but I couldn't see it that way at all.

"Two weeks!" I yelled. "Why not wait until they get old and die off?" So I went on home and told her pa and ma that we was going to get married.

"Like fun you are!" her pa said. "She ain't a-going to get married for two years yet." He had plenty of boys on the farm, but she was the only girl, and her ma needed her, he said. When he put it that way, I couldn't see that we'd be any better off two years from then than we were that day, and I told him so. He got right hot under the collar when I said that and ordered me off the place. Two of her big brothers was laughing.

"And if I catch you two kids together again," he said, "I'll tan both your hides."

I went on home and told my pa and asked him to help me out, but he thought the whole thing was funny. Finally, though, he said: "You wait a couple of years until I can sort of get things ready so's you and Mary can have a piece of ground of your own and then you can get married. Tom and Will come first, and then you get your turn."

Well, I fooled along, thinking up first one plan and then another, but none of them didn't seem much good; so finally I saddled up my pony, Roscoe, and took out for the hills. I had a cousin lived about twelve mile away and I had pulled one of his kids out of the crick when he was drowning the summer before. I thought he might help me, and he did. His wife got a note through to Mary telling her when to expect me and then he give me an extra horse and eighty dollars. With all that I felt ready to tackle the Sioux Indians or the United States Army.

Next Monday morning at three o'clock I was under the window of Mary's room with a rope ladder. She was a-setting in the window waiting for me, so I tossed up a fishing line with a lead sinker on it and then she drug up the ropes and tied them to her bed. We left them there sort of like a note to tell what had happened, but Mary didn't come down the ladder, on account of her being a good-sized husky girl for her age, and all the doors being open anyway. She tiptoed out and we clumb onto our ponies and poured the leather into them, bound for the county seat to get a license. I had my mind made up to get there just as the office opened so's there wouldn't be anybody ahead of us, waiting to make trouble. Sure enough, we made it an hour ahead of time, so we prowled around town and ate breakfast and then sat down on the courthouse steps. Finally, when the office was opened, we went in and I says to the man, "I am Sam Hardy and this lady is Mary Downey and we want to get married."

"Oh, you do, do you?" he says, and I could see trouble ahead right then. He was one of them fat-cheeked, round-headed kind of fellows, with pig eyes, that can't fight and would like to put something over some other way.

"We sure do," I answered him, and then he pulled out a letter from Mary's pa and another one from my pa putting him on legal notice that we was both under age and shouldn't be allowed no license. He give us time to read the letters and then he says, "Now, you two better scamper on home before you both get spanked."

"Out where we live," I told him, "one-half the cemetery is vacant on account of being held in special readiness for people that would like to spank us"—and would he care to make the first try. He laughed a kind of a malaria laugh and then we went away.

"Now what will we do?" Mary asked me, but game as they make 'em; not tearful or anything like that.

"This ain't the only county in Tennessee," I told her, "and what's more, we've got good horses. Let's go!" Old Pig-eyes followed us out to see which road we took, so I turned around and thumbed my nose at him and we struck out toward Memphis. At noon the ponies was pretty tired, so we flopped on the grass near a crick and slept until the moon come up. Then we went on, taking it kind of slow, and next morning we was at the county seat of the next county. After breakfast I said to Mary, "Now we'll go to the courthouse and get married." Well, we went but we didn't get married, because the marriage-license clerk flashed a telegram on us. Derned if her pa hadn't come into town and found out which way we went and then sent orders ahead not only to stop our wedding but to hold us.

"You will wait here until the sheriff comes," the man in the courthouse said. It was so early that not many folks had come to their offices.

"Why will we wait here?" I asked him.

"Because," he said, "this telegram requests the sheriff to hold you."

"Well," I said, "the sheriff of this county is sure accommodating. While we are waiting to be held, maybe you would like to hold a few people for me." And I walked to the window and looked out. "Right across the street," I told him, "there is a man with a mean squint in his eye and I don't like him, so you please hustle over there and hold that fellow, because for me he litters up that board walk and practically ruins its good looks." I waited a minute and then says, "Ain't you going to do it?"

"No," he says, kind of sourlike.

"Well," I says, "then I'm not going to accommodate you either. We haven't hurt nobody around here and we

Continued on Page 31

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(Continued from Page 29)

don't want to be held just as a favor to some kinfolks back home." With that I unlimbered a terrible old cannon I had packed along and we walked out.

Thinking things over, I decided we'd better get across the Mississippi into Arkansas without any more fooling around, so we made it to the river bank that night and crossed the next morning near Memphis, first selling our horses and saddles. I thought sure we'd be all right on the other side, and struck out for the courthouse; but just as we started across the courthouse square Mary spotted her brother Zeke a-setting on the steps and just looking around like he halfway expected somebody.

"What I'd like to do," I says to Mary, "is to go on up there and push him off them steps, because what he's thinking don't go with me at all; but we've got to get married first, so let's hunt up a railroad and travel some more."

Mary was still game as ever; she says, "Let's go on to Texas."

So that's what we done, traveling as brother and sister until we could stop somewhere and find a courthouse. When we come to the end of the railroad we bought a pair of ponies for eight dollars apiece and went on. It was a right pleasant ride, too; lots of wagons with settlers was going through the country just about like we was, looking for a likely place to stop and take up some land. We'd ride along first with one outfit and then another, playing brother and sister, and telling them, if they asked, that our ma and pa was coming along a few miles behind. It was right smart fun; lots of good people and plenty of game and fish, and twice we found some wild honey. There wasn't much candy in them days and people sure liked wild honey, and even today there ain't nothing like it for hot biscuits.

One night we come to a little town. Folks along the road had told us it was there, so Mary said we ought to stop for a day, because she needed some new stockings and hair ribbons and maybe some other things that she didn't mention. The clothes she had was getting kind of wore out with all the traveling we'd been doing. I was for stopping, anyway, to see if this town had a courthouse. Some of the folks thought it did and others couldn't say; anyway, I reckoned we ought to stop and find out. We rode in about eight o'clock at night and it was kind of dark, but one place was blazing light from every window, so I asked a man what place that was and he said it was the hotel.

"We can get supper there," I told Mary.

It was a great big place, three stories high, with a flagpole stuck in the front lawn and a flag flying, and paper lanterns strung along the front porch. We liked the looks of the place; seemed like people was happy there and having a fine time; we could see 'em moving around, and when we got close we heard music inside. I stopped another man and asked him if this town was the county seat and he said yes.

"Well, Mary," I says, "here's where we start our honeymoon, because it looks like everything is ready for the festivities."

So we put up our horses and pranced up to the front door. There must have been seventy or eighty people in there, maybe a hundred, dancing and eating and drinking.

A dozen of 'em come to the front door and said, "Hello, strangers, come right on in and join the party." Two of the ladies grabbed Mary and begun asking questions about where we come from, while the menfolk shoved along with me to the clerk's desk. I could tell that they had been drinking liberal, but everybody was in a good humor. Still, I didn't like the idea of getting separated from Mary that night, so I give her our signal that we had agreed on that she wasn't going to be a sister this time.

"How about rooms and supper?" I asked the proprietor.

"You sure picked out the wrong day, neighbor," he says. "This here hotel is leased from woodshed to flagpole. We ain't even got a tent in the back yard vacant and not a tin pan of victuals that ain't spoke for."

"What's going on?" I asked him.

Before he could answer, the man on my right, one of the gang that had come along with me from the front door, says: "That's all right, stranger. I got a room spoke for, but you got your wife with you, so you can have it and I'll sleep in the wagon yard with the rest of the boys. I don't mind. I've slept there more times than here. And about grub, you and the wife just come on out to the dining room and eat; there's grub enough and to spare. Make haste, because everybody wants to dance, and so do you."

"What's all the celebration about?" I asked him.

"This here is the Jayhawkers," he told me, but I didn't know what that meant, so he had to explain. There was two Democratic Parties in the county, one the Jayhawkers and the other the Wildcats. Republicans wasn't allowed, so they had to split up the Democratic Party in order to have some fun with their elections. The Jayhawkers was one gang and the Wildcats was the other, and they fought for the county offices, campaigns beginning anywhere up to four months before election day.

They didn't have any moving-picture shows in them days, so this was their way of having a good time. The Jayhawkers had won the last election, their whole ticket sweeping into office with a majority of eighty-seven votes, and they was celebrating the victory. Whichever side won always leased the hotel for the night before they took office and staged a blow-out.

This here blow-out had been a-going great guns since noon, so when we arrived everybody was feeling pretty good. The only trouble they had on this earth just then was that there was about five men wanting to dance for every lady in the party. That's one reason why they grabbed us. I sized up the situation and decided to register, "Mr. and Mrs. Sam Hardy." The man who had told me about the celebration was leaning over my shoulder while I wrote on the register, and then he picked the thing up and looked at it first one way and then another, tipping it right, left and level.

"You sure can write," he says to me. "That's as purty a writing as I ever seen. Glad to meet you, Mr. Hardy. My name's Farley—Bud Farley." So I shook hands with Bud Farley and then he introduced me to the rest of the crowd. For ten minutes he was taking 'em over to the register and showing 'em what I wrote and then he'd say, "How's that for writing?" Finally he asked me, "Where'd you go to school?" And I told him I was educated in Tennessee. (Continued on Page 91)

A Dozen of 'Em Come to the Front Door and Said, "Hello, Strangers, Come Right On In and Join the Party"

Blackstone Does His Stuff

"It's Nothin' Short o' Plain Hijackin'," Fumed Colonel Botts. "Them Cows Wasn't Wuth Ten Dollars, the Whole Passel of 'Em"

By TED DEALEY

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

WHEN the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad's fast freight whizzed by old man Charley Webb's farm one drizzly night in early fall and messed up six somnambulating cows so thoroughly that there wasn't even any salvage left, Guy Oates took his hat and coat off a nail and made a hurried trip to the Webb farm.

"Heard last night's train bumped off six of your best heifers," he said to Mr. Webb. "What're you going to do about it?"

"Sue 'em," responded Mr. Webb brightly and without hesitation.

"So I figured," said Oates. "Most everyone does. It's a kind of a habit. What were those heifers worth?"

"'Bout two hundred dollars apiece," grunted Mr. Webb, who had evidently given thought to the matter overnight.

"I mean before they were hit," said Oates.

Mr. Webb stared.

"Liasen, young feller, them cows——"

"I know what you're going to say," interrupted Oates. "They were all pure-bred Whitefaces and worth every cent of two hundred dollars each. Maybe you refused that for them only last week because you were planning to mop up all the blue ribbons with them at the fair next fall. Maybe you didn't. But if you think you can soak the railroad for twelve hundred berries for those six heifers, you've got another think coming. It's been tried before, but nobody has got by with it yet. Everybody around here knows you and knows you never owned anything but scrub cattle. You're entitled to some compensation, of course, but if you want anything from that railroad you'd better come down off of that high horse and get reasonable. I think I can help you. It won't cost you a cent if I do. But I'm not going to take your case if I've got to make a jackass out of myself asking stock-show prices for a bunch of undersized heifers that couldn't even make the grade in a glue factory. Let's talk sense."

"Well, them cows was wuth ever' bit of twenty-five dollars apiece, anyhow," mumbled Mr. Webb ruefully. "Ever' bit of it."

"That's better," said Oates. "If I get you one hundred and twenty dollars for those six cows, will you be satisfied?"

"Well, yeah, I guess I would," said Mr. Webb reflectively, flicking at his off horse. "Kin you git it?"

"It's a gravy train," responded Mr. Oates.

"What're you goin' to charge me fer goin' to law 'bout it?" inquired Mr. Webb.

"Not a cent," said Oates. "I'm just taking your case for experience."

"You mean you ain't chargin' me nothin'?"

"Absolutely nothing."

Mr. Webb drew in a long breath and grinned. "Well, I guess you kin shore have the case on them terms." He clucked at his horses. Guy shook hands with him, smiling.

"If anything happens, let me know right away," said Oates.

"Shore," said Mr. Webb. "So long."

From the Webb farm back to town was only a matter of fifteen minutes ordinarily, but Guy negotiated the distance in less than that time. He went up the narrow flight of stairs to his office two steps at a time and drew his chair up to the desk briskly. For the next few minutes he bent over his work industriously. The ink flew under his fingers. Then, with a short exclamation of satisfaction, he gathered up his papers and, walking across the street to a little frame building which sagged under the weight of a big sign, which proclaimed that this was the official abode of the justice of the peace, he announced to that dignitary, who was seated within, that he had come to file suit against the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad for the value of six heifers belonging to one Charley Webb of the Midlothian district.

"Crack down," said Judge Baldwin, who was a man of few words. "I heerd about Charley Webb's stock gittin' plunked and I kind o' figgered somebody'd be in today to milk th' company fer damages. But I didn't figger it'd be you. Your fust case, huh?"

"It's been less than two months since I got out of school," responded Guy somewhat stiffly. "You didn't expect me to have all the practice in town grabbed by now, did you?"

"Nope—ner a long time from now," vouchsafed the judge with a wry grin.

Guy flushed, ignoring as best he could Judge Baldwin's uncomplimentary attitude. "There's six heifers that were killed," he said shortly. "I want to file six separate suits, one for each heifer. I want to file suit for $19.95 on each cow."

Judge Baldwin was surprised. He intimated in that spirit that it was something unusual for such a poor specimen of the bovine family to be immolated on the altar of transportation. He had been presiding over the peace of the community for many a year in that neck of the woods, but never had he before heard of anything other than a pure-bred cow, with a pedigree as long as the Seven Sutherland Sisters' hair, meeting the Grim Reaper at the well-known rendezvous between cowcatcher and headlight.

"Does Charley know this is all you're a-claimin' fer him?" he asked the young lawyer.

"He does," replied Mr. Oates. "And he's satisfied. They were only scrub cows and not worth much, but worth every cent of $19.95 each. I'll get it for him too."

Judge Baldwin glowed with internal amusement. The Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad had been a decided factor in the mortality rate of the livestock residing in his precinct for some years, but they hadn't paid off as yet at a rate to hurt themselves any. And here was this young squirt of a lawyer just out of school intending to hook them for full damages in his first suit at law. It was just too good. Judge Baldwin made a mental note of the joke. He prided himself upon his sense of humor and here

(Continued on Page 35)

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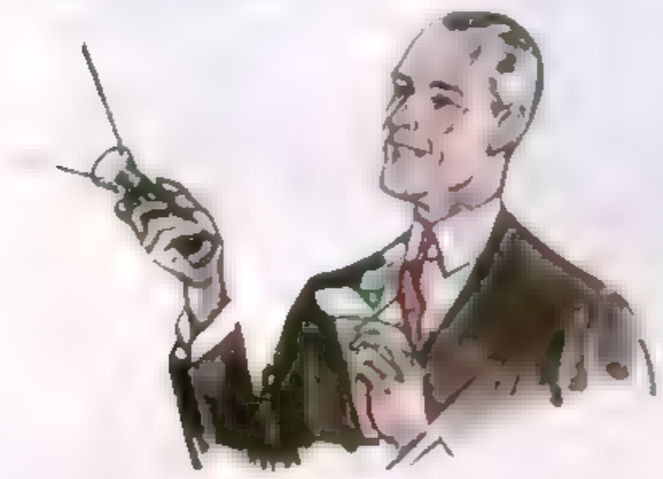

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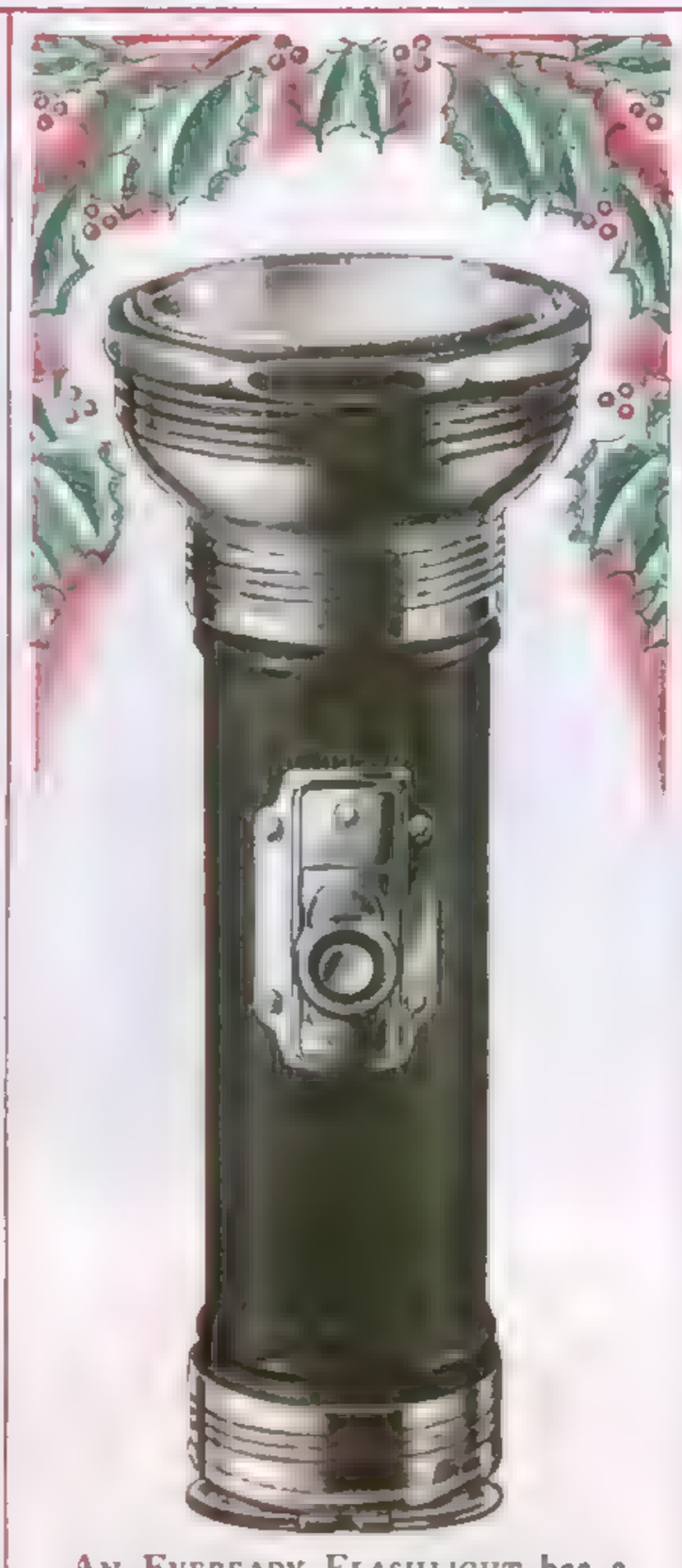

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EVEREADY FLASHLIGHTS & BATTERIES
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(Continued from Page 32)

was an opportunity to have a whole weekful of fun. He would let the whole town in on the big laugh.

Guy filed his suits in due form and walked back across the street to his little second-floor office. After executing a double shuffle and cutting a very creditable pigeonwing on the bare floor, he sailed his hat across the room toward a receptive nail and sat down, hugging his knees joyfully.

For the first time since he had arrived unannounced in Cedarvale some six weeks ago, Mr. Oates was actually engaged in the practice of the law. The natural exaltation arising from this novel state of affairs buoyed him up for a few minutes. He itched for the battle to start. But the high spirits arising from the first skirmish were short-lived. There was plenty of planning to be done. This thought sobered Mr. Oates and did much to dissipate the froth of his early enthusiasm. He sat down in the big chair at his desk and, filling his pipe, puffed meditatively. He was engaged in a very serious lawsuit and he knew it. The die was cast. It wasn't only the value of six cows that was at stake; it was Mr. Oates' entire future in Cedarvale. The case itself meant nothing, but his conduct of it meant everything.

Six weeks before—nearly seven weeks—Guy had come into Cedarvale with high hopes and great expectations. One by one he had seen them dynamited. Colonel Aaron Botts was the man who always set off the fuse. In short, in legal circles Colonel Botts was, in Cedarvale, the cat's step-ins. He had the whole countryside grabbed. For twenty years this august gentleman had occupied the chair of jurisprudence, so to speak, in Cedarvale. The majesty of the law was locally epitomized in his black-garbed, slouch-hatted person.

He had held undisputed sway; to him came, as if by gravity, all the litigation of the little community. His word was final in all problems of a legal nature, his opinions as portentous as the Delphian oracle. Mr. Oates realized that he had to put the skids under this gentleman or else transport himself and his shingle to more salubrious stamping grounds.

For nearly seven weeks Guy had sought a break of luck that might give him an opening wedge into the townspeople's confidence. No break had come; now he was going to manufacture one. He would beard the lion in his den, take the bull by the horns, meet the enemy upon the enemy's chosen battle ground. Guy sat upright in his chair and knocked out his pipe viciously.

"Law!" he said to himself impatiently. "Why, damn it all, law isn't in it with politics. But I'll give it one big fling. If old Blackstone can do his stuff in a hard-boiled community like this, I'll wipe the dust off this town and give it a new start in life. But if Blackstone flivvers on me—well, I'm sunk, that's all."

II

THE next day Mr. Oates had a visitor. It was Mr. Webb. He was the first man to cross Mr. Oates' threshold on a matter of business. Guy would have welcomed him with more enthusiasm if he had been a voluntary client instead of one he had had to rake in by main strength and diplomacy.

"Morning, Mr. Oates," was Mr. Webb's greeting. "Got any money fer them heifers yet?"

"No," replied Guy a trifle abruptly. The question seemed silly. "No, of course I haven't. You didn't expect me to this soon, did you? These things take time."

Mr. Webb placed his battered old felt hat between his feet on the floor, Texas fashion, and reached for the makings. He rolled a cigarette sheepishly and seemed ill at ease.

"Nope," he said candidly. "I didn't—not hardly, anyways. That's what I come to see you about. Colonel Botts was out to see me yestiddy. You know he goes to law fer the railroad in these parts." He scratched a match slowly on the bottom of his chair and eyed Mr. Oates uncertainly.

"Yes, I know," said Guy, stiffening. "What did you do?"

"Oh, nothin'," said Mr. Webb. "He made me a propersition and I told him I'd think it over an' let him know. I guessed I'd better see you fust, bein' as how you got th' case. I didn't think it was nothin' but fair to talk to you 'bout it. So I come to tell you."

"Did you tell Colonel Botts I was handling this case?"

"Yep," said Mr. Webb, "I told him that."

"What did he say?" queried Mr. Oates. Mr. Webb colored slightly and busied himself rearranging his hat. Guy flushed. "What did you say?" he added hurriedly.

"Well, Mr. Oates," responded Webb, relieved, "I didn't say nothin' definite. But the colonel offered me fifty dollars to call it all square. Don't you guess I orter take it?"

"Charley," said Mr. Oates, jumping from his chair and pacing up and down the room, "it's the same old game. You're just like all the other poor devils around here. You're going to let yourself be flimflammed out of what rightfully belongs to you just because you're scared. You know damn well that those cows were worth every cent of what we're suing for."

Webb nodded. "Mr. Oates, I know they was," he answered. "But Colonel Botts says the railroad ain't got no time to be monkeyin' 'round in the co'ts. He says the sensible way to settle the thing is out o' co't. If I go to lawin' about it, he says, I probably won't git nothin'. An' I guess he's 'bout right. Lots has tried it, but it didn't do none o' them no good."

"Well, it's going to be different from now on," said Guy. "You tell old Botts there's nothing doing."

"Mr. Oates," said Webb slowly, "them fifty dollars 'ud shore be a lot o' help to me right now. My cawn got all burnt up an' my cotton ain't in yet an' times is purty bad. I know you're a right peart young feller, Mr. Oates, but I'm a little skeered that we won't git nothin' if we go on a-fightin' this thing. But I didn't think it was nothin' but fair to talk to you fust an' ——"

"Look here, Charley," said Guy, "you are not going to compromise those suits, do you hear? I knew this was coming all the time. I expected you'd be in to see me on this very thing. But Botts has been running hog-wild

(Continued on Page 44)

"Well, Well," Grinned Guy, Looking Colonel Botts Up and Down With Seeming Surprise. "Look Who's Here!"

Timken tapered construction, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken electric steel form the exclusive *Thrust-Radial* combination which gives Timken-equipped motors the best possible anti-friction characteristics, *plus* higher load capacity and longest life

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TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

BIG GAME—By Richard Connell

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

I LOOKED the lion squarely in the eye. He was not twenty feet away. He did not move. Neither did the rhino. He was even nearer. His horned snout was aimed point-blank at my shirt front. Something had to be done. I rang for another bottle of ginger ale.

"It always gives me a turn," the old steward said, "when I come up them stairs and see 'em looking at me. Ain't they lifelike, sir?"

I sighed. "Very," I agreed.

He wagged his white head. "It's hard," he said, "on the members who have had a little more than is good for them. Do you know, sir, in the past month, I have personally picked up three gentlemen who came on the beasts unexpected-like and fell backward down the stairs."

I sat staring at the lion and the rhino. The large university club to which I belong is very proud of its collection of heads of big game. They were shot by a distinguished alumnus, skinned by his own hands, and perhaps stuffed by him too. In the dining room, water buffalo and moose glare down at you with fierce glass eyes as you eat your eggs. Antelope and gnu peer over your shoulder and watch your moving pen in the writing room. A cheetah grins at the milk-shake machine in what, in a mellower era, was the bar. The lion and the rhino grace a small lounge room.

As I sat contemplating the handsomest and the ugliest of beasts I became aware that another man, in a near-by chair, was also gazing pensively at them. I glanced sidewise at him. He exhibited the semibaldness of forty, a city-pale face and large moody eyes. An open book lay on his knees.

The expression on his face reminded me of something. I had seen that expression once before: The dining car in which I was riding slowed down near a pile of ties in the yards near Albany one evening. On the ties sat a gaunt and frowzy hobo. On his face was that look—giant despair, faint hope, a cosmic wistfulness—and he was looking not at me but at the thick, juicy porterhouse steak the waiter had just brought me.

The man in the lounge, noting that I was looking his way, nodded at me. Hastily I turned my mind inside out and decided I must have met him some years before. One of those casual club meetings:

"So-and-So, I want you to meet What's-His-Name."

"How do you do?"

"How do you do?"

"Hot, isn't it?"

"Yes, isn't it?"

"Well, I must be rushing along. I'm late for a date. Glad to have met you. Good-by."

"Good-by."

Then for a month or so you stare tentatively at each other when you meet in the club, and he doesn't speak to you because he isn't quite sure you are the fellow he met, and you don't speak to him because you aren't quite sure he is the fellow you met, and that's the end of it.

I returned the nod. A vague theory flitted through my mind that his name was Dugdale, or maybe Hyatt.

"Ever hunt 'em?" he asked.

"No, never. Did you?"

"No, never. Always wanted to. Never had the chance."

"Same here."

Somewhat diffidently, I thought, he held out to me the book he was reading. "Ever read this?" he asked.

I glanced at it. It was one of those chronicles of prowess with gun and camera every big-game hunter feels compelled to write. I think the name of it was Face to Face With the King of Beasts, by Major A. B. C. Duff, O. B. E., F. R. G. S., Veteran Explorer and Hunter—something like that.

"Yes, I've read it," I replied. "I've read most of 'em, I think. Corking good shot, that fellow."

"Or a corking good liar," said Dugdale, or Hyatt. There was more than a tinge of bitterness in his tone as he added, "The lucky stiff!"

"You'd like to go hunting?" I queried.

"Would you like to have a billion dollars?" he asked. "I'm wild to go."

"Are you a good shot?"

"No. I once broke eight clay pipes out of a possible ten in a shooting gallery on Broadway. That's my experience as a Nimrod to date." He looked at the lion and sighed. "I'm no sort of hunter," he said. "I don't care particularly about shooting things. It would be enough for me if I could just see them in their native haunts, track them down and take snapshots of them. The chase—that's what gets me."

"Well," I said, "there's no law I know of, which prevents you from going over to Africa and knocking over a few elephants, ostriches and what not."

He laughed a hard, short, ironical laugh. "Oh, isn't there?" he said. "How about the law of economics? I'm nailed to New York. In my business—I'm an accountant—you can't get away for pleasure jaunts to Africa, even if you have the money, and I haven't enough to buy BB shot for a sparrow hunt."

"I'm in the same boat," I said.

"You'd like to go hunting too?"

"Not hunting, exactly," I said. "To travel—that's my dream. I'd rather see than shoot. China, Java, Japan, Burma, Singapore, Calcutta, Cairo ——"

"Aw, cut it out," he said. "What's the use? We're handcuffed to this city. I am, anyway. Look now! A hunting license in British East Africa costs a hundred pounds—nearly five hundred dollars. The trip out and back costs another thousand, anyway—even if you swim part of the way. The cheapest sort of *safari*, with porters and guides and all that, sets you back another thousand. What chance has a man like me—on a salary, and not a big one—if he lives in New York, where it costs him half a buck to eat a pancake and a dime every time he takes a breath of fresh air?"

"I guess," I said, "that the only thing for people like us to do is to become philosophers—make the best of things."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, turn off the sweetness and light!" he cut in. "That game wears thin in no time. Here I am, hungry and thirsty for adventure and excitement and the kick of the chase, and what can I do about it? Read and dream! Read and dream! But the time has come when that is not enough. Can a man satisfy his appetite for food by gazing at a handsome photograph of a roast turkey? Answer me that!"

"Probably not," I said.

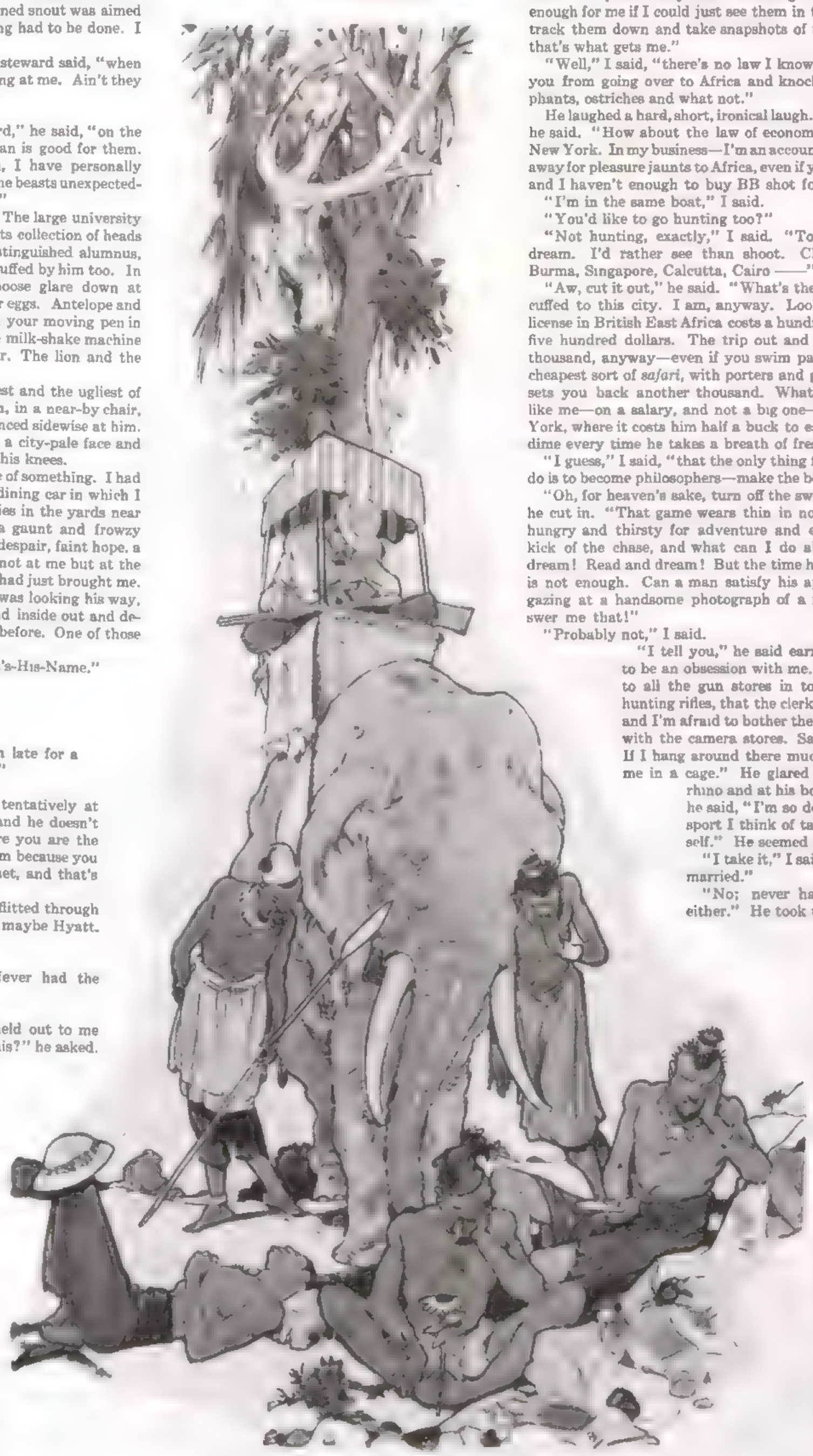
"I tell you," he said earnestly, "it's getting to be an obsession with me. I've been so often to all the gun stores in town, examining the hunting rifles, that the clerks think I'm cuckoo, and I'm afraid to bother them any more. Ditto with the camera stores. Same way at the zoo. If I hang around there much more they'll put me in a cage." He glared at the lion, at the rhino and at his book. "Sometimes," he said, "I'm so desperate for a bit of sport I think of taking a shot at myself." He seemed to mean it.

"I take it," I said, "that you're not married."

"No; never had a chance there, either." He took up the book he had been reading. "Just listen," he said. "The fellow's diary ——" He read aloud:

"AUGUST TWENTY-SEVENTH. Mombasa, typical tropical port. Found it rather dull. Same old savages in native dress, war paint, shields, and the like. Members of the Monumwezi, Kavirondo, Masai and Wandorobo tribes—the regular lot. Noisy, smelly bazaars; piles of fresh elephant tusks, skins of lions and leopards the usual familiar Africa scene. Poked around an hour, got sleepy and went to bed."

A noise like a growl escaped from Dugdale, or Hyatt. "Got sleepy and went to bed!" he grunted. "I hope



"Just a Regular Routine Day!" He Said

he snored his head off, the big boob!" He read on:

"SEPTEMBER TWENTY-SECOND. On *safari*. About forty miles south of Lake Victoria Nyanza. Nice country. Very picturesque. Not so beautiful as Surrey, but pleasing. A routine day. Saw a lion. Shot him. Ran across a rhino. Settled him. Saw a greater koodoo—rare. Missed him at 457 yards. My eye is way off today. Stalked the koodoo through a donga. Followed his trail for four hours. Thought I spied him. It was only a pup giraffe. Kicked him out of my way. Still after Mr. Koodoo. Got within range. Brought him down at 989 yards. Good head. Passed herds of zebra, topi, kongoni, dig-dig and no end of wildebeests. Shot some of them. My collection now needs a honey badger, a fringe-eared oryx and a klipspringer. On my way back to my *bomba*, my gun bearer, Dumba-Dumba, suddenly cried, 'Look, *bwana*'—master—'there is a *simba*'—lion. Sure enough it was. A monster male glowered down at me from the branches of a baobab tree. [N. B. Apparently some lions do climb trees.] With a roar he hurled himself at me. I was nonplused.

"Dumba-Dumba handed me my gun, crying, '*Pinga, bwana! Pinga the simba in the tum-tum!*' [Shoot, master! Shoot the lion in the abdomen!]

"I lost no time in letting him have both barrels, but they did not kill him. He charged me and I had to finish him off with my hunting knife.

"Saw klipspringer. Hit him at 273 yards. Good head.

"Arriving at camp, I found my tent full of baboons. Kicked them out. Had a dinner of roast koodoo, and so to bed."

Dugdale, or Hyatt, tossed the book aside. "Just a regular routine day!" he said. A look of the utmost dejection and despair was on his face. "I'm like the lions in the zoo," he said. "They want to get to the jungle, but they're caged. Well, so am I. I won't be able to stand it much longer."

"You're not exactly like the lions," I said. "Man, after all, is the adaptable animal."

He made a wry face. "More philosophy!" he exclaimed.

"A man has to work out his own salvation," I said. "He has to learn to make his dreams fit his means. He has to use his imagination, kid himself along, if you like, and pretend that his beer is champagne."

"I suppose," said Dugdale, or Hyatt, "that if you fell in the river you'd pretend you were a fish."

"I've done something of the sort," I said.

"What do you mean?"

"I told you," I replied, "that my strongest desire is to travel, and I can't do it. China, India, even Italy, might as well be in the moon, so far as I'm concerned. Not much chance of getting to them. Well, having accepted that fact, I've done the next best thing." He looked at me blankly. "I've invented a game," I said. "It's called Around the World in a Night."

"How do you play it?"

"Come along with me," I said. "It's almost dinnertime."

"Where to?"

"First stop—Shanghai," I said.

We debarked from the elevated train at Chatham Square. Up one of the odorous alleys which lead off Mott Street we went, and pushed through a door and up a dingy flight of stairs. At the door I knocked. Slanting eyes in a yellow face peered through the partly opened door. Their owner emitted a satisfied cluck and we were admitted.

We took our seats at a teak table, tricked out with mother-of-pearl inlay, in a room decorated with brilliant Chinese embroideries and carving of gilt wood. At other tables Chinese sat, performing sleight of hand with chopsticks.

"You'll get the real Chinese cooking here," I said. "Li Nom Chung does not encourage white trade. He leaves that to the bigger and more garish chop-suey palaces down the street. He'll let you in if you know the way."

We had a dinner of bird's-nest soup, sweet and pungent fish, eggs *foo yong*, a marvelous mixture of chicken, bamboo sprouts and unidentifiable Chinese vegetables, candied fruits and, after some cajolery, some rice wine.

"Look around you," I said to Dugdale, or Hyatt. "Listen to those Chinese chattering and squeaking. Why, aren't you in Shanghai right now?"

"I suppose it is rather like this," he said, helping himself to more roast water chestnuts.

After dinner we went out and were in New York again. "Where do you want to go now?" I said. "Name any country."

"Italy," he said.

We took a taxi to Giacomo's in Carmine Street. The air was full of smoke, gestures and liquid vowels. Young Italians and old Italians played vociferous card games. In the back room somebody was forcing O Sole Mio out of an accordion. We had a bottle of red wine, new, strong and heartening.

"You're in Naples," I told Dugdale, or Hyatt.

He emptied his glass. "*Si, si, signor*," he said.

"Next," I said, "we can go to Turkey, if you wish, up on Lexington Avenue, not far from Madison Square, and have Turkish coffee, or even *shish kaba* and stuffed vine leaves; or we can go down to Syria in West Street and eat black honey; or we can go to India up in the Forties and have fifteen different kinds of curry; or to the Great White Bear, where we can sip kvass or vodka and watch a seven-foot Cossack dance and throw knives in the floor, and listen to a bunch of ex-grand dukes in red-and-green blouses sing the Volga Boat Song; or perhaps you'd rather go to Japan on Sixth Avenue and eat some *sukiyaki* cooked to order at your own table, right before your very eyes."

"I can't eat another crumb," said Dugdale, or Hyatt.

"Well," I said, "perhaps you'd like to drop into a genuine Munich Rathskeller where they have something dark and frothy; there are at least four of them in Yorkville. Or, if you feel French, there's a little place in Chelsea with a zinc bar that people tell me is pure Montmartre."

Dugdale, or Hyatt, considered. "Turkey first," he decided. The coffee was thick and potent.

Streaks of dawn were beginning to show in the sky when I finally piloted Dugdale, or Hyatt, to his apartment in West Seventy-second Street. Our last stop had been in Hungary, way up Second Avenue, where a gypsy band in red coats teased Viennese waltzes out of syrupy fiddles or broke into a frenzied *csardas*, and where they served a fiery fluid optimistically labeled Tokay.

"Wanna see lion," said Dugdale, or Hyatt.

"They're asleep," I said. "The zoo isn't open this early."

"Wanna see lion," he insisted. "We could wake 'em up. Throw milk bottles at 'em."

"What!" I said sternly. "Would you, a lover of lions, wake them up for your own selfish pleasure? They have a hard life. They're tired."

He began to weep softly. "Poor li'l' lions," he said.

As I deposited him in his apartment I heard him saying, "Man, the adapple an'mal—man, the adapple an'mal. That's me."

For a month I did not go near the club. I dropped in one evening and was sitting in the small lounge gazing at the lion and rhino over a glass of ginger ale.

Someone came in with a crisp step. I saw that it was Dugdale, or Hyatt, and he seemed like a new man. The droopy, dejected look was gone from his face. His eyes sparkled.

"Hello," I said. "How have you been?"

"Great," he said.

"What have you been doing?"

"Hunting."

"Africa?"

"No."

"Where, then?"

"New York."

I stared at him. Outwardly he seemed both sober and sane. "What do you mean?" I asked.

"Remember what you said—'man, the adaptable animal'?"

"Yes."

"Remember how we went round the world in a night?"

"Of course."

"Well, that gave me an idea."

"Really?"

"Yes, sir; and what's more, I acted on it." He drew from his pocket a thick red notebook. "Want to hear a few entries from my diary?" he asked.

"Your what?"

"My diary—hunting log—what you will."

"Go ahead," I said.

He flipped open the notebook and read:

"OCTOBER TENTH, SATURDAY. Having spent the previous night in China, Italy, Turkey, Germany, Russia—I think—and Hungary, I woke feeling rather fuzzy. However, it was such a fine day for hunting that I soon forgot that my head felt like a bass drum full of flying squirrels. I left my Seventy-second Street *bomba* at eight. Saw much game disappearing into the Seventy-second Street Subway Station. Flushed a bull plumber and stalked him to his lair in Fifty-seventh Street. Passed several droves of salesmen on their way to their feeding grounds.

"Just outside my office in Thirty-ninth Street I saw a handsome creature which I identified as a doe secretary. Fine head. Red hair. Very graceful. Wanted her for my collection, but she moved out of range and vanished into an elevator.

"At noon, explored some new country west of Broadway. Passed large herds of shopgirls and clerks grazing peacefully in cafeterias. Saw the fresh spoor of a full-grown traffic cop. I need one for my collection. Saw the doe secretary again, browsing in a tea room. Got within smiling distance. However, she disappeared into a flock of bookkeepers and I lost sight of her.

"In the evening went for a moonlight stalk up Broadway. Plenty of game about. Bagged a fine specimen of farmer-on-first-visit-to-city. He was chewing his cud and gazing into the window of a lingerie shop. Brought him down at four feet ——"

"Great heavens!" I cried. "You haven't been shooting people?"

"Certainly not," said Dugdale, or Hyatt. "The idea is this: You identify the species—we'll say it's a retired bartender; you can't miss the type—and follow him till he stops. Then, if you get near enough to touch him, that counts as a kill." He was entirely serious.

"Please go on," I said. He read again from his notebook:

"OCTOBER ELEVENTH, SUNDAY. Pushed into new territory in the region of One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street. Saw many fine specimens of black-bottom dancers, barbers and waiters. Stalked one handsome specimen of heavyweight pugilist nine blocks and finally brought him down. Secured a fine fat pastry cook—black. Natives report that herds of authors are to be seen in Harlem at this time of year. Must investigate. Would like to bag a brace of novelists, male and female. Returning to camp, I saw coveys of real-estate brokers with their mates and young. Secured a young French sailor in uniform—rare. Ate venison for dinner.

"OCTOBER TWELFTH, MONDAY. Left camp early. Mild breeze from the west. Ran into a school of vaudeville midgets and got a good bagful. Flushed a large buck college professor and stalked him to Columbus Circle, where he doubled on his tracks and got away. Near my office I again saw that doe secretary. She saw me, but showed only slight signs of alarm. Trailed her to the office of a lawyer, where she works. Abandoned the chase for the time being. Plenty of small game visible on my way home from work—doctors, firemen and manikins. Got a good specimen of long-haired musician after an exciting stalk up Fifth Avenue. Bear steak for dinner.

"OCTOBER THIRTEENTH, TUESDAY. Clear, bracing weather. Big migration of game south from Bronx to Wall Street. Heard the bellow of an old-clothes man. Followed the tracks of a moving-picture comedian and bagged him as he was about to turn into his hotel. Outside the office saw the doe secretary. Rode up in the same elevator with her. Risked a nod at six feet. Thought it registered. On way home had a long stern chase of what I was sure was a district attorney, but when I finally ran him down at Sixty-seventh Street and Broadway he turned out to be a dentist. Fine head.

"OCTOBER FOURTEENTH, WEDNESDAY. A big day! Followed a hot trail left by the doe secretary to a restaurant in Madison Avenue and ran her down at a corner table. She proved tame. Her name is Cynthia."

"The diary skips some time here," said Dugdale, or Hyatt, apologetically. "I was too busy to do any hunting for a while. The next entry is a month later. Shall I read it?"

"By all means," I said. He read:

"NOVEMBER TWELFTH, THURSDAY. Weather cold but bright. Saw a fine specimen of red-nosed city official at the Marriage License Bureau. Captured an excellent specimen of clergyman at St. Hector's Church.

"NOVEMBER FOURTEENTH, SATURDAY. Exploring a new territory—Atlantic City. Much game about. Cynthia and I spent the afternoon hunting on the Boardwalk and bagged many fine specimens."

"Congratulations," I said.

"I must be rushing along now," said Dugdale, or Hyatt. "Cynthia and I are dining early tonight. Afterward we're going over to Brooklyn. I hear that there are some strange species over there."

MONARCH OF THE LAGOONS

(Continued from Page 17)

winds ever blew, the beginning of a hundred-mile journey to the herd's winter haven.

The whole herd of thirty-odd manatees who summered in the vicinity of Santee Lagoon had all rallied that morning for the southern passage, summoned by what manner of water wireless no human can say, for in many of the streams the chill had not yet penetrated. Sluggish swimmers at best, they covered little more than twenty miles a day, for they swam in straggling formation, and stopped often to feed, forgathering only at night for mutual protection. Once in the dangerous river waters, small sharks and sawfish, wandered in from the Gulf, haunted the depths, and the manatee herd swam in protective formation, with the females and young in the middle and a cordon of weathered males on the outside, just as a herd of cattle or bison on land would move through enemy-haunted country. The little calf swam directly in front of his mother's nose, where she could not lose sight of him for a single instant.

The greatest joy the calf had yet known came with his first thrilling feel of the sweeping river current. New life and a fierce appetite rose within him, and his growth progressed at redoubled speed. When he lifted his head above the water, foam and spray blew into his face till he coughed and shook his head like a horse in strong oats. Down below he saw wonderful sights along the sandy bottom. Lazy brown turtles and dark water snakes slipped swiftly along, hugging the banks, and schools of fish flashed everywhere about him. At night the herd slept on the sands at the stream's edge.

A week later they reached the remote network of waterways where the elders had spent a score of winters, and found many other families there before them. The woods roundabout were like a vast still hothouse where the days were practically all the same and there was never any cold. Here the water growths were more luscious; man never penetrated here, for the region was a maze of impenetrable swamps, tangled and shadowy even at midday. Overhead birds sailed and clamored.

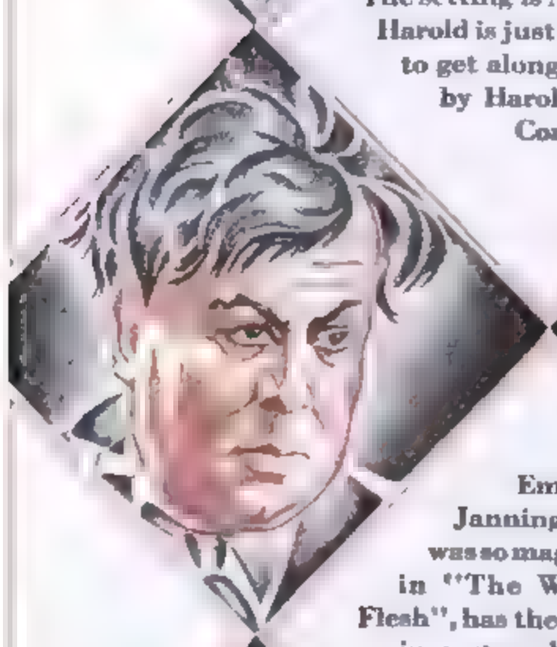
(Continued on Page 42)

stars of a new world

Gone are the days! Gone are the days when the sweet, simpering, doll-faced heroine ruled the world of shadows! Gone are the days of too-heroic heroes, of bushy-browed "heavies" and their deep, dark villainies. It's a new world! A new public, impatient of the old, eager for the new, is demanding new screen personalities attuned to these changing times. And Paramount has them! From saucy, vivacious Clara Bow, the girl of the hour, to Emil Jannings, masterful portrayer of human emotions, and the world's greatest actor. Here they are, all your favorites, all Paramount players, all united in one common cause—keeping the name Paramount supreme in motion pictures as it has been for fifteen years.

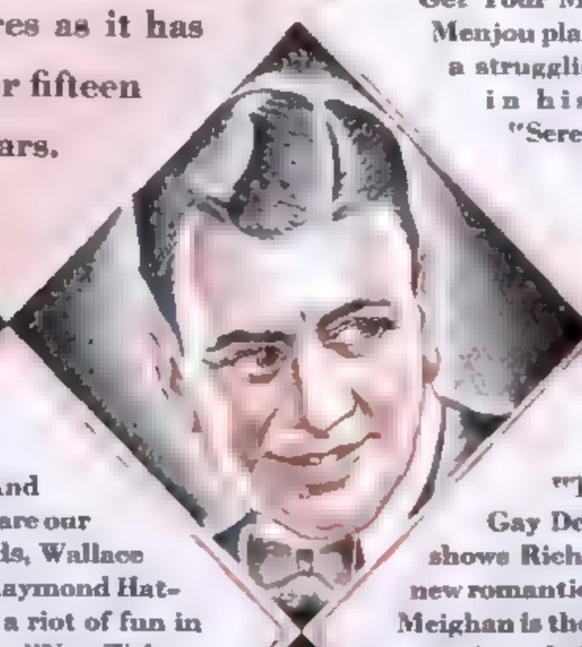
The title of Harold Lloyd's next release for Paramount is "Speedy". The setting is New York, and Harold is just a boy, trying to get along. Produced by Harold Lloyd Corp.

In her next picture, Clara Bow, the "It" girl, shows you how to "Get Your Man". Adolphe Menjou plays the part of a struggling violinist in his next, "Serenade".



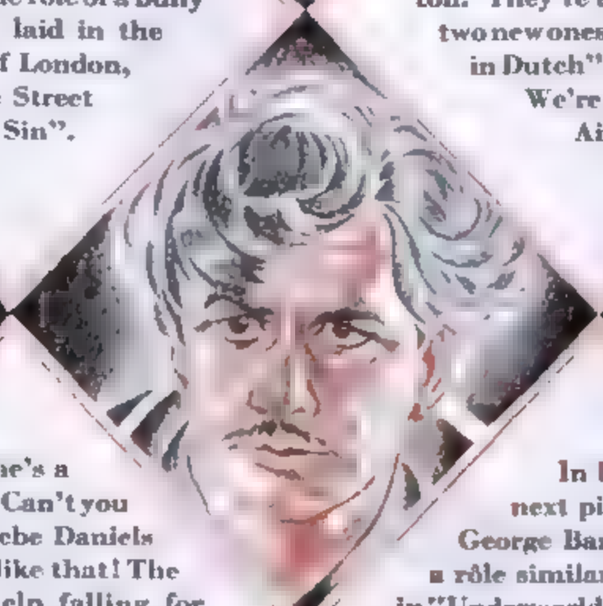
Emil Jannings, who was so magnificent in "The Way of All Flesh", has the rôle of a bully in a story laid in the slums of London, "The Street of Sin".

And here are our old friends, Wallace Beery and Raymond Hatton. They're a riot of fun in two new ones, "Now We're in Dutch" and "Now We're in the Air".



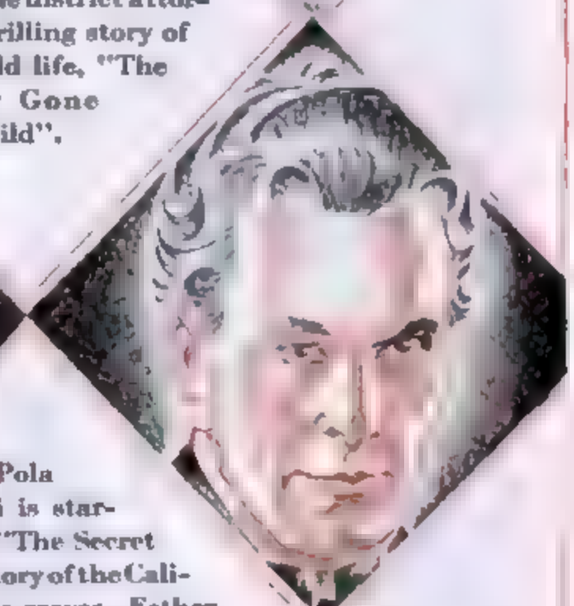
"The Gay Defender" shows Richard Dix in a new romantic rôle. Thomas Meighan is the district attorney in a thrilling story of underworld life, "The City Gone Wild".

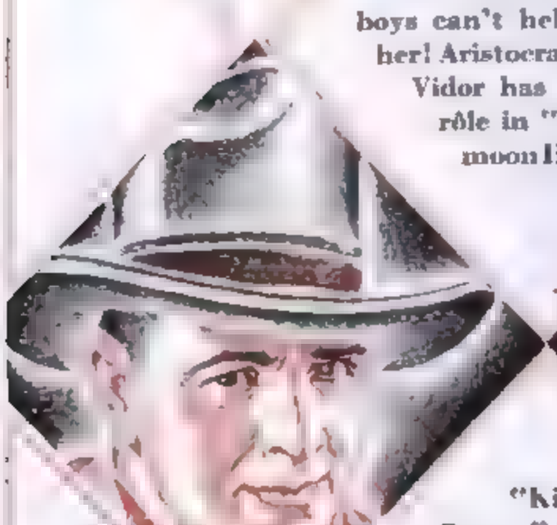
"She's a Sheik". Can't you picture Bebe Daniels with a rôle like that! The boys can't help falling for her! Aristocratic Florence Vidor has a perfect rôle in "Honeymoon Hate".



In his next picture, George Bancroft has a rôle similar to his part in "Underworld", which made him a star overnight. It has thrills galore—"Honky Tonk".

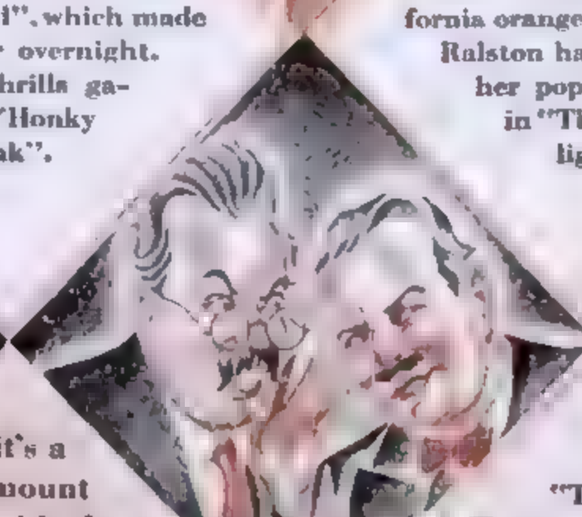
Pola Negri is starring in "The Secret Hour", a story of the California orange groves. Esther Ralston has another of her popular rôles in "The Spotlight".





"Kit Carson" is Fred Thomson's next, the thrilling and romantic story of one of the most picturesque characters in American history. Featuring "Silver King".

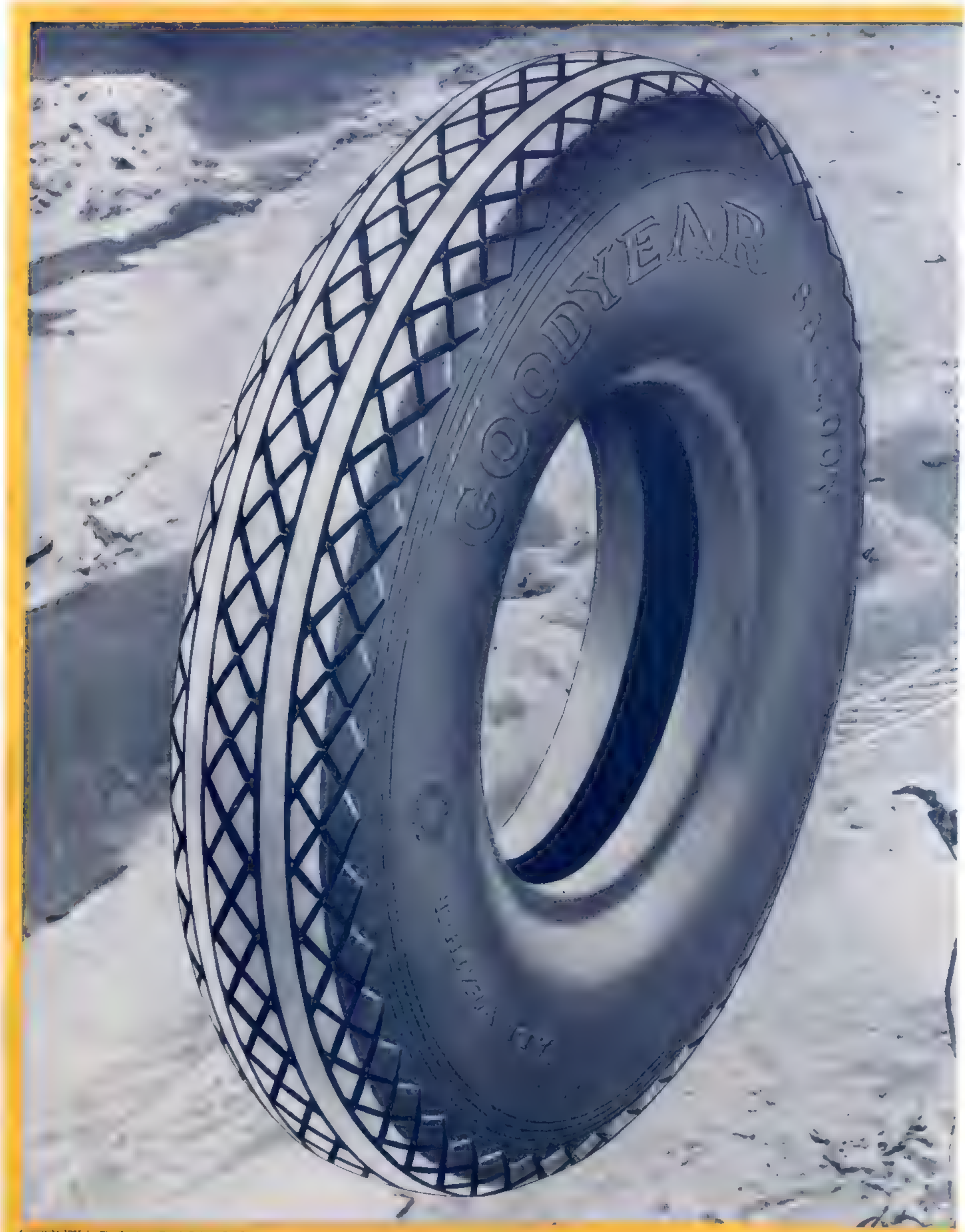
"If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!"



"Two Flaming Youths" are these two boys, W. C. Fields and Chester Conklin. You've laughed at them before, so you know what a great comedy team they are!

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT FAMOUS LASKY CORP., Adolph Zukor, Pres., Paramount Bldg., N. Y.



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Even in snow there is security underwheel if you ride on "the world's greatest tire." The thick sharp-edged blocks of the new-type All-Weather Tread bite deep and grip tight, imprinting that safe and slipless Goodyear pattern which is the treadmark of *greater traction, smoother going, longer wear*

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

(Continued from Page 38)

The calf came to love the warm breathless nights when the big stars flamed like lamps strung amid the high branches, making lanes of quicksilver and ink across the still topaz waters. He liked the dripping stillness in which the snick of a beetle carried a hundred yards, the occasional rains that flashed through the forest, and the swift salmon-colored dawns.

Now came the pairing time among the elders of the herd. For a week or more there was a forgathering of the many families at a still, sandy bend of the river. All feeding stopped and the silent forest echoed to the short coughing snort of the big males and the splashing of many bodies. For the first time in his life the calf found himself deserted by his mother and left in the company of other youngsters of his age.

These were pivotal days for him, in which he learned for the first time his own strength and easy ascendancy over all the other yearlings of the herd. Fired by the challenging snorts of the old males, the youngsters had many a sham tussle, and there was none who could hold his own against the young bull from Santee Lagoon. Quite automatically the future herd leader took his place at the head of each foraging expedition, the place he was to hold for many years to come.

With the coming of April the different families began to depart for their summer haunts. Our particular calf was now almost as large as the average adult animal. He still swam close to his mother from force of habit, but their relation was becoming negligible. She was already heavy with another calf and gave little thought to the bulky youngster who she knew would soon be seeking a mate of his own. Except for the larger sharks and a few 'gators, he now had no enemy to fear save man. But against this land enemy, crueler and more fatal than any of the foes of sea, earth or sky, the future leader of the herd was to wage unending war until he died, for the rapacity of man begins where that of the animals leaves off.

Men were becoming aware that the manatees in the vicinity of Santee Lagoon were among the last of their race in America. As a result they were now a rarity for which many zoos and museums were willing to pay big prices; and many a hunter who had hitherto been oblivious of their existence now wished to bag a specimen out of curiosity. The Government had placed a tardy penalty on every manatee killed, but the prices offered by animal men were far greater, and there was little or no law enforcement in the sparsely settled lowlands. The avarice of the negroes and poor whites had been aroused, and hand in hand with the state protective laws ran a fierce and lawless rapacity.

Gunners, white and black, took toll of the herd on its passage down the river that spring, and it was then that the father of the little manatee, the old leader of the Santee herd, fell to a negro's bullet near the mouth of the home lagoon. The herd flew asunder in panic, and it was not until evening, five hours later, that they assembled again far upriver, drawn by that mysterious instinct of location all water dwellers have. Before they reached the lagoon four other members of the herd were missing, having become entangled in cleverly laid nets along the river.

Spring broke over the swamp country in a blaze of sunshine and a glory of bird song. Everywhere sounded the whisper and rustle of growing things and all the woods were full of the thrill of new life. But for the manatee folk it brought no peace that year. Week by week their dwindling numbers were being cut down. Along all the miles of ponds and waterways there seemed no yard of safety for the herd to rest or bask. Each time they thrust their whiskered masks above the water they caught the smell of smoke which ever spelled danger, or the death scent of human footprints along the banks. Their only safety was in the dark depths of the lagoons or the refuge caves beneath the banks.

Many of these caves had been discovered by crafty woodsmen. Twice the young calf, closely followed by hunters in a bateau and agonized for rest and sleep, sped for the underwater entrance of some familiar resting cave, only to strike against the strands of a cunningly strung net stretched across the opening. Each time he had been warned in time to back carefully out without entangling himself in the wide meshes, escaping by the smallest margin. Instinct told him that not even his courage, strength and cunning would avail him long against man's relentless persecutions.

That fall the manatees forgathered for the fall trip much earlier than was their wont, and from all the waterways about Santee Lagoon there were scarce more than fifteen animals to make the passage after the ravages of the summer. By the time the next spring came round and the dark-colored young bull returned, he had attained a size greater for his years than that of any manatee the Florida lagoons had known for half a century. Huge of girth, he stretched a good twelve feet from nose to tail tip, and maturity would add another three feet onto that.

It was toward the end of that summer that Anse Wiatt, who lived near Santee Lagoon, took note of the young bull and set himself the task of capturing the future monarch of the herd alive. Wiatt knew at once that this was the largest manatee that had ever lived in that region—the largest he had seen in more than thirty years of life among the bayous, and the fact opened many possibilities in his canny mind. Such a specimen would be a rarity anywhere. Few museums and scarcely a park or circus in the country held one of this vanishing tribe. Then there were fairs, carnivals and side shows. Wiatt was already in touch with one or two unscrupulous animal procurers who were adept in avoiding the law in such matters. If he could make his capture and dispose of the animal off Florida soil, the deal should net him close to a thousand dollars, he figured—quite a fortune among the pine-woods dwellers.

Braving the almost intolerable daytime heat of the lagoons, Wiatt prowled the waterways in his homemade canoe, sometimes drifting silently with the current, again ambushed for long hours on some reedy mud bank. And the longer he watched and studied the manatee herd, the more proof he got of the cunning of the young bull who was now the actual king and leader of all the sea cows in the region. Never did Wiatt get nearer than a hundred yards to his quarry. He learned all the young bull's favorite basking places on the warm banks, and again and again sighted him from some lookout tree or through an opening in the woods that commanded a view of a distant lagoon, but always, on approaching the spot, he found that, though other less wary animals might still be there, the monarch himself had slipped quietly away long before his arrival, warned by the sagacity that had been ripening in him since his calfhood.

Wiatt knew more than most men of the ways of manatees; all his life he had known and hunted them. Yet throughout the remainder of that summer he pitted his cunning against the big bull of Santee Lagoon and lost. But no animal, however crafty, can cope with man for long and win, for man has the faculty of infinite innovation. By the end of August, after long and fruitless stalking, Wiatt set about devising entirely new methods for the capture of the young colossus of the waterways.

Having located the secret breathing caves beneath the stream banks which the big bull frequented, he set cunning nets of line and wire at the entrance of each. Then he prepared for a manatee drive along the upper waterways, with the aid of half a dozen negroes who lived in the vicinity. Having first made sure that the big bull was feeding far up Cachet Creek, the drive was started upstream, the negroes spread out in fan-shape formation, two sculling in flat-bottomed bateaus, the others wading along shore, splashing the water amid a great hubbub of shouts. Every manatee in the stream was started upstream ahead of the beaters, for noise fills all sea cows with panic. As Cachet Creek had no upper tributaries, Wiatt felt confident that it would be but a matter of time and patience before the prize would be his. Once driven into the shallow headwaters of the creek, the big bull would be in a cul-de-sac from which there was no way out except overland.

Throughout the long breathless afternoon the slow drive continued. But long before the fugitives reached the shallow waters at the upper bend of the stream the dark young bull sensed the trap in store for him. One by one he had sought the familiar refuge caves along the banks, and had sensed in time each of Wiatt's cunning snares with the marvelous alarm bell of his sensitive nostrils. He knew then that the one course left open to him was to turn back while the water was still deep enough, and charge directly through the ranks of his enemies. Sounding a water warning to the others of the herd, he turned and slipped silently back in the direction of the lagoons.

Two minutes later, swimming at top speed and close to the bottom, he swept straight down upon his enemies. The creek was so narrow at this point that his great bulk sent long waves swishing up the banks and made his gigantic glistening body look twice its normal size. The negroes in the leaky bateaus uttered groans of superstitious terror as the gun-metal bulk of him surged beneath their crafts like a launched torpedo and broke through the cordon of beaters. The small boats tipped and rocked in the rush of water as the colossus swept downstream, disappearing like magic in the deeper water to the rear.

Anse Wiatt, seeing what was happening from the back of his sorrel mare, yelled futile commands at the darkies, then, snatching his rifle in a rage, sent a bullet whining after the disappearing bulk of the leviathan. By sheer luck his bullet entered the young bull's side and tore its way down and out at the base of the right flipper, half paralyzing his giant body.

That paralysis seemed likewise to affect his instinct and his sense of caution and direction, for on reaching the waters of the big lagoon he went lunging crazily about on the surface of the water in great circles, driven tirelessly by his overwhelming pain. All his former underwater refuges barred, the great beast continued to swim and swim for hours, senses blurred from suffering, only dully conscious of his surroundings, finding in his mighty expenditure of strength the one possible surcease from agony. He swam till the daylight died and the early moon poked up above the dark cypress spires, and finally his paroxysms began to lessen with his waning strength. After a time he simply floated with the sluggish aimless currents, lying on the surface of the blood-dyed water in exhaustion. At last, amid the shallows of a tributary, he came to rest on a mud bank toward dawn, still tortured, but no longer frenzied.

Thus it was that Anse Wiatt chanced upon him that morning, weak and feeble from loss of blood, too dulled to sense the approach of his enemy. At first Wiatt thought his rash bullet of the day before had worked the death of his prize, and cursed his folly, but only for a moment. Then he realized that the chance he had awaited all summer had come at last. Whipped from coma by the scent of a human so close, the big bull heaved his massive body up and tried a waddling rush for the deep water. With a yell, Wiatt snatched up a long dead limb and with it fought the monster back, shouting meanwhile till two of his negro neighbors came running with ropes. A few minutes later the king of the lagoons lay helplessly bound in the shallow water, while Wiatt and one of the darkies were already at work constructing a raft which would convey him down the river to the Gulf.

Anse Wiatt had sent a message on ahead, and it was afternoon of the next day, near the river mouth off Charlotte Harbor, that his shady deal with the animal collector was completed. A small lugger which was to take the captive to New Orleans met him well offshore; on her deck was a great tank of glass and metal in which these men had ordained that the manatee bull should languish for the remainder of his days. The captive, still quivering in every nerve from twelve hours of paralyzing fear and commotion, his hide parched and fever-dry from pain and lack of water, presently found his lashings removed, while men fastened him into davit slings to be hoisted to the ship's deck. This process completed Anse Wiatt's part in the transaction, for man works only by adapting whatever end he has to his means.

But Nature, who works by adapting her many means to a hidden end, had yet a last word to say on the matter. Long ago she had conspired with the sea, which is the mother of all manatees, to mix a little salad for this particular occasion. Time and salt water had gradually weakened the rope and leather of the lugger's davit slings, which were old and seldom used. Slowly and with infinite patience this had gone on.

Five feet in air there came a rending creak and a snap. Thirteen hundred pounds of sea-hardened bone and muscle struck the heavy plank raft with an impact that drove half the deck under water. Anse Wiatt was flung six feet in the air from the upending platform. For a wild minute there was a desperate flurry as the raft slowly righted. Men sprang, shouted and roared, but neither ropes nor human strength could avail them now. With a rolling seal-like rush the young bull manatee pitched toward the cool green water for which his whole being ached, brushing three men like ants from his path. He plunged.

For a moment the raft was pitched and tossed in a monster whirlpool. Then she slid clear and all trouble ceased. Thereafter all was quiet above water except for a choice collection of vile human language that passed from man to man as each party laid the blame on the other.

Below the surface, down in the green depths the bull manatee was speeding heavily southward toward the safety of the tropical rivers in far-off Mexico. Nor was he ever to lead his little herd in the Florida lagoons again, for that year marked the passing of his long-persecuted clan from United States soil. Neither Anse Wiatt nor the collector ever knew that their little conspiracy sounded the death knell to an epic, million-year struggle for existence of one of the gentlest and most inoffensive of American animals, and doubtless they would not have cared if they had known.

Rooms... like people can't all wear the same colors

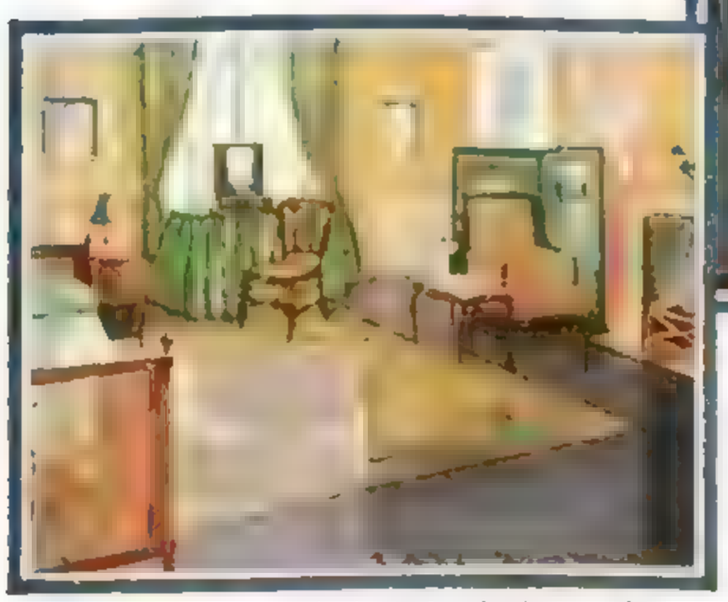
And floors as well as furnishings can now be pleasingly original . . .

A STANDARD color scheme for the *average* room? Impossible. It wouldn't suit you—or anybody else, for that matter. We all like to feel a little above the average—especially when we decorate our homes. Personality, our individual ideas, assert themselves. We can't help being ourselves.

But how sadly "average" we are, after all, when it comes to the floors in our homes. In most homes today the floors are the same drab, lifeless yellow or brown that harks back to the age of big sleeves and front parlors. No character. No color. Just floors!

When they could be so different! Mrs. Lowell likes taupe, soft pinks, rich blues. Her bedroom (at the right) shows this personal preference. And the floors? A *taupe* Jaspé that establishes the whole individual color scheme.

Cozy and comfortable, and decorated in the colors that Mrs. Lowell likes so well. The floor is Armstrong's Jaspé No. 12, in a rich taupe effect.



The same bedroom—but decorated in colors that you might prefer—with Armstrong's Linoleum Floors to match. Gray Jaspé above, green Jaspé below

Now glance at the smaller illustrations. You see this same room, unchanged as to furnishings, but decorated in the colors *you* might prefer—or the colors that best express the individuality of your neighbor next door. In both these alternative color treatments the floors are Armstrong's Jaspé Linoleum—easy to clean, quiet, warm, and restful.

But note this. In each room the *color* of the floor blends in perfect harmony with the color ensemble. And that, in a nutshell, is the real reason why decorators and architects are using floors of Armstrong's Linoleum in fine interiors, why women who like their homes to be pleasingly original turn to the many new floor effects in Armstrong's Linoleum as opportunities for self-expression.

Many new floor effects? Yes . . . scores and scores. Jaspés in a number of attractive colors form but one group of the new Armstrong designs. There are marbled effects, figured designs, and the very newest note in floor design—*Embossed* Inlaid Linoleum in tiles, squares, and figures, in every desirable coloring. And they are all easy to see, for they are on display at good furniture, department, and linoleum stores near your home.

Color schemes all your own

Plan color schemes for your home that express your own good taste. Hazel Dell Brown's new book, "The Attractive Home—How to Plan Its Decoration," will help you do it Mrs. Brown will even lend a personal hand if you wish. The book explains how to get her free service. For a copy of this 32-page, color-illustrated guide, send 10c to cover mailing costs. (Canada, 20c.) Address Armstrong Cork Company, Linoleum Division, 2643 Liberty Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania.

Armstrong's Linoleum

for every floor in the house

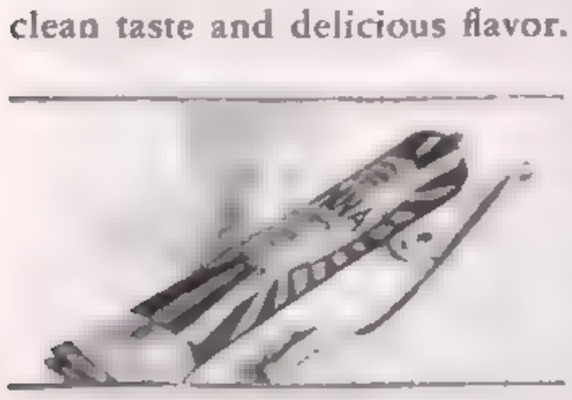
PLAIN · · INLAID · · EMBOSSED · · JASPÉ · · ARABESQ · · PRINTED

Don't trifle with "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

A TINGE of pink on your tooth brush is an order from nature; it means that your gums need care and watching.

And it means that you need Ipana Tooth Paste. Thousands of dentists now advise the exclusive use of Ipana because it invigorates the gums while it whitens and cleans the teeth.

Test Ipana for yourself—switch to it completely for one month! You will quickly see its unmistakable benefits to your teeth and gums—and you will, from the very first, be delighted with its clean taste and delicious flavor.



IPANA TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK
© 1927

BLACKSTONE DOES HIS STUFF

(Continued from Page 35)

around here long enough. I'm going to cramp that old bird's style or know the reason why. We'll make the railroad pay every cent. Understand?"

Mr. Webb opened his mouth as if to speak, but Guy wasn't through. "Listen. I'll make a trade with you. If we lose in court I'll pay you fifty dollars out of my own pocket. I haven't much money, but I can stand that."

Webb nodded dubiously. "But it wouldn't be right to take money from you, Mr. Oates," he said; "'specially seein' as how you don't even git nothin' if we win."

"Charley," said Guy, "it's not money that's worrying me right now. I'd pay you a hundred dollars before you compromised these cases. I want to fight them on through; I'll have fifty dollars' worth of fun out of it even if I lose. Stick by the guns, Charley. Is it a deal?"

"Oh, shore," said Mr. Webb. "If you're so anxious, I ain't a-goin' to back down on you. Go on and pour it on 'em. I'll jist tell old Botts he kin go t' hell. I don't like him, no-ways."

"Put it there," said Guy, shaking hands cordially with Mr. Webb. "And when you tell old Botts where he can head in, give him my compliments along the same lines. You can't make it any too strong to suit me."

III

IN SPITE of Mr. Oates' avowed intention of taking a fling at the law, no one would have believed he was prosecuting that objective with any ambition had Mr. Oates been judged for the next three days from outward indications alone. A thick coating of dust settled down on his desk and remained undisturbed while, from early in the morning until dusk of each evening, Guy sat quietly at his window and stared across the street. He smoked his pipe interminably and went out only for meals.

Always he watched the door of Judge Baldwin's office standing obliquely across the street.

Guy's vigil at the window came suddenly to an end on the afternoon of the third day. He saw the substantial figure of Colonel Aaron Botts sloshing its way through the mud to Judge Baldwin's office. Guy slid his chair back into the shadows and watched interestedly. The colonel appeared genial, but dignified withal, as befitted his Prince Albert coat and his high calling. He paused several times between the general store and the hall of justice to talk to passing friends. He seemed to have a good joke that bore retailing. From his vantage point, Guy watched his slow progress down the tree-bordered walk. The leisurely amble of the colonel irritated him; he felt like rushing outdoors to give him a good poking up. When at length Colonel Botts had run the entire gantlet of his admirers and had disappeared in Judge Baldwin's office, Guy paced up and down his floor with impatience, cracking his fingers in nervousness.

It seemed an hour before Colonel Botts reappeared at the door of Judge Baldwin's office and shuffled down the steps to the walk. He appeared well satisfied with himself as he wended his way unhurriedly up the street. It took him an interminable time to get out of eye range. Guy pressed his nose to the pane and remained motionless until the bulky figure finally went out of sight around a distant corner. He then snatched his hat and coat and rattled down the stairs to the street door. There he paused and his whole demeanor changed. He strolled indifferently across to the opposite walk and into Judge Baldwin's court.

"Has Colonel Botts ever done anything about answering those suits?" he inquired casually, as he entered and dropped into a chair opposite a disordered table.

"Yep," said Judge Baldwin. "He jist left a minute ago."

"Oh, he did?" said Mr. Oates in surprise. "What's the dope?"

"Wal," drawled Judge Baldwin, "nothin' in especial. He jist asked me if I wouldn't consolerdate them six suits you filed."

"And what did you tell him?" asked Guy.

"Oh, it don't make no perticular difference to me," sighed Judge Baldwin in a weary voice. "Botts allowed as how we might as well have it all over with at once 'stead of tryin' th' same case six times. That sounds reasonable enough. I ain't hankerin' after doin' any more work than I have to. I got a lot o' fence buildin' at home to tend to and the old lady ain't none too sprightly, nohow." Judge Baldwin yawned. "I told him to come back again tomorrow. I can't be rushed into nothin' in this law game. You got to think things over."

Guy arose excitedly and slapped his hand on the table. "Judge," he said, "I congratulate you. I'm surely glad you were up to old Botts' tricks enough not to let him pull the wool over your eyes. He might gyp some of the hicks in this town, but he can't gyp you. Running to town all the time, he picks up a lot of these city-slicking tricks and comes back here to try them out in Cedarvale. He thinks he's smarter than anybody else and sometimes he darn near proves it. But to try to crook a man of your intelligence! It's just not being done. I'm surely glad you stalled him off the way you did. You aren't going to let him take the bread out of your mouth."

"Wal," said Judge Baldwin, looking hard at Mr. Oates, "like I told you, I didn't give him no right back answer. I jist told him I'd think it over, but ——"

"There," exclaimed Guy triumphantly. "What did I tell you! I knew you'd be too smart for him. I could have told you he'd be up to that trick, but I knew I didn't have to warn you about it. He's not going to beat you out of the fees in five cases."

Judge Baldwin dropped his feet from the table and sat slowly upright. "What?" he inquired, as sharply as it was possible for a man of his phlegmatic temperament.

"Yes, that's it," said Guy, leaning back in his chair and grinning broadly. "That old duffer thought he could slip a fast one by you. But you had him figured from the start. I'm surely glad that there's one man in this town, besides me, that knows his tomatoes. Consolidate those six cases. Ha-ha! And get only one fee instead of six. Ha-ha! By gosh, I congratulate you at beating old Botts at his own game! Shake!"

The light that shone down on young Samuel could not have been more brilliant than the one that now crossed the seamed face of Judge Baldwin. He smiled an evil smile.

"They ain't many around here as knows the law like I do," he said dourly. "And they ain't many as has put it by me while I been justicin' in these parts." His face darkened and he added under his breath: "The old skinflint! So that's what he was up to!"

Mr. Oates arose and extended his hand again; Judge Baldwin took it and pumped it heartily.

"Any time you're ready to try those suits, judge, I'm ready," he said.

"They ain't no use delayin'," responded Judge Baldwin with some viciousness. "I'll have ole Botts in here tomorrow and we'll git 'em out of the way before you kin say Jack Robinson."

IV

THANKS to the masterful pleading, not to mention the left-handed diplomacy, of Mr. Guy Oates, attorney at law, Charles W. Webb, farmer of the Midlothian district, Falls County, Texas, was awarded judgment in full for each one of the six heifers he had lost through the rank carelessness and criminal negligence of the engineer in charge of Number 67, the fast freight of the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad. Six times $19.95 came to $119.70; and the thirty-cent hiatus between that and $120 was too insignificant for even the needy Mr. Webb to worry over.

Colonel Aaron Botts was about the maddest man in Falls County when the judgments were returned. He had begun to simmer when Judge Baldwin refused to consolidate the six suits, and the heating process was a perfect success when full judgments were handed down in all of the six cases of the half dozen departed heifers.

"It's nothin' short o' plain hijackin'," fumed Colonel Botts. "Them cows wasn't wuth ten dollars, the whole passel of 'em. And if that low-life, Charley Webb, didn't stomp down his own bob-wire and hamstring them heifers so's they couldn't help but git kilt, I'm a crawlin' rattlesnake. The railroad won't never pay this claim. You kin put that in your pipe and smoke it. We'll appeal."

"You cain't," asserted Judge Baldwin calmly, picking his teeth.

"Cain't!" exploded Colonel Botts scornfully. "How come we cain't? You'll see if we cain't."

But Judge Baldwin hadn't been taking a course in law from Mr. Oates for nothing. He fairly wallowed in his superior knowledge.

"You cain't appeal from my court in no case involvin' less'n twenty dollars," he said boldly. "Sure, Botts, you know more law'n that! Why, even young fellers jist out o' college know that much law. . . . Ain't I right, Mr. Oates?"

"Absolutely correct," responded Guy, grinning. He turned to the eminent attorney of the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern. "If Colonel Botts would like to see the law on it, he can step over to my office and I'll be glad to show him."

He looked at Colonel Botts in facetious expectancy, but that worthy exponent of the law was in no mood to indulge in educational pursuits. His face grew apoplectically crimson and he bent his hickory cane into a semicircle against the floor in a laudable attempt to control his embarrassment and anger.

"Make us pay, then," he said. "A lot o' good that judgment's goin' to do Charley Webb. He ain't got no more chance o' collectin' it than I got o' flyin' to th' moon. Jist try and git it."

With this ultimatum Colonel Botts stalked from Judge Baldwin's palace of justice in a towering rage. Mr. Webb, who was present in person, looked disconsolate, but Mr. Oates smiled.

"We'll get it all right," he said reassuringly. "Just wait and see. Anyhow, Charley, you don't need to worry. You remember our bargain. But the railroad will pay. They'll stall around a while, but they'll pay up in the end. I'm not bothered."

Mr. Oates was right. The Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad did stall around. In fact they laughed raucously at Mr. Webb's claim and mentioned several places other than the railroad offices where Mr. Webb could go to get his $119.70. At length Mr. Oates, his patience exhausted, decided that the time had come to take drastic action. He left Cedarvale early one morning and went to the county seat. Shortly after noon he returned and broadcast a message that he wanted to see Bud Connor, local constable at Cedarvale, as soon as that worthy could be located.

Mr. Connor showed up at Mr. Oates' office within the hour, looking bored. Mr. Oates shoved a formidable document into his hands and told him to go out and do his duty.

"What is it?" inquired Mr. Connor, whose technical duties up until this time had not been multitudinous enough to complete his education as an arm of the law.

(Continued on Page 46)

A MAN'S GIFT *for everyman*

Here's a gift to brighten and smooth his day and face—this Mennen Trio Package containing a full-size tube of Mennen Mentholized Shaving Cream, a full-size tube of Mennen Skin Balm and a full-size can of Mennen Talcum for Men (the one and only kind that men like).

It's a gift that a man never forgets. He'll use it every day. If he hasn't used it before he'll bless you for bringing these Mennen shaving luxuries into his life, and if he's already a Mennen user you couldn't possibly please him better. For it's a revelation, the first time a man experiences the sweet, swift, smooth razor stroke that goes with Mennen lather. Of course, it's *dermutation* that does it, Mennen dermutation which goes to work the second you start to whip up the luxurious bank of rich, smooth lather from Mennen Cream.

Dermutation gets down to the base of things, completely softens the beard without need for rubbing or messing up your fingers. Dermutation relaxes and eases the tension of the tiny skin mounds at the base of the beard hairs, smoothing and leveling the way for a deft, clean razor stroke. Works equally well in water hard or soft, cold or hot. No scraping. No nicking. No rawness. None of that "drumhead" tension or burning after-smart. Mennen contains no free alkali to irritate or "burn" your skin. Five agreeable, soothing emollients in the lather flush the pores and condition the face as a healing tonic.

He may get more expensive gifts but none that will bring more comfort and satisfaction than this kit-pack of Mennen Shaving Comforts. And, friend, if you don't expect one, why wait for the great day? Go get one for yourself.

MENNEN SHAVING CREAM
IS NOW MADE WITHOUT
AND WITH MENTHOL

Lots of men like to revel in the brisk tingle and bracing zip of mentholized lather. So you have your choice now in Mennen. To get the *mentholized,* ask for the tube with the red ball. The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., and Toronto, Ont.

And Skin Balm

At last men have discovered this real man's face lotion, which comes in a handy tube (nothing to break or spill). Cool and refreshing to the face as pine-washed winds. Non-greasy and disappearing. Has a pleasant odor. Prolongs that fresh, smooth, well-groomed, clean-shaven look.

Mennen Talcum for Men, too

Mennen gave it to men and it's all they'll have now. Tones down that objectionable high polish or face shine. Neutrally tinted, invisible, with none of that chalky pallor.

MENNEN for MEN

PACKAGE

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Now is the time to get the fullest benefit of the good help your Stationer can give you. His experience with the record problems in many fields of business qualifies him to help you in yours. With his help it is quite possible that you can have simpler, clearer, more easily kept records in 1928.

Especially well qualified to advise and serve you well is the Stationer who sells National Loose Leaf and Bound Books right out of stock. His line includes exclusive and convenient National features such as Aladdin Keyless Ledgers, Monarch Ring Books with unbreakable steel hinges, and Celtic Post Binders. National Blank Book Company, 123 Riverside, Holyoke, Massachusetts.

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Business Forms	.... Ring Books	[illegible]
Post Binders	... Filler Sheets	Inventory Sheets
Ring Books	.. Graphic Charts	Stock Records
Columnar Books	... Engineers [illegible]	[illegible]
Cash Books	.. Real Estate Forms	Parcel Post Records
Machine Bookkeeping Equipment, etc	... Salesmen's [illegible] Books	Daily Statement Records, etc.

Name Address

My stationer is Address

(Continued from Page 44)

"It's an execution," explained Guy, "by Charles Webb, or in behalf of Charles Webb, against the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad."

"What's it got to do with me?" parried Mr. Connor suspiciously.

"It's up to you to execute it, to serve it," Mr. Oates elucidated further And, as Mr. Connor wavered, he added: "You get two and a half berries for doing it."

"Oh," said Mr. Connor with sudden interest. "Jist tell me what I got to do."

"That paper," Guy went on, "shows that the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern Railroad owes Charley Webb $119.70 that they won't pay. Then there's some costs on top of that. Your two-fifty is part of those costs. You get it when the railroad coughs up. It's up to you to grab onto something the railroad owns to make them pay. The court will sell whatever you grab onto and Charley Webb and you will get your money out of that. All you have to do is to go down to the station and tell the agent there that you are the law and that you have come to levy on something to satisfy Charley Webb's judgment. Under the law he'll have to show you something that belongs to the railroad that you can seize for sale. You have to take what he tells you to—that's the law too. The railroad has the right to say what particular part of their property you're to levy on. It's a cinch way to earn two dollars and a half."

"I gotcha," said Mr. Connor tensely. "Jist hold your breath till I get back."

Guy was not able to heed Mr. Connor's parting injunction. He felt like yelling aloud in his triumph and it was a temptation not easy to control. But he confined himself to a few fancy steps on his office floor and to the anticipation of Colonel Botts' dejection when the sad tidings came to roost. Half an hour passed, but Mr. Connor did not return. Mr. Oates grew impatient. Perhaps he hadn't explained to the constable the exact routine of his duties. As this idea grew, Guy looked thoughtfully at his watch and measured the distance to his hat and coat with a calculating eye.

He had just about made up his mind to go to Mr. Connor's assistance when that representative of the law appeared suddenly in the door. Mr. Connor's face was dubious, but his first words were reassuring.

"Wal, I got it," he said.

"Good!" exclaimed Guy, with relief. "What was it?"

"A engine," said Mr. Connor, anxiously noting the effect of this information on Mr. Oates.

"A what?" asked Guy, dumfounded.

"A steam engine—locymotive," explained Mr. Connor at more length.

"Good gosh!" Mr. Oates dropped into his chair.

"It's the engine on the local freight," said Mr. Connor. "It come in while I was talkin' to the station agent. He told me to levy on that. I didn't much like that job 'cause the engineer and his pardner was settin' up in the cab big as life an' I wasn't hankerin' after no fight. Leastways with them guys; they was plenty husky lookin' But I done it anyhow. I got the engine."

"You got it?" asked Mr. Oates, despairingly. "Where?"

"Leastways, it's there to git," went on Mr. Connor hurriedly. "It's a-standin' down in front of the deppo all steamed up and ready to go. Anybody that knows how to drive it can take her off. The engineer and the fireman didn't put up no scrap a-tall. When I told 'em I was goin' to levy on their engine, they jist crawled out o' th' cab and laughed and told me to hop to it. It was a cinch."

"What did you do then?" asked Guy.

"Wal, I took it. Leastways, I guess I did. It's there settin' right in front o' the deppo spittin' steam and smoke out an' nobody in it. I got her all right."

"Well," said Guy, nonplused, "let it stay there a while. I've got to think things over."

"Cain't," said Mr. Connor doggedly, with a shade of anxiety creeping into his voice. "It's a-standin' on th' main line and th' limited is due thoo in a hour. You got to move it. The station agent says it ain't his property no more and he ain't goin' to be bothered with it."

"Hell!" said Mr. Oates, staring at Mr. Connor.

"He says if they's a wreck th' railroad won't be responsible," said Mr. Connor, finishing his story. "I would've parked th' dern thing somewhere, but I don't know how to run it. So I come here to tell you about it."

"Damn!" exclaimed Mr. Oates with fervor.

"When do I get my two-fifty?" asked Mr. Connor.

But Guy didn't stop to answer the question. He went down the stairs two to the jump and dogtrotted down to the railroad station. It wasn't a great distance; Mr. Oates was there inside of three minutes. The station agent saw him coming and awaited his arrival with a broad grin.

"Come to git your property?" he asked with evident enjoyment. "There she is. Run her off that main track in a hurry, kid, or they'll be plenty of hell to pay."

"Can you run a locomotive?" asked Guy abruptly.

"Some."

"Here's ten dollars. Get it off the main track onto a siding and the bill's yours."

"Nothin' doin'," said the agent, with an even broader grin, though he eyed the ten-spot with longing eyes. "Want me to lose my job?"

"No, I don't. But nobody'll know the difference." Guy waved the bill temptingly. "Three minutes' work to earn ten big bucks."

"Cain't do it," said the station master with decision. "I'd git the air sure. Orders is orders." He winked at Mr. Oates knowingly and made a barely perceptible gesture toward the station. Guy's eyes followed the direction and showed him Colonel Botts' unmistakable figure standing at attention in the shadows of the waiting room. Guy shifted his eyes quickly and pretended to have seen nothing. The last person he wanted to see in the world just at that moment was Colonel Botts.

"Fifty minutes more an' th' limited comes through," said the agent. "They ain't no way to stop it. It's done left Garden City an' it'll be smokin' through here to Worsham in no time. Better git that engine off'n the main track before somebody gits killed. Th' limited ain't due to stop here an' they'll be a fine mess if it plows into that locymotive."

Guy looked hopelessly around the railroad yards of the little junction. Far down the hill a diminutive switch engine puffed and snorted as it shunted cars on the sidings. Nearer to the station there were increasing signs of activity as preparations were made for the reception of the fast freight from the east. The station master walked off to his work. Guy stood for a moment in thought and then approached the steaming locomotive that the railroad had so willingly relinquished in satisfaction of Charley Webb's judgment. He crawled into the cab and looked with distrust at the strange levers and gauges. Once he stretched out a tentative hand toward the throttle, but drew it back quickly. Running a locomotive was beyond him. He crawled down from the cab and surveyed his white elephant with bitterness.

A lumbering motortruck ground up to the station at Guy's rear and stopped with a squeaking of brakes.

"Bill out these here boxes to Wickett," said a gruff voice. "Shake a leg and gimme th' bill o' ladin'. I got two more hauls to make before dark."

"O. K.," came back the voice of the station master. "Jist one second."

Guy started suddenly and slapped his leg. He shot a quick glance down the tracks toward the switch engine that still labored in the distance at its never-ending

(Continued on Page 49)

SOME years ago, Fisher introduced a most important innovation—the Ternstedt window regulator. Almost immediately the name "Ternstedt" became familiar to the American public. To the automobile industry itself, however, that name means far more than the ingenious device through which a motor car window is so easily controlled to the fraction of an inch. For the Ternstedt Manufacturing Company, a unit of the Fisher Body Corporation, is the world's largest manufacturer of automobile body hardware. It produces in enormous plants a complete line of Fisher quality locks, regulators, hinges, door handles, curtain rollers and all other body fittings and mechanical equipment. Fisher acquired and developed Ternstedt that it might control its own source of hardware supply as it controls production of various other materials used in building Fisher bodies

GENERAL MOTORS

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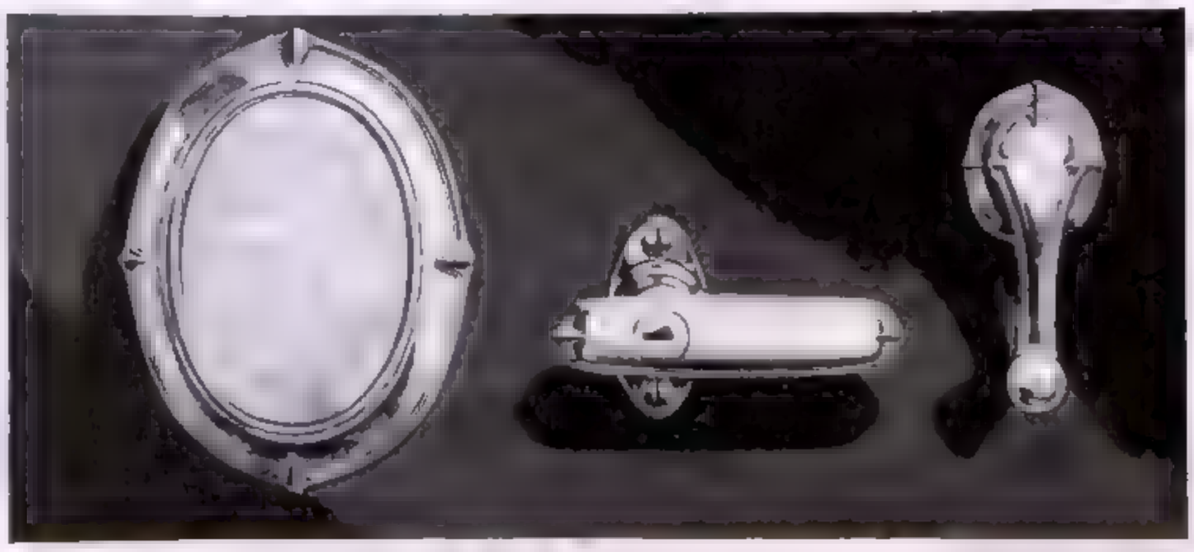
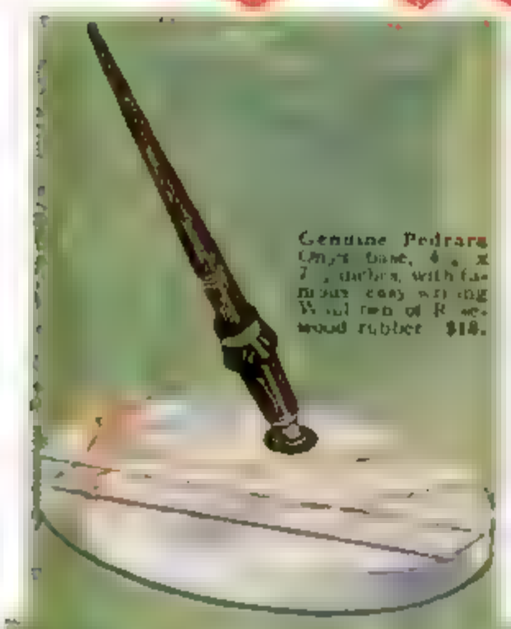
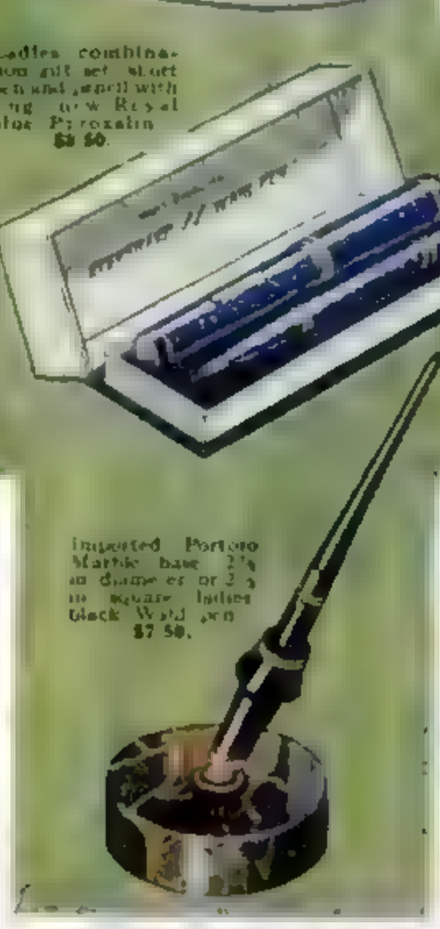


Gifts! new Gifts!





At the right the new straight-cap Eversharp and the new Wahl Five Spot pen in Rosewood rubber, one of six new colors, pencil $3 50, pen $5. Gold filled Wahl pen $8, standard gold-filled Eversharp $5.

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PENS AND PENCILS

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(Continued from Page 46)

task. He grinned broadly and fairly ran toward the platform.

"Hey!" he yelled to the station agent.

That gentleman paused and looked back. He smiled happily when his eyes fell on Mr. Oates.

"Just a minute," said Mr. Oates, with some excitement. "I've figured everything out and it's O. K. Make out your bill of lading and deliver that locomotive of mine over to that spur track that runs into Charley Webb's gravel pit."

"You're cuckoo," said the station master and spat.

"Cuckoo nothing," said Mr. Oates firmly. "Do what I tell you. I'm billing that locomotive out of here as freight."

"Freight!" exclaimed the station agent in disdain. "That ain't no freight. Whoever heard of sich a thing? That's the thing that pulls freight." He laughed, tilting his head back to get the full enjoyment of the ridiculous situation.

"You'll take it just the same," said Guy with conviction. "I'm offering it to you as freight and I'm here to pay for its movement in advance, if necessary. Take it or leave it. If the flyer smashes into it now, it's just your hard luck. Better snap into it."

The station agent ceased his hilarity, scratched his head and shot an appealing glance toward the waiting room. Colonel Botts strode majestically forth. There was a leer on his heavy features.

"Who's whupped now?" he asked evilly. "You levied on that there locymotive. It's yourn. Go and git it. If you don't, they's goin' to be a wreck here in a little bit and th' blood'll be on your head."

"Well, well," grinned Guy, looking Colonel Botts up and down with seeming surprise. "Look who's here. No, Captain Botts, you're all wet. The blood, if there is any, will be on your head. I've just ordered that engine billed out as a freight shipment. Get that! It's now up to the great Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern to do its stuff. I wash my hands of the whole business. I'm going on back up to town. By-bye. If I hear a big noise I'll come down and help you pick up the pieces."

Long restrained, Colonel Botts now blew up completely. "You gol-darned little whelp, you!" he spluttered. "Git your engine off the main line. We won't accept it as freight. You'll go to jail fer this."

"Lieutenant Botts," said Mr. Oates, with gravity, "don't get reckless. It won't be me who'll go to jail; it'll be you—you and some others. Remember that the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern is a common carrier just like any other railroad. Drop into the office and I'll show you the law on it. You can't refuse a freight shipment. If you don't get that locomotive off the main track before the limited comes through, it'll just be one big mistake in operation. If anybody's killed, somebody's apt to get hanged for it. I hope it'll be you, and I know it won't be me."

With this parting shot, Guy turned his back on Colonel Botts and walked toward his office in Cedarvale.

"We won't take it!" yelled Colonel Botts at Guy's back. "You kin go jist straight to hell! We won't take it!"

"All right, corporal, it's your funeral!" Mr. Oates yelled back; and laughed loudly so that Colonel Botts would be sure to hear.

■

GUY did go back to town, as he had declared his intention of doing. But it was not from motives of indifference. He went to his office and put in a long-distance call. Three minutes later he had his connection. The conversation was brief, but Guy hung up the receiver with a smile of content. Then he hurried back to the station.

Colonel Botts and the station master were still the central figures in the little drama on the platform. Guy noted that they were in heated conversation. The station agent seemed anxious, even nervous, but Colonel Botts was held by no such mild emotions. Fury seethed in his soul; he was boiling. The back of his three-ply neck was scarlet and he gestured vehemently as he expounded his position to the station master. The latter was deprecatory, but insistent. A curious crowd stood back at a comfortable distance, watching the proceedings with eager interest.

As Guy stepped upon the platform a small figure shot past him from the waiting-room door and scurried over toward the altercating pair. The agent bent down and took the call boy's message. It was evidently urgent; he hastened inside. But he was gone for only a few seconds. He reappeared in a jiffy at the station door and yelled something. Colonel Botts turned.

"It's you they want!" he informed Colonel Botts.

"Who does?" asked Botts belligerently.

"The railroad commissioner's office at Austin!" sang out the station master, who had apparently suddenly recovered his sang-froid. "An' they said to shake a leg. They want you right now."

Colonel Botts knit his brows fiercely and answered the summons with defiant deliberation. Sensing something good, the crowd closed in, gathering in a knot at the window and pressing around the open door of the waiting room. They saw Colonel Botts enter the telephone booth and pull the door to viciously behind him. Only a segment of the colonel's person was vouchsafed the crowd through the pay station's dirty glass, but that partial view was enough. It was evident that the message he was receiving from Austin was not of a pleasant nature. A few moments passed and then Colonel Botts emerged, streaming with perspiration which he could but partially stem with his large bandanna handkerchief.

But the Colonel Botts who came out of the telephone booth was not the lordly Botts who had dived into it shortly before. The angry flush that a few seconds ago had suffused his heavy cheeks had now given way to a grayish pallor. He glanced at his watch nervously as the station agent drew near. They compared timepieces and gave mutual hurried directions.

Ten seconds later, to the huge delight of the assembled throng, which cheered the performance ecstatically, Colonel Botts, with his large red bandanna in his hand, began pounding heavily down the tracks in the direction of Garden City to flag the rapidly approaching flyer. The station agent, in just as much haste, scrambled frantically up into the cab of the locomotive which had caused all the trouble, and began feverishly working at the levers.

But the crowd's eyes were not upon the amateur engineer. A much more sporting event claimed their attention. For Colonel Botts, against his will and better judgment, was turning in an impromptu quarter-of-a-mile sprint that couldn't help but speed up the pulses of the most blasé. Clad still in his Prince Albert coat and his broad-brimmed slouch hat, which he hadn't had time to doff for the occasion, the eminent attorney of the Sulphur Bottom and Northeastern plowed his steaming way down between the glistening rails, deaf to the jeers of the throng behind him, intent only upon keeping a tryst with the imperiled limited.

Twice Colonel Botts bit the dust as his flying heels failed to clear the up-jutting ties. In his first spill he lost his hat, but he got up and went on without it. When he went down the second time the excited crowd at the station thought it was the end. But such a thing as throwing up the sponge was not included in the colonel's repertoire. He had a job to save, as well as a train. He struggled to his feet once more, recovered his fluttering bandanna from the right of way and plodded ponderously on. Those who brought the good news from Ghent to Aix strove no more nobly than the colonel as he took the bad news from Cedarvale in the general direction of Garden City. Gradually his figure grew smaller in the distance and then, simultaneously with the warning shriek of the approaching limited, it disappeared around the bend.

As Colonel Botts went out of sight behind the peninsula of intervening trees that marked the beginning of the S curve a quarter of a mile away, the smoke of the limited suddenly spurted above the branches of green. Then the round black nose of the locomotive shot into sight and the intermittent hiss of its air brakes could be plainly heard at the station. Colonel Botts had given the signal. But stopping a heavy train clipping it off at sixty miles an hour is no easy job in the space of a quarter of a mile. The crowd on the platform fell silent and watched tensely. The station master had proved to be a ham as an engineer; he still worked manfully, but the locomotive stood stolidly in its tracks. It depended altogether upon the engineer of the limited as to whether the side show would be tragedy or comedy.

But the engineer on the limited knew his job or else this would have been a different story. A scant fifty feet from the offending locomotive, the seething passenger train finally came to a jerky, grinding stop. The grimy occupants of the cab leaned far out of their window and hurled heartfelt and insulting epithets at the station agent. A small army of trainmen dropped from the sides of the long passenger train and bunched as it came forward on the run. And from the rearmost car a tall man wearing a silk hat and a Prince Albert coat dropped stiffly to the ground and walked forward hastily.

The milling group around the station master's engine had grown menacing by the time the man in the silk hat arrived. But his appearance on the scene had an instant effect. The trainmen fell back, whispering to one another. The tall gentleman strode to the center of the throng and glanced to all sides with a quick eye.

"Who's the old guy with the stovepipe and Mother Hubbard?" Guy asked a smutty brakeman who stood near.

"Sh-h," whispered the brakeman hoarsely, "that's Benson, the big brass hat of the whole works."

Just then the silk-hatted gentleman's gruff voice spoke in a tone of angry authority. "Who's responsible for this?" he demanded at large.

A thick blanket of silence followed this inquiry. Mr. Benson's eyes rested accusingly on the station master. That worthy looked down in sickly fashion from the cab, but said nothing. Guy relieved the suspense.

"Here he comes!" he yelled gleefully, pointing down the track. "Ask Botts—he knows!" All eyes followed his finger.

A hundred or more yards away a very dejected and a very dirty Colonel Botts stumbled toward the crowd. His head sagged on his chest, his arms were swinging low, gorilla fashion, and his thick legs struggled manfully to keep pace with his oncoming paunch.

The crowd separated, grinning. Mr. Benson faced himself in Colonel Botts' direction, planted his feet wide apart and, with arms akimbo, grimly waited his coming.

Judge Baldwin walked leisurely to his office door next morning and glanced carelessly across the street. Suddenly his gaze became riveted. Young Mr. Oates was lying on his stomach across the window sill of his office, balancing himself perilously while he draped his black and gold shingle with festoons of gay-colored bunting. Judge Baldwin sauntered over and looked up. Guy met his gaze and chuckled.

"What's th' big idee?" asked Judge Baldwin. "Think this is th' Fo'th o' July or somethin'?"

"No," said Guy cheerfully. "It's just a little private celebration of my own." And he added: "In honor of Mr. Blackstone."

"Blackstone? Never heard o' him," vouchsafed Judge Baldwin. "Some relative o' yourn, huh?"

"Relative in law only," corrected Guy gravely. "But I always thought a mighty lot of him."

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NEW YORK TO YONKERS IN A DAY

(Continued from Page 15)

friends and relatives of the participants. Some were recognizable as members of the skeptical coaching set, gayly joshing their foolish friends who had backed the new machines. There were quite a few photographers—probably from the press—busy clicking their cameras, and the whole scene was incredibly bright and exciting.

The real center of interest, however, was, of course, the row of "automobubbles" drawn up along the curb, and the sight of those strange vehicles struck terror to my heart. In one of the monsters it was my fate to be carried away to unimaginable adventure. My knees felt weak and it was with difficulty that I kept a smile fixed upon my face. I would have given anything in the world to be able to back out of my promise. How like, and yet how unlike, carriages those dreadful chariots looked! There were seven of them, and I wondered in which I was about to be forced to travel.

Not that there seemed to be much choice. All were distinguished from ordinary human conveyances mainly by the abrupt vacancy occurring immediately beyond the dashboard, which was like that of any ordinary surrey or runabout, even to the whip socket on the right-hand side. But beyond this leather barrier there was nothing—just an empty space where the horses ought to be. Whatever the mechanism which propelled these monsters, it was apparently concealed under the seats and in the body, which was much thicker in bulk than an ordinary carriage. On the side, under the front seat, hung a mysterious handle from a shutter-like contrivance, and I guessed astutely that one wound up the machinery with that.

The mud guards were of leather, and just like any other mud guards; and at the rear of each auto a little flight of steps had been let down, giving access to the back seats; and the steering bar in front was a sort of cross between a boat's tiller and the handle of a spade. But these monsters of the road were beautiful in a way, with their bright varnish, their lamps of shining brass, and deep leather upholstery. They looked comfortable, too, for the rubber tires on the wheels were of a thickness equalizing a large Bologna sausage. I was simply dying to get into one, but then, on the other hand, I didn't want to die young. And while I stood silently, torn by these thoughts, suspense came to an end. Mr. McAllister was making his way toward us through the crowds, accompanied by a much younger man who I instantly realized was our host.

"May I present Mr. de Witt?" said Mr. McAllister, an old friend of mamma's. "Mrs. Wilcox, Miss Wilcox. And Cadet Northfort."

First Mr. de Witt, a godlike youth in a brown-and-white checked waistcoat with a handsome gold chain across it, a white piqué stock about his throat and a red carnation in the buttonhole of his duster, murmured something automatically correct about it being awfully good of us, and then it was Cadet Northfort's turn. Under his duster he wore his glove-fitting uniform, and my heart gave a great bound of delight. Cadet Northfort seemed to realize at once that I was human, whereas De Witt had the true society manner, and besides, at the moment it was plain that he regarded us solely as part of his accessories for the great race, and nothing else.

"Well, if you're ready," he said, "we'd better get in our places. The judges say it is nearly time to start."

No backing out now. In a daze we followed him to his machine, and mamma was first assisted up the back steps into the rear part. Cadet Northfort climbed in with her, pulled the little ladder up behind him and fastened the brass hooks which transformed it into a seat. I was then assisted to my place of unearned honor on the box. We adjusted our goggles and buttoned our dusters. A whistle blew and the car in front of us gave out a roar. Then, with a great clanging of bells, it moved off, apparently of its own accord.

"We're next!" shouted my host grimly. "Everything ready, Fort? All right! Zowie, we're off!"

He gave a frantic turn to the handle at the side of our auto and sprang into his seat just as the whistle blew a second time. Then we began to move, Mr. de Witt stamping on the gong with all his might and steering us through the crowds with the skill of a yachtsman in a regatta. The noise of the machines was so great that it almost drowned out the cheers of the spectators and the music of the band on the hotel balcony, which was appropriately rendering one of the most popular hits of the day:

To the church we'll quickly steal
And the wedding bells will peal;
You can go as far as you like with me
In my merry Oldsmobile!

It was incredible how swiftly and easily we moved. Underneath me I could feel the throbbing of the great engine; the clang of our warning signal sent pedestrians hopping and horses shying. I wanted to yell "Skiddoo for you!" but felt Mr. de Witt would not think it ladylike. In a jiffy we were passing the new Waldorf Hotel, and almost before I had left off gazing up its immense façade we were passing the old-fashioned houses between Fortieth and Forty-second streets, set back in their gardens that fronted the grim Egyptian dignity of the Reservoir. On and on we went through the gaping crowds. A bus man drew one of the Fifth Avenue stages safely to the curb as we flew by. The stately residences of the fashionable gazed on us with blank windows, but there were curious crowds at the Hotel Brunswick, and the Fifth Avenue Club windows were jammed. Then the green of Central Park gleamed ahead. We could see the car which had started before us rounding the Plaza. A horse car on the Fifty-ninth Street line drew up to let us pass and a group of children at the entrance to the Zoo gave us a cheer. Then we were in the comparatively quiet regions of the park itself.

"Not frightened, are you?" asked my companion from behind his goggles.

"No, indeed!" I lied. "I think it's simply great. I am dippy about autoing. What a fine car this is!"

"It's a humdinger," he replied. "Ellis, the chap who has the steamer ahead of us there, thinks he's got me licked, but we'll show him our dust yet!"

"Oh, I hope we do!" I said between jounces. "I think mechanics are wonderful. Do explain your car to me." I could see at once that I had started him on the right track, for autos were evidently his hobby.

"Well," said he, "this is a horizontal motor, and it's got a two-speed planetary gear and interchangeable motor bearings. Its cylinder is five by five, developing nine horse power, and it's water-cooled."

"Nine horse power!" I said intelligently. "How fascinating! Then you ought to be able to beat Uncle Robo's four horses. Do tell me some more, for I adore learning about autos."

"I don't really know a great deal," he admitted modestly, "but this gig has some excellent points. For instance, she has a variable inlet control and a pressure oil distributor on the piston. I've got one of those new copper water jackets, too, and it's a jump-spark ignition. See that thing on the dash? That's the spark coil."

This was absolute Greek to me, but I had to say something, so I played safe.

"How much gasoline can you carry?" I asked earnestly.

"Seven gallons," he told me, convinced that I was an uncommonly intelligent girl—without, I hoped, considering me a bluestocking. "Yes, she carries seven gallons. But of course for a trip like this I have extra cans in the back. It's a shame, with the number of autos that are being made every day, that it is so hard to buy gasoline on the road. Our tank only holds three gallons of water, but of course that's a comparatively easy problem. And since you are interested, I'll explain about the lights. You'll notice that I haven't got the ordinary oil lamps."

"No!" said I, deeply impressed. "What makes them work then?"

"Carbide," Mr. de Witt informed me. "You carry along the powder and mix it with the water yourself. Then you've got to light it quickly. It's way ahead of the oil lamps. Why, I've driven all the way down from New Rochelle at night with them and the road was clear as moonlight. Perfectly black night too."

"But I'm afraid I don't yet see what makes it go," said I.

"Well, it's quite simple," said he. "There is a large flywheel that forms a sort of reservoir for the surplus energy of the impulse stroke of the motor, and a flexible spring drive between the motor and the transmission changes the variable pull of the engine into an even drive of the rear wheels. Do you understand now?"

"Oh, perfectly!" I exclaimed. "Thank you so much for explaining. I hope you don't mind me asking these ignorant questions."

"Not at all," he said politely.

At McGown's Pass Tavern in the Park we were forced to stop while Mr. de Witt crawled underneath the machine. Fortunately we had no audience to this, and we made conversation to cover the embarrassment. Then presently he emerged, brushed the dust off and informed us that it was that elastic-stop diaphragm carburetor again. He and Cadet Northfort nodded wisely as at an anticipated difficulty and we were off, being passed on the up grade of the next hill by a group of laughing bicyclists, two of whom were particularly objectionable in their mirth—a tough boy and a girl in a common red tam, on a tandem bike.

"Get a horse!" they yelled. "Get a horse!"

But as soon as we reached the down grade we quickly outdistanced them, and before long were in Shantyland at One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, headed westward to the Hudson River through a wilderness of hovels, goats, truck patches, junk yards, and very low-class inhabitants, mostly squatters, whose remarks at our progress were fortunately drowned by the gong which Mr. de Witt, with great delicacy and tact, kept clanging as less offensive to our ears than the language of these people. Shortly after noontime we were bounding along Lafayette Avenue in the open country. As we entered this good stretch of graveled road with its sheltering trees, a huge relief after the cobblestones of Harlem, the car which had started behind us came into view.

"There's Jimmy Breeze!" cried Mr. de Witt. "Now I'd better open up the power. Mind your hat!"

At that we simply flew forward, not a foot less than twenty miles an hour. And his warning about my hat was timely. In the calm of the apartment, mother and I had, we thought, made sure that our hats were on firmly. Our hair had been done up with great care, the rats under the pompadour wound on with unusual snugness, and a number of extra hairpins had been employed. Then the hair had been pinned to the brim of the hat in half a dozen places, to supplement the four long hatpins. A chenille-dotted veil drawn tightly under the chin formed another anchor, and the chiffon motor veils, bound tightly over all, seemed to fix the hat immovably. But now I perceived of how little avail all these precautions had been. With the increase in speed the wind got under the wide brim and raised havoc. The hat strained at its moorings like a captive balloon. Hairpins slid down my cheeks and my hairs pulled at the roots painfully, even when I held on with one hand while the other was busily occupied trying to keep the long, fluttering ends of the pink chiffon veil out of my mouth and eyes. Despite everything, this veil kept coming loose at intervals, and to retie it while racing along like that was no easy matter. The chiffon seemed to have developed a deviltry of its own and I could not repress a strong exclamation of annoyance.

"Fudge!" I said forcibly, struggling with that suffocating pink cloud. "Oh, fudge!" But I took good care that Mr. de Witt did not hear me. However, there was not much danger, since he was wholly occupied with the auto. Mr. Breeze was gaining on us steadily, and it needed all Mr. de Witt's efforts to keep ahead. My heart beat high with excitement. Oh, we must not let him pass! And we didn't. A mile farther on, Cadet Northfort called out the heartening news that something had gone wrong with the Breeze car.

"He's stopped by the wayside," called Mr. Northfort, "and he's crawling under!"

"Zowie!" cried Mr. de Witt. "Hurrah!" And with that we all four burst into triumphant song on a simultaneous impulse:

"He had to get under,
Get out and get under,
To fix up his automobile!"

As the melody died away we all laughed heartily. This broke the ice, and the trip, which had started out rather a frost, turned out to be a whopper. Under their formal exteriors these society boys were just human after all, full of high spirits, and the excitement which we were all sharing soon made us feel like old friends. This became even more evident at lunchtime. Just below Riverdale Mr. de Witt slowed down and stopped in the shade of a large elm tree.

"We are allowed an hour for luncheon by Mr. Montgomery's rules," said the host. "But I'd like to make it half an hour, if you don't mind. And I had my man put up a few sandwiches which I thought we might eat here in the open, since practically all the roadhouses on this route are also saloons, and I thought in consequence you ladies would prefer an *al fresco* meal."

Little cries of delight welcomed this announcement, and we all climbed out of the car. It was a beautiful spot he had chosen, thickly wooded, with the Hudson gleaming through the trees on the one hand and the hills towering above us on the other. There was scarcely a house in sight, although distantly one glimpsed among the tree tops the stately mansard roof of someone's country residence, and above us waved a flag on the roof of the Abbey, a roadhouse famous as the resort of sporting men. The peace and beauty were a rare treat that was not lessened by a delicious repast. During it I had my first opportunity to talk with Cadet Northfort.

"It must be wonderful to live on the Hudson," I said. "Which way is West Point from here?"

"Much farther up," said he. "You've never been there?"

"No, but I'm simply wild to see it."

"Nina's had lots of invitations to go up," mother chimed in, "but she's never been able to accept; she's so popular, you know, her time is practically filled."

"West Point is absolutely corking," said Northfort. "You ought to come up, really!"

"Do tell me all about it," I begged. "It must be so interesting. I do think being a soldier is the noblest profession!"

"If he told you all about it we'd never reach Yonkers tonight," declared Mr. de Witt. I felt annoyed with that. It was queering my very good start with the cadet. But Mr. de Witt was already gathering up the luncheon things. All he cared about was that old car of his. Reluctantly we got back into our places and started off again.

And after that, conversation languished while we concentrated on ignoring the discomforts of this form of travel which, after the luncheon rest, seemed somehow more acute.

But I was less nervous now. After all, the most dangerous thing which an automobile seemed to do was to stop. We stopped to put in more gasoline, we stopped to renew the water, and at intervals the elastic in the carburetor, or whatever it was, snapped or something, and one or the other of the boys had to crawl under and fix it up. But on the whole we had better luck than most of our competitors. There were the anxious moments when we lost time, but there were moments of triumph, too, as when, on the long hill at Riverdale, we crawled past the first car, the steamer, which was hopelessly unable to make the grade. The occupants—friends of De Witt's—shook their fists at us in mock rage as we left them behind.

"Get a horse!" we called back almost as rudely and mirthfully as the kids that yelled at us. "Get a horse, get a wagon, get a hitch!"

"By jingoes, there's one of them out of the way!" said Mr. de Witt with enthusiasm.

"Give her the juice, Witty!" called Northfort. "She'll get up, all right! Why, she's doing five right now! She'll make the grade!"

Up that steep hill, faster than a horse could walk it! Wonderful! But our triumph was short-lived. There came a chugging and snorting behind us and we at once looked back to see if the steamer had taken on a new lease of life. But it was another car, a Pope-Hartford, driven, so it was explained to me, by old Colonel Pope himself. Soon he was right behind us, clanging his bell. Perforce, Mr. de Witt steered a little to one side, putting on all the pressure he could, while the intruder came abreast of us. The dust was terrible. I was thankful for my goggles and held the end of my veil over my mouth.

Neck to neck we climbed to the crest of the hill amidst terrific noise, and then, as the drop into Riverdale Village was reached, the Pope-Hartford, a heavier machine, plunged ahead, leaving us enveloped in a cloud of dust.

"I'll catch him or bust!" said De Witt grimly, and off we started at a frightful speed. I gripped the rail of the seat and braced my feet close to the dashboard for the perilous descent. My hat lifted and dropped alarmingly, but I could not let go the side rail to grab hold of it.

I was so terrified that I remember nothing for several moments, until our auto slowed down in the village street, and just in time, too, for there, ahead of us, was Colonel Pope, in trouble with the town policeman. Approaching slowly, we drew up beside him.

"What's the matter?" asked Mr. de Witt. "Can I be of any help?"

"He come down that hill at forty miles an hour, that's what's the matter!" said the constable. "And I'm gonner pinch him for it!"

There followed considerable argument, during which, rather to my surprise, Mr. de Witt took sides with the colonel, acting as intermediary on his behalf. He certainly was a prince of a good fellow, a real good sport, and in the end he got the colonel off by explaining the nature of the competition to the copper and appealing to his love of fair play. So at last, on a promise of good behavior, the colonel was let go free, the copper cranked both cars for us, and off we started, neck to neck once more, amidst the cheers and jeers of the little crowd of villagers which had gathered to watch the controversy. A hundred yards on, the Pope-Hartford shot ahead, and try as we might, we could not catch her. Then came the reward of generosity, for just beyond the town our rival came to a dead stop. Once more we came abreast and offered help.

"I'm afraid there is nothing you can do this time," said Colonel Pope ruefully. He was a heavy man with a square beard and looked very like the pictures of King Henry VIII. He was standing by his auto and regarding the right-hand rear tire mournfully. It was split wide by a broken glass bottle. "Here I am, and here I stay, I guess!" he continued. "But from now on, Pope-Hartfords are going to have a place to carry an extra tire, in spite of what my manager tells me about such a thing being wholly unnecessary!"

After expressing a sympathy the sincerity of which was not untinged with satisfaction, we were "on our way," as the slang expression has it, with no one to take our dust except a few frightened horses, whose owners dismounted at our approach and held their beasts as best they could. One twosing couple in a runabout nearly had a runaway on our account, and we waited until sure that the frightened lovers were safe before continuing. Fortunately, however, there were few people on the road, as this was mostly a farming district. The cows in the pastures were scared simply pink by us, but I no longer shared their terrors. I felt as if I had always been riding in an auto—as if the bumping, the noise, the struggle with my hat were a part of ordinary life and would continue indefinitely.

We were now so far ahead of all the rest that the race seemed practically ours, and conversation died while we set down to the grim purpose of ending the last lap as quickly as possible, the more so as Mr. de Witt made the alarming discovery that he had forgotten the powder for his carbide lamps and it would be absolutely necessary for us to reach Yonkers before dark. Our precarious situation failed to thrill me, however. I was too tired to care much, and besides, anyone could see that, having exhausted mechanics as a topic of conversation, I was making very little personal impression on my host—a fact which made me feel absolutely flat.

At a watering trough where we stopped to fill, mamma and I changed places. But in the rear seat, which the uncertain nature of the brass catch made distinctly uneasy, I did not get on much better than I had in front. I wished that corsets and patent-leather shoes had never been invented and that I had never been born. Or at least that I had been born a man, so that all I had to do about marriage was to try and escape it. Cadet Northfort said nothing further about West Point. In fact he said nothing at all, and even the glorious sunset into which we were riding furnished only a brief subject for polite conversation. Then, just as the situation was becoming intolerable, the evening star shone in the roseate sky. I started softly humming, for I had been told I had a sweet voice:

"My evening star,
I wonder what you are,
Set up so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
No matter what I do-oo,
I can't get up to you-oo,
So come down from thar,
My evening star!"

At the first bar Cadet Northfort joined me in a high, close-fitting tenor. And the last line died on the evening air in the sharpest possible barber-shop agony.

"Isn't that a peach?" he murmured enthusiastically. "Did you hear Lillian Russell sing it?"

I had, at a stolen matinée in Buffalo, but I thought it more discreet to deny having attended a Weber and Fields burlesque show.

"Let's try another, and I'll show you a corking good 'swipe,'" he suggested, and started the tune:

"Star light, star bright,
Very first star I've seen tonight,
Tell me truly all I want to know.
Does the girl whom I adore
Love me less or love me more?
Star light, star bright,
Tell me is ——"

We were rudely interrupted by the approach of another automobile. It was coming from behind us, and it was coming like sixty. An instant alarm electrified us all into life. Mr. de Witt took a new grip on his lever and we jumped into fresh effort. But to no avail. The auto, whatever it was, kept gaining. In the twilight its lamps glowed like the eyes of a dragon as it bore down upon us, and with the increasing dusk we, without lamps, were forced to drive cautiously and eventually to get out of the way and allow the monster to pass. I could scarcely tell if its going were a relief or a disappointment. Over his shoulder Mr. de Witt flung back information as he went ahead at top speed.

"It's Breeze!" he shouted. "The big Swede, he'll get in ahead of us! Confound these lights of mine!"

"Do your worst, Witty!" yelled Northfort encouragingly. Then to me: "Poor old Witty, I hope we make it! He's such a prince, I'd like to see him win!"

Suddenly the lights of Yonkers shone ahead. We had almost reached our goal and now we fairly galloped toward it. Ahead of us roared the other car, and it appeared as if Mr. de Witt was perfectly willing to risk the lives and limbs of his passengers in the vain effort to overtake it. We swayed from side to side. We bounded. The engine sputtered and breathed heavily. A sudden down grade lent us speed, and I expected at any moment to be bounced out. Then, at last, there was Uncle Robo's gateway with the stone lions on the posts, the brightly lighted mansion glittering at the end of the drive. The other auto went in ahead of us, but despite difficulties, we followed a close second, and drew up behind our more fortunate competitor.

Under the porte-cochère, in the blaze of light from the big gas chandelier in the hall, Uncle Robo stood to welcome the winner, slightly tipsy and highly enthusiastic. He held the prize, an enormous silver loving-cup, in his hands, the wine from it slopping over onto his highly polished boots, and around him pressed an eager throng of fashionable ladies and gentlemen in noisy greeting.

As Mr. Breeze stepped from his auto Uncle Robo let out a hoarse shout.

"My boy, you have beaten my record by two hours!" he said with generous sportsmanship. "I give you the—hic—cup! Three cheers for Jimmy Breeze!"

The race was over and we had lost. Nobody paid very much attention to our arrival, or to Mr. de Witt's explanation that if he had remembered to bring the carbide powder, his car could have easily made better time than the other.

As I changed my bodice for dinner and pinned my newly groomed puffs to my freshened coiffure, I felt very low in my mind. True, I had had an enviable experience and my name would shine in the society columns tomorrow. But what personal progress had I made? None, so far as mother's good opinion was concerned, and I dreaded the questions which I knew she would put to me before we slept that night. I was a failure. I just didn't seem able to attract invitations from men, much less offers of marriage, as other girls did, no matter how carefully I practiced all the accepted formulas for success. Mamma would be particularly annoyed with me in this instance, and in order to avoid her questioning as long as possible I hurried with my toilet and went downstairs to look at the moon from the terrace overhanging the river, and ponder on whether it would not really be simpler to end it all, and if mamma would pity my poor young lifeless corpse when she realized that I had died rather than go on disappointing her?

As I was standing there alone, I heard a masculine footstep behind me, and presently was face to face with Cadet Northfort. He looked extraordinarily handsome in the moonlight, his uniform buttons gleaming like jewels, his carriage so thrillingly soldierly.

"I was just looking at the moon," said I stupidly.

"Oh, but you ought to see it from West Point," he replied. "It's much prettier up there."

"I'd adore to!" I replied, but without hope.

"Would you really?" he said, coming closer. "I say, would you think I had an awful nerve if I asked you something? You've been such a good sport today I thought I might ——"

"Go on!" I said breathlessly.

"Well, you see, I'd asked Rosamond up for the dance next week. She's got the mumps, you know, but her card is all filled out. Deuced embarrassing for me. But if you would be kind enough to come in her place ——"

Would I be kind! Relief flooded me and I tossed all my plans for an early death right over my shoulder into the moon. What a bit of news for mother! And with a guilty thrill I decided I would let her think I had won the invitation solely on my charms. Not that I wanted to have any secrets from mamma, but then, every girl has her pride.

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DODGE BROTHERS
MOTOR CARS

A SHORT TRIP HOME

(Continued from Page 7)

The night slipped on through successive phases of paper caps and cardboard horns, amateur tableaux and flash lights for the morning papers. Then was the grand march and supper, and about two o'clock some of the committee dressed up as revenue agents pinched the party, and a facetious newspaper was distributed, burlesquing the events of the evening. And all the time out of the corner of my eye I watched the shining orchid on Ellen's shoulder as it moved like Stuart's plume about the room. I watched it with a definite foreboding until the last sleepy groups had crowded into the elevators, and then, bundled to the eyes in great shapeless fur coats, drifted out into the clear dry Minnesota night.

II

THERE is a sloping mid-section of our city which lies between the residence quarter on the hill and the business district on the level of the river. It is a vague part of town, broken by its climb into triangles and odd shapes—there are names like Seven Corners—and I don't believe a dozen people could draw an accurate map of it, though everyone traversed it by trolley, auto or shoe leather twice a day. And though it was a busy section, it would be hard for me to name the business that comprised its activity. There were always long lines of trolley cars waiting to start somewhere; there was a big movie theater and many small ones with posters of Hoot Gibson and Wonder Dogs and Wonder Horses outside; there were small stores with Old King Brady and the Liberty Boys of '76 in the windows, and marbles, cigarettes and candy inside; and—one definite place at least—a fancy costumer whom we all visited at least once a year. Sometime during boyhood I became aware that one side of a certain obscure street there was blackly questionable, and all through the district were pawnshops, cheap jewelers, small sporting clubs and gymnasiums and somewhat too blatantly run-down saloons.

The morning after the Cotillion Club party, I woke up late and lazy, with the happy feeling that for a day or two more there was no chapel, no classes—nothing to do but wait for another party tonight. It was crisp and bright—one of those days when you forget how cold it is until your cheek freezes—and the events of the evening before seemed dim and far away. After luncheon I started downtown on foot through a light, pleasant snow of small flakes that would probably fall all afternoon, and I was about half through that halfway section of town—so far as I know, there's no name for it—when suddenly whatever idle thought was in my head blew away like a hat and I began thinking hard of Ellen Baker. I began worrying about her as I'd never worried about anything except myself before. I began to loiter, with an instinct to go up on the hill again and find her and talk to her; then I remembered that she was at a tea, and I went on again, but still thinking of her, and harder than before. Right then the affair opened up again.

It was snowing, I said, and it was four o'clock on a December afternoon, when there is a promise of darkness in the air and the street lamps are just going on. I passed a combination pool parlor and restaurant, with a stove loaded with hot dogs in the window, and a few loungers hanging around the door. The lights were on inside—not bright lights but just a few pale yellow ones high up on the ceiling—and the glow they threw out into the frosty dusk wasn't so bright that you weren't tempted to stare inside. As I went past, thinking hard of Ellen all this time, I took in the quartet of loafers out of the corner of my eye. I hadn't gone half a dozen steps down the street when one of them called to me, not by name but in a way clearly intended for my ear. I thought it was a tribute to my raccoon coat and paid no attention, but a moment later whoever it was called to me again in a peremptory voice. I was annoyed and turned around. There, standing in the group not ten feet away and looking at me with the same half sneer on his face with which he'd looked at Joe Jelke, was the hard, thin-faced fellow of the night before.

He had on a black fancy-cut coat, buttoned up to his neck as if he were cold. His hands were deep in his pockets and he wore a derby and high button shoes. I was startled, and for a moment I hesitated, but I was most of all angry, and knowing that I was quicker with my hands than Joe Jelke, I took a tentative step back toward him. The other men weren't looking at me—I don't think they saw me at all—but I knew that this one recognized me; there was nothing casual about his look, no mistake.

"Here I am. What are you going to do about it?" his eyes seemed to say.

I took another step toward him and he laughed soundlessly, but with active contempt, and drew back into the group. I followed. I was going to speak to him—I wasn't sure what I was going to say—but when I came up he had either changed his mind and backed off, or else he wanted me to follow him inside, for he had slipped off and the three men watched my intent approach without curiosity. They were the same kind—sporty, but, unlike him, smooth rather than truculent; I didn't find any personal malice in their collective glance.

"Did he go inside?" I asked.

They looked at one another in that cagy way; a wink passed between them, and after a perceptible pause, one said:

"Who go inside?"

"I don't know his name."

There was another wink. Annoyed and determined, I walked past them and into the pool room. There were a few people at a lunch counter along one side and a few more playing billiards, but he was not among them.

Again I hesitated. If his idea was to lead me into any blind part of the establishment—there were some half-open doors farther back—I wanted more support. I went up to the man at the desk.

"What became of the fellow who just walked in here?"

Was he on his guard immediately, or was that my imagination?

"What fellow?"

"Thin face—derby hat."

"How long ago?"

"Oh—a minute."

He shook his head again. "Don't know him," he said.

I waited. The three men from outside had come in and were lined up beside me at the counter. I felt that all of them were looking at me in a peculiar way. Feeling helpless and increasingly uneasy, I turned suddenly and went out. A little way down the street I turned around and took a good look at the place, so I'd know it and could find it again. On the next corner I broke impulsively into a run, found a taxicab in front of the hotel and drove back up the hill.

Ellen wasn't home. Mrs. Baker came downstairs and talked to me. She seemed entirely cheerful and proud of Ellen's beauty, and ignorant of anything being amiss or of anything unusual having taken place the night before. She was glad that vacation was almost over—it was a strain and Ellen wasn't very strong. Then she said something that relieved my mind enormously. She was glad that I had come in, for of course Ellen would want to see me, and the time was so short. She was going back at half-past eight tonight.

"Tonight!" I exclaimed. "I thought it was the day after tomorrow."

"She's going to visit the Brokaws in Chicago," Mrs. Baker said. "They want her for some party. We just decided it today. She's leaving with the Ingersoll girls tonight."

I was so glad I could barely restrain myself from shaking her hand. Ellen was safe. It had been nothing all along but a moment of the most casual adventure. I felt like an idiot, but I realized how much I cared about Ellen and how little I could endure anything terrible happening to her.

"She'll be in soon?"

"Any minute now. She just phoned from the University Club."

I said I'd be over later—I lived almost next door and I wanted to be alone. Outside I remembered I didn't have a key, so I started up the Bakers' driveway to take the old cut we used in childhood through the intervening yard. It was still snowing, but the flakes were bigger now against the darkness, and trying to locate the buried walk I noticed that the Bakers' back door was ajar.

I scarcely know why I turned and walked into that kitchen. There was a time when I would have known the Bakers' servants by name. That wasn't true now, but they knew me, and I was aware of a sudden suspension as I came in—not only a suspension of talk but of some mood or expectation that had filled them. They began to go to work too quickly; they made unnecessary movements and clamor—those three. The parlor maid looked at me in a frightened way and I suddenly guessed she was waiting to deliver another message. I beckoned her into the pantry.

"I know all about this," I said. "It's a very serious business. Shall I go to Mrs. Baker now, or will you shut and lock that back door?"

"Don't tell Mrs. Baker, Mr. Stinson!"

"Then I don't want Miss Ellen disturbed. If she is—and if she is I'll know of it ——" I delivered some outrageous threat about going to all the employment agencies and seeing she never got another job in the city. She was thoroughly intimidated when I went out; it wasn't a minute before the back door was locked and bolted behind me.

Simultaneously I heard a big car drive up in front, chains crunching on the soft snow; it was bringing Ellen home, and I went in to say good-by.

Joe Jelke and two other boys were along, and none of the three could manage to take their eyes off her, even to say hello. She had one of those exquisite rose skins frequent in our part of the country, and beautiful until the little veins begin to break at about forty, and the cold had lit it to a lovely flame, like the thrilling flush of children after their cold baths in the evening. She and Joe had reached some sort of reconciliation, or at least he was too far gone in love to remember last night; but I saw that though she laughed a lot she wasn't really paying any attention to him or any of them. She wanted them to go, so that there'd be a message from the kitchen, but I knew the message wasn't coming—that she was safe. There was talk of the Pump and Slipper dance at New Haven and of the Princeton Prom, and then, in various moods, we four men left and separated quickly outside. I walked home with a certain depression of spirit and lay for an hour in a hot bath thinking that vacation was all over for me now that she was gone; feeling, even more deeply than I had yesterday, that she was out of my life.

And something eluded me, some one more thing to do, something that I had lost amid the events of the afternoon, promising myself to go back and pick it up, only to find that it had escaped me. I associated it vaguely with Mrs. Baker, and now I seemed to recall that it had poked up its head somewhere in the stream of conversation with her. In my relief about Ellen I had forgotten to ask her a question regarding something she had said.

The Brokaws—that was it—where Ellen was to visit. I knew Bill Brokaw well; he was in my class at Yale. Then I remembered and sat bolt upright in the tub—the Brokaws weren't in Chicago this Christmas; they were at Palm Beach!

Dripping I sprang out of the tub, threw an insufficient union suit around my shoulders and sprang for the phone in my room. I got the connection quick, but Miss Ellen had already started for the train.

Luckily our car was in, and while I squirmed, still damp, into my clothes, the chauffeur brought it around to the door. The night was cold and dry, and we made good time to the station through the hard, crusty snow. I felt queer and insecure starting out this way, but somehow more confident as the station loomed up bright and new against the dark, cold air. For fifty years my family had owned the land on which it was built and that made my temerity seem all right somehow. There was always a possibility that I was rushing in where angels feared to tread, but that sense of having a solid foothold in the past made me willing to make a fool of myself. This business was all wrong—terribly wrong. Any idea I had entertained that it was harmless dropped away now; between Ellen and some vague overwhelming catastrophe there stood me, or else the police and a scandal. I'm no moralist—there was another element here, terribly dark and frightening, and I didn't want Ellen to go through it alone.

There are three competing trains from St. Paul to Chicago that all leave within a few minutes of half-past eight. Hers was the Burlington, and as I ran across the station I saw the grating being pulled over and the light above it go out. I knew, though, that she had a drawing-room with the Ingersoll girls, because her mother had mentioned buying the ticket, so she was, literally speaking, tucked in until tomorrow.

The C., M. & St. P. gate was down at the other end and I raced for it and made it. I had forgotten one thing, though, and that was enough to keep me awake and worried half the night. This train got into Chicago ten minutes after the other. Ellen had that much time to disappear into one of the largest cities in the world.

I gave the porter a wire to my family to send from Milwaukee, and at eight o'clock next morning I pushed violently by a whole line of passengers, clamoring over their bags parked in the vestibule, and shot out of the door with a sort of scramble over the porter's back. For a moment the confusion of a great station, the voluminous sounds and echoes and cross currents of bells and smoke struck me helpless. Then I dashed for the exit and toward the only chance I knew of finding her.

I had guessed right. She was standing at the telegraph counter, sending off heaven knows what black lie to her mother, and her expression when she saw me had a sort of terror mixed up with its surprise. There was cunning in it too. She was thinking quickly—she would have liked to walk away from me as if I wasn't there, and go about her own business, but she couldn't. I was too matter-of-fact a thing in her life. So we stood silently watching each other and each thinking hard.

"The Brokaws are in Florida," I said after a minute.

"It was nice of you to take such a long trip to tell me that."

"Since you've found it out, don't you think you'd better go on to school?"

"Please let me alone, Eddie," she said.

"I'll go as far as New York with you. I've decided to go back early myself."

"You'd better let me alone." Her lovely eyes narrowed and her face took on a look of dumb-animal-like resistance. She made a visible effort, the cunning flickered back into it, then both were gone, and in their stead was a cheerful reassuring smile that all but convinced me.

(Continued on Page 57)

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(Continued from Page 55)

"Eddie, you silly child, don't you think I'm old enough to take care of myself?" I didn't answer. "I'm going to meet a man, you understand. I just want to see him today. I've got my ticket East on the five o'clock train. If you don't believe it, here it is in my bag."

"I believe you."

"The man isn't anybody that you know and—frankly, I think you're being awfully fresh and impossible."

"I know who the man is."

Again she lost control of her face. That terrible expression came back into it and she spoke with almost a snarl:

"You'd better let me alone."

I took the blank out of her hand and wrote out an explanatory telegram to her mother. Then I turned to Ellen and said a little roughly:

"We'll take the five o'clock train East together. Meanwhile you're going to spend the day with me."

The mere sound of my own voice saying this so emphatically encouraged me, and I think it impressed her too; at any rate, she submitted—at least temporarily—and came along without protest, while I bought my ticket.

When I start to piece together the fragments of that day a sort of confusion begins, as if my memory didn't want to yield up any of it, or my consciousness let any of it pass through. There was a bright, fierce morning during which we rode about in a taxicab and went to a department store where Ellen said she wanted to buy something and then tried to slip away from me by a back way. I had the feeling, for an hour, that someone was following us along Lake Shore Drive in a taxicab, and I would try to catch them by turning quickly or looking suddenly into the chauffeur's mirror; but I could find no one, and when I turned back I could see that Ellen's face was contorted with mirthless, unnatural laughter.

All morning there was a raw, bleak wind off the lake, but when we went to the Blackstone for lunch a light snow came down past the windows and we talked almost naturally about our friends, and about casual things. Suddenly her tone changed; she grew serious and looked me in the eye, straight and sincere.

"Eddie, you're the oldest friend I have," she said, "and you oughtn't to find it too hard to trust me. If I promise you faithfully on my word of honor to catch that five o'clock train, will you let me alone a few hours this afternoon?"

"Why?"

"Well"—she hesitated and hung her head a little—"I guess everybody has a right to say—good-by."

"You want to say good-by to that ——"

"Yes, yes," she said hastily; "just a few hours, Eddie, and I promise faithfully that I'll be on that train."

"Well, I suppose no great harm could be done in two hours. If you really want to say good-by ——"

I looked up suddenly and surprised, a look of such tense and palpable cunning in her face that I winced before it. Her lip was curled up and her eyes were slits again; there wasn't the faintest touch of fairness and sincerity in her whole face.

We argued. The argument was vague on her part and somewhat hard and reticent on mine. I wasn't going to be cajoled again into any weakness or be infected with any—and there was a contagion of evil in the air. She kept trying to imply, without any convincing evidence to bring forward, that everything was all right. Yet she was too full of the thing itself—whatever it was—to build up a real story, and she wanted to catch at any credulous and acquiescent train of thought that might start in my head, and work that for all it was worth. After every reassuring suggestion she threw out, she stared at me eagerly, as if she hoped I'd launch into a comfortable moral lecture with the customary sweet at the end—which in this case would be her liberty. But I was wearing her away a little. Two or three times it needed just a touch of pressure to bring her to the point of tears—which, of course, was what I wanted—but I couldn't seem to manage it. Almost I had her—almost possessed her interior attention—then she would slip away.

I bullied her remorselessly into a taxi about four o'clock and started for the station. The wind was raw again, with a sting of snow in it, and the people in the streets, waiting for busses and street cars too small to take them all in, looked cold and disturbed and unhappy. I tried to think how lucky we were to be comfortably off and taken care of, but all the warm, respectable world I had been part of yesterday had dropped away from me. There was something we carried with us now that was the enemy and the opposite of all that; it was in the cab beside us, the streets we passed through. With a touch of panic, I wondered if I wasn't slipping almost imperceptibly into Ellen's attitude of mind. The column of passengers waiting to go aboard the train were as remote from me as people from another world, but it was I that was drifting away and leaving them behind.

My lower was in the same car with her compartment. It was an old-fashioned car, its lights somewhat dim, its carpets and upholstery full of the dust of another generation. There were half a dozen other travelers, but they made no special impression on me, except that they shared the unreality that I was beginning to feel everywhere around me. We went into Ellen's compartment, shut the door and sat down.

Suddenly I put my arms around her and drew her over to me, just as tenderly as I knew how—as if she were a little girl—as she was. She resisted a little, but after a moment she submitted and lay tense and rigid in my arms.

"Ellen," I said helplessly, "you asked me to trust you. You have much more reason to trust me. Wouldn't it help to get rid of all this, if you told me a little?"

"I can't," she said, very low—"I mean, there's nothing to tell."

"You met this man on the train coming home and you fell in love with him, isn't that true?"

"I don't know."

"Tell me, Ellen. You fell in love with him?"

"I don't know. Please let me alone."

"Call it anything you want," I went on, "he has some sort of hold over you. He's trying to use you; he's trying to get something from you. He's not in love with you."

"What does that matter?" she said in a weak voice.

"It does matter. Instead of trying to fight this—this thing—you're trying to fight me. And I love you, Ellen. Do you hear? I'm telling you all of a sudden, but it isn't new with me. I love you."

She looked at me with a sneer on her gentle face; it was an expression I had seen on men who were tight and didn't want to be taken home. But it was human. I was reaching her, faintly and from far away, but more than before.

"Ellen, I want you to answer me one question. Is he going to be on this train?"

She hesitated; then, an instant too late, she shook her head.

"Be careful, Ellen. Now I'm going to ask you one thing more, and I wish you'd try very hard to answer. Coming West, when did this man get on the train?"

"I don't know," she said with an effort—"in Pittsburgh, I think. He spoke to me just after we left Pittsburgh, back in the observation car."

Just at that moment I became aware, with the unquestionable knowledge reserved for facts, that he was just outside the door. She knew it, too; the blood left her face and that expression of low-animal perspicacity came creeping back. I lowered my face into my hands and tried to think.

We must have sat there, with scarcely a word, for well over an hour. I was conscious that the lights of Chicago, then of Englewood and of endless suburbs, were moving by, and then there were no more lights and we were out on the dark flatness of Illinois. The train seemed to draw in upon itself; it took on an air of being alone. The porter knocked at the door and asked if he could make up the berth, but I said no and he went away.

After a while I convinced myself that the struggle inevitably coming wasn't beyond what remained of my sanity, my faith in the essential all-rightness of things and people. That this person's purpose was what we call "criminal," I took for granted, but there was no need of ascribing to him an intelligence that belonged to a higher plane of human, or inhuman, endeavor. It was still as a man that I considered him, and tried to get at his essence, his self-interest—what took the place in him of a comprehensible heart—but I suppose I more than half knew what I would find when I opened the door.

When I stood up Ellen didn't seem to see me at all. She was hunched into the corner staring straight ahead with a sort of film over her eyes, as if she were in a state of suspended animation of body and mind. I lifted her and put two pillows under her head and threw my fur coat over her knees. Then I knelt beside her and kissed her two hands, opened the door and went out into the hall.

I closed the door behind me and stood with my back against it for a minute. The car was dark save for the corridor lights at each end. There was no sound except the groaning of the couplers, the even click-a-tick of the rails and someone's loud sleeping breath farther down the car. I became aware after a moment that he was standing by the water cooler just outside the men's smoking room, his derby hat on his head, his coat collar turned up around his neck as if he were cold, and his hands in his coat pockets. When I saw him, he turned and went into the smoking room, and I followed. He was sitting in the far corner of the long leather bench; I took the single armchair beside the door.

As I went in I nodded to him and he acknowledged my presence with one of those terrible soundless laughs of his. But this time it was prolonged, it seemed to go on forever, and rather to cut it short than to deal in hollow amenities, I asked: "Where are you from?" in what I tried to make a casual tone of voice.

He stopped laughing and looked at me narrowly, wondering what my game was. When he decided to answer, his voice was muffled as though he were speaking through a silk scarf, and it seemed to come from a long way off.

"I'm from St. Paul, Jack."

"Been making a trip home?"

He nodded.

"Just a short trip?" I pursued.

Again he nodded impatiently. Then he took a long breath and spoke in a hard, menacing voice:

"You better get off at Fort Wayne, Jack."

He was dead. He was dead as hell—he had been dead all along, but what force had flowed through him, like blood in his veins, out in St. Paul, was leaving him. Now a new outline—the outline of him dead—was coming through the palpable figure that had knocked down Joe Jelke.

He spoke again, with a sort of jerking effort:

"You get off at Fort Wayne, Jack, or I'm going to bump you off." He moved his hand in his coat pocket and showed me the outline of a revolver.

I shook my head. "You can't touch me," I answered. "You see, I know." His terrible eyes shifted over me quickly, trying to determine whether or not I did know. Then he gave a snarl and made as though he were going to jump to his feet.

"You climb off here or else I'm going to get you, Jack!" he cried hoarsely. The train was slowing up for Fort Wayne and his voice rang loud in the comparative quiet, but he didn't move from his chair—he was too weak, I think—and we sat staring at each other while workmen passed up and down outside the window banging the brakes and wheels, and the engine gave out loud mournful pants up ahead. No one got into our car. After a while the porter closed the vestibule door and passed back along the corridor, and we slid out of the murky yellow station light and into the long darkness.

What I remember next must have extended over a space of five or six hours, though it comes back to me as something without any existence in time—something that might have taken five minutes or a year. There began a slow, calculated assault on me, wordless and terrible. I felt what I can only call a strangeness stealing over me—akin to the strangeness I had felt all afternoon, but deeper and more intensified. It was like nothing so much as the sensation of drifting away, and I gripped the arms of the chair convulsively, as if to hang onto a piece in the living world. Sometimes I felt myself going out with a rush. There would be almost a warm relief about it, a sense of not caring; then, with a violent wrench of the will, I'd pull myself back into the room.

Suddenly I realized that from a while back I had stopped hating him, stopped feeling violently alien to him, and with the realization, I went cold and sweat broke out all over my head. He was getting around my abhorrence, as he had got around Ellen coming West on the train; and it was just that strength he drew from preying on people that had brought him up to the point of concrete violence in St. Paul, and that, fading and flickering out, still kept him fighting now.

He must have seen that faltering in my heart, for he spoke at once, in a low, even, almost gentle voice: "You better go now."

"Oh, I'm not going," I forced myself to say.

"Suit yourself, Jack."

He was my friend, he implied. He knew how it was with me and he wanted to help. He pitied me. I'd better go away before it was too late. The rhythm of his attack was soothing as a song: I'd better go away—*and let him get at Ellen.* With a little cry I sat bolt upright.

"What do you want of this girl?" I said, my voice shaking. "To make a sort of walking hell of her."

His glance held a quality of dumb surprise, as if I was punishing an animal for a fault of which he was not conscious. For an instant I faltered; then I went on blindly:

"You've lost her; she's put her trust in me."

His countenance went suddenly black with evil, and he cried: "You're a liar!" in a voice that was like cold hands.

"She trusts me," I said. "You can't touch her. She's safe!"

He controlled himself. His face grew pale and bland, and I felt that curious weakness and indifference begin again inside me. What was the use of all this? What was the use?

"You haven't got much time left," I forced myself to say, and then, in a flash of intuition, I jumped at the truth: "You're sinking. You've only got a few hours. Your body is lying dead back in Pittsburgh. That's as far as you can go."

His face contorted, lost all semblance of humanity, living or dead. Simultaneously the room was full of cold air and with a noise that was something between a paroxysm of coughing and a burst of horrible laughter, he was on his feet, reeking of shame and blasphemy.

"Come and look!" he cried. "I'll show you ——"

He took a step toward me, then another and it was exactly as if a door stood open behind him, a door yawning out to an inconceivable abyss of darkness and corruption. There was a scream of mortal agony, from him or from somewhere behind, and abruptly the strength went out of him in a long husky sigh and he wilted to the floor. . . .

How long I sat there, dazed with terror and exhaustion, I don't know. The next thing I remember is the sleepy porter shining shoes across the room from me, and

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter

LAURA LA PLANTE

Beautiful and Popular

LAURA LA PLANTE, in my estimation, is one of the most beautiful women on the screen, and when you add to this her talent as an actress, it seems to me you have everything you desire in a modern screen star.

MISS LA PLANTE plays the heroine in Mary Roberts Rinehart's popular story ***"Finders Keepers,"*** the romance of a lovely young girl who, just previous to the World War, finds herself in the possession of three engagement rings, though only in love with one. After a series of embarrassing situations, she discovers that she has been "framed" by her father to determine the real state of her heart.

Another picture I cordially recommend to you is ***"The Cohens and Kellys in Paris,"*** a sequel to ***"The Cohens and Kellys,"*** starring GEORGE SIDNEY and J. FARREL MacDONALD in the male rôles, and VERA GORDON and KATE PRICE in the principal female rôles. You are all familiar with these talented folks and you know just what they will do with such a subject.

Be sure to ask the Manager of your favorite theatre to show ***"Les Miserables,"*** the wonderful picturization of Victor Hugo's greatest story. Reports from every part of the country tell how enthusiastically audiences are greeting this picture. It brings to life on the screen one of the most beautiful stories ever told.

I am so delighted with the reception accorded our great production of ***"Uncle Tom's Cabin"*** that I do not hesitate to say to you that you will miss one of the treats of your lives if you fail to see it. Watch for the announcement of its première in your vicinity.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

outside the window the steel fires of Pittsburgh breaking the flat perspective of the night. There was something extended on the bench also—something too faint for a man, too heavy for a shadow. Even as I perceived it it faded off and away.

Some minutes later I opened the door of Ellen's compartment. She was asleep where I had left her. Her lovely cheeks were white and wan, but she lay naturally—her hands relaxed and her breathing regular and clear. What had possessed her had gone out of her, leaving her exhausted but her own dear self again.

I made her a little more comfortable, tucked a blanket around her, extinguished the light and went out.

III

WHEN I came home for Easter vacation, almost my first act was to go down to the billiard parlor near Seven Corners. The man at the cash register quite naturally didn't remember my hurried visit of three months before.

"I'm trying to locate a certain party who, I think, came here a lot some time ago"

I described the man rather accurately, and when I had finished, the cashier called to a little jockeylike fellow who was sitting near with an air of having something very important to do that he couldn't quite remember:

"Hey, Shorty, talk to this guy, will you? I think he's looking for Joe Varland."

The little man gave me a tribal look of suspicion. I went and sat near him.

"Joe Varland's dead, fella," he said grudgingly. "He died last winter."

I described him again—his overcoat, his laugh, the habitual expression of his eyes.

"That's Joe Varland you're looking for all right, but he's dead."

"I want to find out something about him."

"What you want to find out?"

"What did he do, for instance?"

"How should I know? He used to come in here once and a while and shoot pool."

"Look here! I'm not a policeman. I just want some kind of information about his habits. He's dead now and it can't hurt him. And it won't go beyond me."

"Well" he hesitated, looking me over—"he was a great one for traveling. Somebody told me he died on a train"—I started—"wait a minute now—who was it told me that? Anyhow, he was in New York sick and he tried to come home. They took him off the train with pneumonia at Pittsburgh and he died there."

I nodded. Broken pieces of the puzzle began to assemble in my head.

"Why was he a lot on trains?"

"How should I know, fella?"

"If you can use ten dollars, I'd like to know anything you may have heard on the subject."

"Well," said Shorty reluctantly, "all I know is they used to say he worked the trains."

"Worked the trains?"

"He had some racket of his own he'd never loosen up about. He used to work the girls traveling alone on the trains. Nobody ever knew much about it—he was a pretty smooth guy—but sometimes he'd turn up here with a lot of dough and he let 'em know it was the janes he got it off of."

I thanked him and gave him the ten dollars and went out, very thoughtful, without mentioning that though a part of Joe Varland had been taken off the train at Pittsburgh, another part of him had made a last trip home. Ellen wasn't West for Easter, and even if she had been I wouldn't have gone to her with the information, either—at least I've seen her almost every day this summer and we've managed to talk about everything else. Sometimes, though, she gets silent about nothing and wants to be very close to me, and I know what's in her mind.

Of course she's very popular and coming out this fall and I have two more years at New Haven; still, things don't look as impossible as they did a few months ago. She belongs to me in a way—even if I lose her she belongs to me. She'll always know I love her and that she might need me, and sometimes those are powerful considerations. I'm going to take her out to a dance at the club tonight, and perhaps sometime during the evening she'll get silent and a little frightened and want me close to her. Who knows? Anyhow, I'll be there—I'll always be there.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 22)

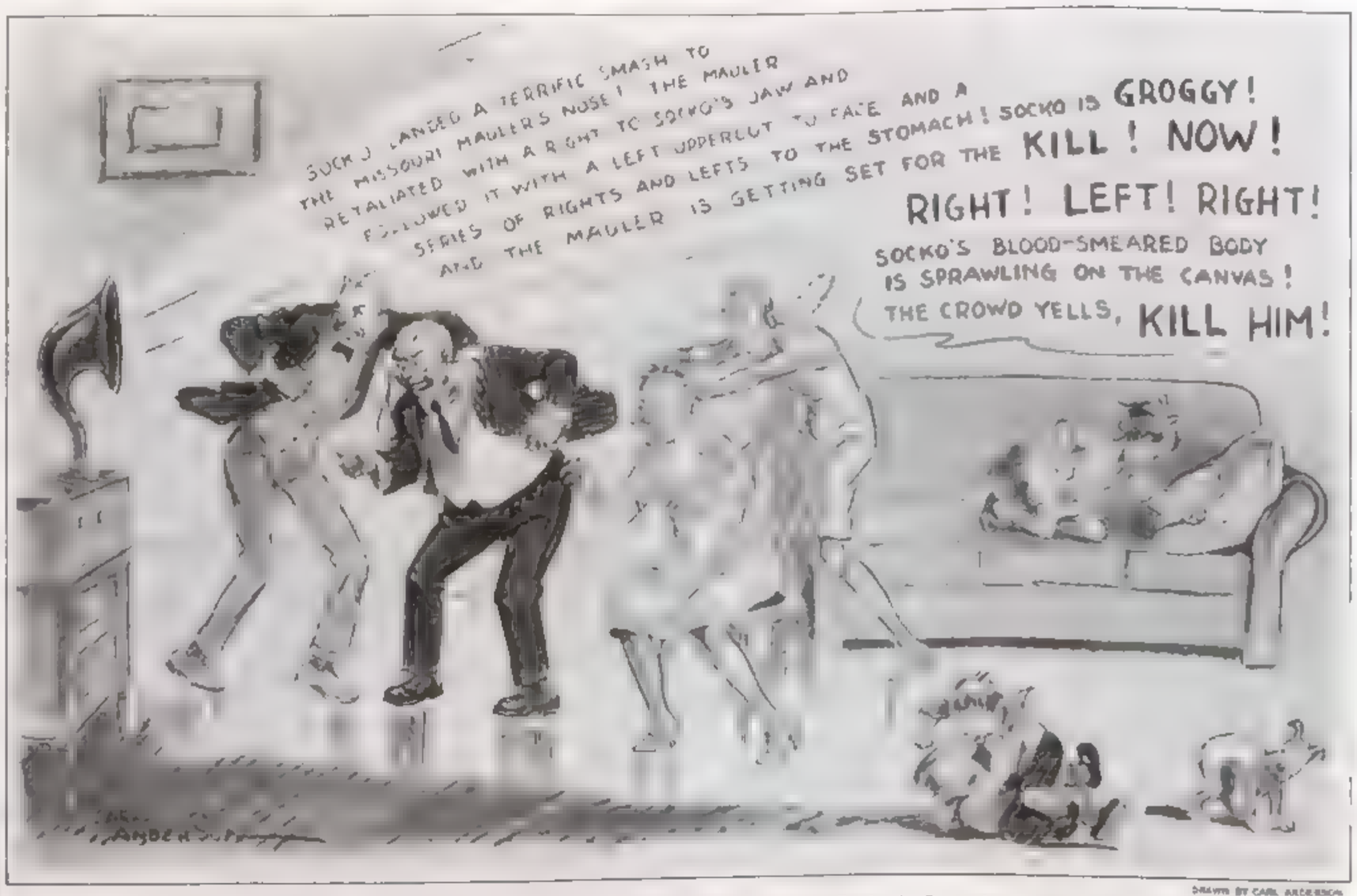
Come fly to my breast, love, forever to rest, love!
Too long from my song have you shrunk.
By bright stars above you, I love you, I love you.
Oh, plunkety!
Plunkety!
Plunk!""

Gone forever? Perhaps. Yet I hold that our chaps
Sporting flopping collegiate pants,
Toting ukes that they strum, have inherited some
Of the spirit of ancient romance.
Though his lyrics are new and his Leibes-lied, too,
Has a swing that is jazzy, your Luke
Or affectionate Bob makes his flapper's heart throb
When he picks out this song on his uke:

"Oh, delectable bit—say, you sure make a hit!
You're class, nifty lass, I avow.
Plunk, plunk!
My molars I gnash in the throes of my pash—
I'm fond of you, Sheba—and how!
Plunk, plunk!
I'll say you're the berries! Your lips are like cherries.
There's room for your clothes in my trunk.
I'll never be switched, kid; come on, let's get hitched, kid.
Oh, plunkety!
Plunkety!
Plunk!

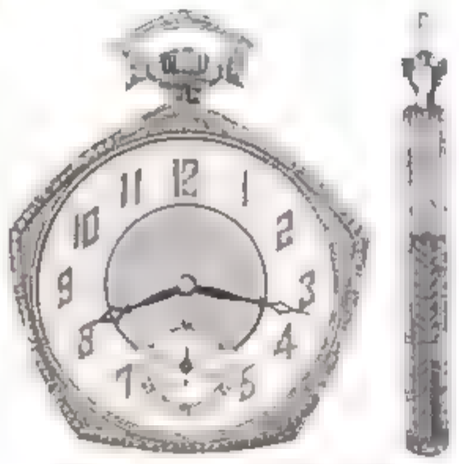
Rover's Requiem

THIS is the tale
Of my dog Rover.
When he lived
He lived in clover;
When he died
He was dyed as sable,
And he looks it as well
As he is able.
—Anna Bird Stewart.


SUCH A LANDED A TERRIFIC SMASH TO THE MISSOURI MAULER'S NOSE! THE MAULER RETALIATED WITH A RIGHT TO SOCKO'S JAW AND FOLLOWED IT WITH A LEFT UPPERCUT TO FACE AND A SERIES OF RIGHTS AND LEFTS TO THE STOMACH! SOCKO IS GROGGY! AND THE MAULER IS GETTING SET FOR THE KILL! NOW!
RIGHT! LEFT! RIGHT!
SOCKO'S BLOOD-SMEARED BODY IS SPRAWLING ON THE CANVAS!
THE CROWD YELLS, KILL HIM!

DRAWN BY CARL ANDERSON

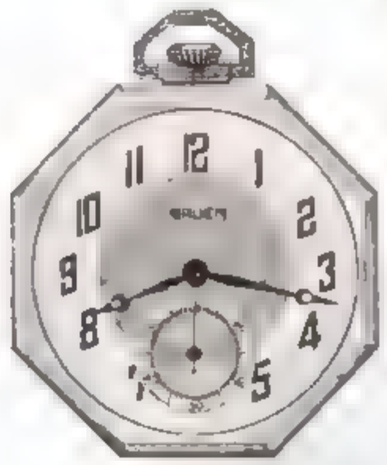
Effect Produced on a Refined American Family When a Prize Fight is Broadcast Over the Radio



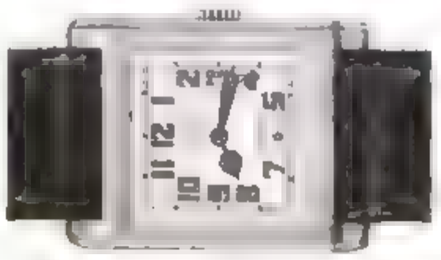
Gruen Pentagon VeriThin (Pat'd),
PRECISION *movement, $75*
"The Croix de Guerre of American Achievement"
Other Pentagons, $2500 to $80

Gruen Cartouche, $35
In 14-kt. solid gold case, $40

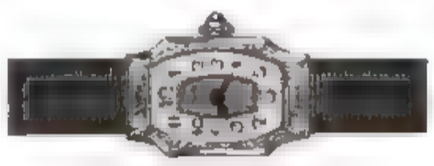
Gruen Cartouche,
14-kt. solid gold case, $50
Set with 4 diamonds, $85



Gruen OctaThin, $40
Other pocket watches, $500 to $25

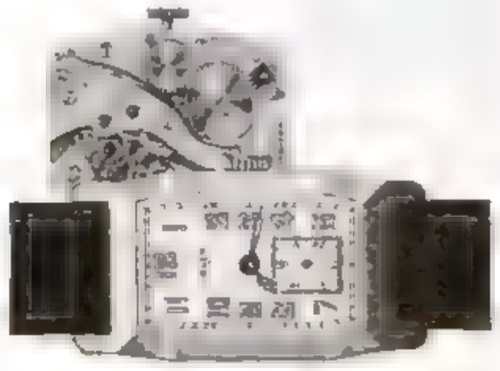


Gruen Tank, 14-kt. solid gold case,
17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $60*
Other strap watches, $150 to $25



Gruen Diamond Cartouche,
14-kt. solid gold case set with 4 diamonds and 2 sapphires, $100

Gruen Diamond Cartouche, Iridium platinum case, paved with diamonds, 4 sapphires. 17-jewel PRECISION *movement, $450. Others, $2500 to $60*



Gruen Quadron, 14-kt. solid gold case, 17-jewel PRECISION *rectangular movement, $75*
Other Quadrons, $175 to $50

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This church is typical of many monuments of the Middle Ages still standing in Biel, Switzerland, where the Gruen Guild's European workshops are today the pride of the watchmaking people. Here worshipped the masters of the early watchmakers' guilds, whose sincerity about their work caused them to start each day with prayer

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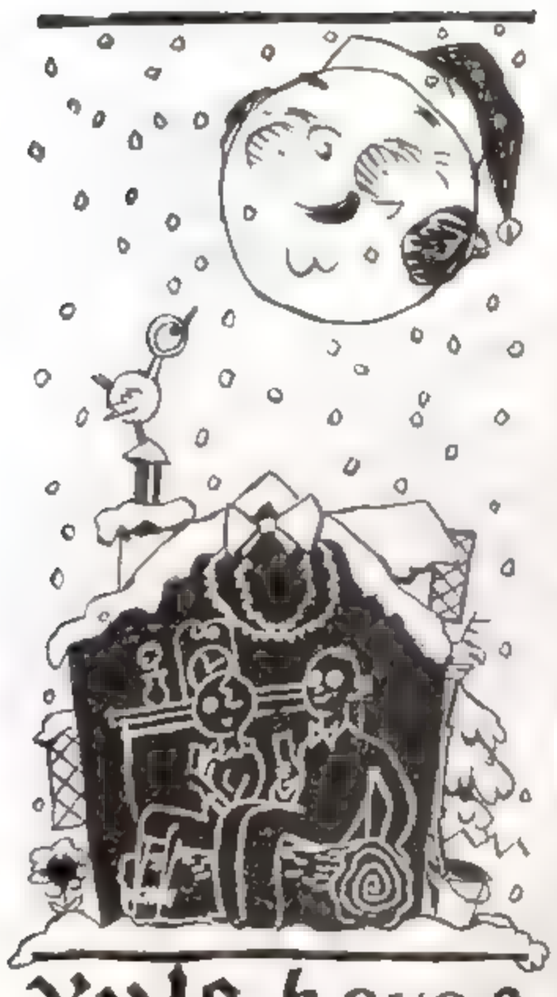
Gruen Guild Watches



Yule have a MERRY XMAS DAY with CANDY made the HOME-MADE ✦ ✦ ✦ ✦ way

Christmas is the *home* day of all the year—home folks, home coming, home cooking. *And home-made candy*. That's where Oh Henry! comes in—the candy made the home-made way. Everybody's much too busy to *make* home-made candy at this season—so of course they "let George do it!" George who? George Williamson, inventor and maker of Oh Henry!

THIS IS HOW GEORGE DOES IT

PUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1½ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ½ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed)

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate

Buy your CHRISTMAS Oh Henry! by the box

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

THE SHOT

(Continued from Page 13)

paper Mr. Temple. Then I see Miss Easton come to her dressing room and pretty soon Mr. Temple he come her dressing room too. Then I come past to your dressing room, and by accident I happen stop by Miss Easton's door, and by accident I stop listen for minute, and by accident I hear Miss Easton say, 'No, I couldn't do it. I couldn't.' And then I hear Mr. Temple say, 'If not do it, you never get from me what thing you want.' Then I think perhaps somebody else come down passage, so I go away and not hear something more. And I think perhaps you like know. So I tell you. Yes, sir."

Tyrone's face went to a sheet-like whiteness and it seemed to him as though his breath would never come properly again. When he tried to speak, his voice was strangled in his throat, and it was only at the third attempt that he managed to say, "You're sure?"

"Yes, sir. I very sure. And I do right tell you—yes, sir?"

The actor waited a considerable time before replying, and then he said, "Yes, Natsuki, you did right."

"I much obliged," the servant answered. Then, after a pause, he continued: "If I see Miss Easton and Mr. Temple come dressing room once more, I tell you again?"

The actor waited even longer than before. Then he replied slowly: "Yes, but don't wait till they come out. Immediately after you see them go in, come to the first entrance, nod your head three times and I shall know. Understand?"

"Yes, sir. I nod head three times like this." Natsuki nodded. "Then you know they in dressing room. I understand."

When next Tyrone came to the scene with Christie, neither Christie nor Foote could understand why the words seemed to have slipped his memory, and shortly after its opening they were astounded to see Tyrone throw his part to the ground and dash off the stage. Swiftly he went to Miss Easton's dressing room, into which he burst without pause or knock and slammed the door behind him.

At Tyrone's startling appearance Miss Easton gave a poignant cry of dismay and threw up her hands as though for her the world had come to an end. Temple stood alert and prepared.

"Why are you here in Miss Easton's dressing room?" Tyrone demanded.

"Because I have every right to be here," Temple replied. "Here, or in any other room Miss Easton may occupy. She is my wife."

"Your wife!"

"If you don't believe it, ask her."

"Laurel?"

"Yes, dear," the actress said almost breathlessly. "We were married secretly three years ago. But his temper and jealousy were unbearable and we lived together only a few months."

"His wife! His wife!" Tyrone said dully and as though the meaning of the words had just reached his brain.

"And now that you know it," rejoined Temple threateningly, "keep away from her. Do you hear? Keep away from my wife!"

At that minute there was a loud knocking on the door. Though no one answered it, Foote and Christie entered, and to them it was evident that something far-reaching and vital had happened.

For a moment no one spoke, and then Foote asked, "What's wrong here?"

Temple was the first to recover himself. "Nothing important," he said. "It's simply a personal matter, and I imagine that now we all know where we stand."

As neither Miss Easton nor Tyrone denied Temple's assertion, Foote continued: "I'm glad of that. I'm not accustomed to having my rehearsals broken up in this manner. We'll resume, if you please, where this one was interrupted. Mr. Tyrone, it's your scene with Mr. Christie."

Tyrone replied—and it was clear that he spoke only with a great effort—"Yes, that's right," and moved slowly toward the door.

"You can't go, Ronald! You can't!" Miss Easton cried.

Tyrone answered, "Not now, dear," and went through the dressing-room door and onto the stage, followed by the others. As Foote, however, soon realized that further rehearsals that day would be useless, he adjourned them until the next morning, and as if by tacit understanding, the two stars were left alone on the stage.

"I should have told you, dear," Miss Easton said. "Please, please, forgive me."

"That's all right," Tyrone replied.

"And you do forgive me?"

"Yes."

"Thank you, darling. You don't know how happy you've made me. Now everything will be just as we wish."

"It can't be."

"But it will. He'll have to give me a divorce—he'll have to."

The man replied slowly, "But if he won't—and it doesn't seem to me that he will—what then?"

There was a silence—a long silence. Then the woman said—and there was no mistaking the import of her words—"Very well, then; we'll do without a divorce." And she held out her arms eagerly for the man to come into them.

The man shook his head again and replied, "That won't do. I have never come between a man and his wife, and I never will. It doesn't pay."

"Pay!" the woman exclaimed.

"Yes, it doesn't pay. I've watched it dozens of times. It leads to scandal and shame; to humiliation, disgrace and degradation. There's no happiness in it. I love you, Laurel, but for so long as Temple lives and you are his wife, this is good-by."

The woman pleaded, begged, implored, supplicated, but the man was obdurate. In the end she said that he was a coward and afraid of Temple; that he was a man without blood in his veins; that if he loved her he could not refuse her; that he was seizing the opportunity to be rid of her; that she hated the sight of him and that she wished to God she had never to see his face again.

Three days later the paper which had published the announcement of the engagement of Miss Easton and Tyrone came out with an exclusive story of the marriage of Miss Easton and Temple. Temple denied any connection with it just as indignantly as Marlyn had denied his knowledge of the previous one, and its source remained a mystery to all of them. Had not Tyrone been of an unsuspicious and undeductive turn of mind, he would have realized that a servant who will listen at one door will listen at another, especially if he knows by a former experience that there is always a cash market for an exclusive news story concerning those about whom there is an eager public interest.

In the theater on the opening night there was, before the rise of the curtain, the usual scene of animation and chatter which continued until the ringing of the gong indicative of the beginning of the play. Then the persons in the lobby made a rush for the aisles, the ushers seated them promptly, the house lights were lowered, the curtain was raised and the play began.

As its name indicated, The Tigress was a study of a woman of fierce passion and tempestuous emotions. The name also had another significance, for the woman was, by instinct and development, a man-eater. Her path through the jungle of her life was marked not only by the maimed and the wounded but by the bones of the dead. Her claws knew neither pity nor mercy and the part was played by Laurel Easton to the last fraction of an inch. She moved through the play with all the sinuous and feline grace of the animal after which it was named, and she displayed all its ferocity and pitilessness in her dismissal of a man who had ruined himself for her.

Shortly afterward she met a young Irishman, played by Tyrone, and fell desperately, recklessly, insanely in love with him. The violence of her passion was in a measure reciprocated, and unheeding the advice and warnings of his friends, the man married her. For a time they were ecstatically happy, but the monopolistic fervor of the woman, her feverish desire to have the man forever at her side, her fierce rebellion at his slightest attempt to fall back, even in the least degree, into his previous manner of life, the gradual elimination of all his friends of both sexes and her tenacious determination that she should be the one and only sun about which his life should revolve, gradually aroused a feeling of resentment and exasperation in him, and after a while he was in open revolt. Then came quarrels, recriminations and unfounded jealousy on her part, leading to scenes of fiercest violence, often followed by others in which she acknowledged that her accusations were unfounded and sobbingly begged forgiveness because it was all due to her great, her overpowering love.

Realizing that she was losing him, she sought to revive his interest in her by pretending that she was impressed by another man, the part in the play which fell to Temple. In return the husband began to pay attention to another woman. Then the wife threatened several times to kill both him and herself, and twice the man wrested from her a loaded revolver which she always kept in a drawer in her bedroom. On the next occasion, after a violent scene, at the end of which the woman, again threatening to kill some day both the man and herself, had viciously slammed the door behind her, leaving on the stage together the man and his friend, who had been an unwilling witness of the occurrence, the man said angrily:

"I'm getting sick and tired of this whole business. At that, I think she's only bluffing."

"In poker and with women," replied the friend, who was played by Christie, "there's just one thing to do with a bluff, and that's to call it."

"But there would be a great difference in the result if I happened to be wrong. In poker I should lose only my money; with her I might lose my life."

The friend laughed and said, "Oh, not of necessity."

"What do you mean? That she mightn't shoot straight?"

"Not at all."

"Then what do you mean?"

"Supposing there was nothing in the gun with which to shoot?"

"You suggest that I ——"

"Oh, no, I don't," the friend laughingly interrupted. "I know too much to interfere between man and wife. Still, it might be worth thinking over."

The man thought it over, and the longer he thought of it the more strongly it appealed to him. The result was that he secured the revolver and, unseen by the woman but in the presence of the audience, he broke it, removed all its cartridges and then replaced it, empty, in its accustomed place.

The next act took place two or three days later. During them there had been comparative peace in the household; and then, after dinner one evening, another storm broke and quickly developed into a hurricane. This time, when the woman made her threat and dashed into the bedroom to get the gun, the man made no move to intercept her. When she returned and pointed it at his breast, instead of advancing on her as he had done on the previous occasions, he remained on the other side of the room and tauntingly dared her to shoot.

(Continued on Page 82)

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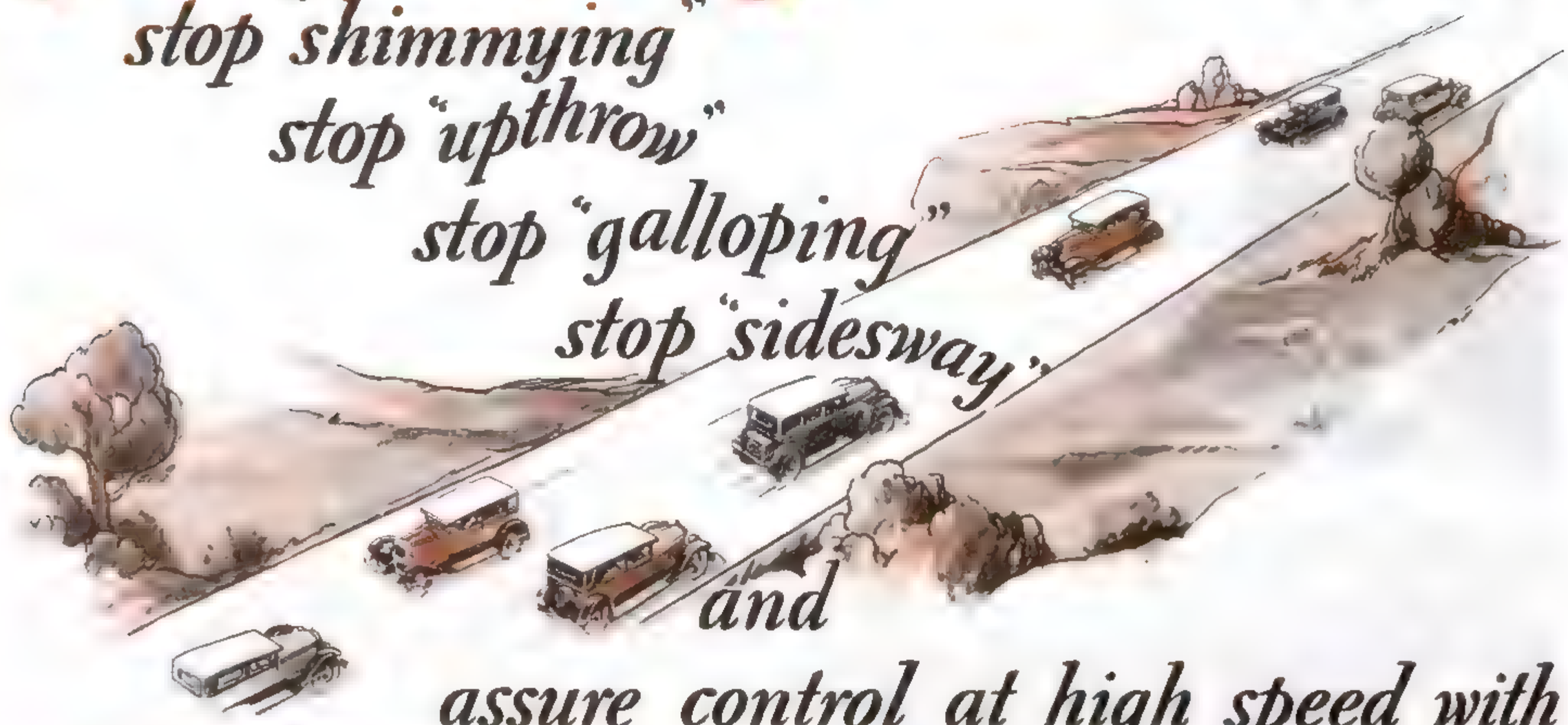
stop "upthrow"
stop "galloping"
stop "sidesway"



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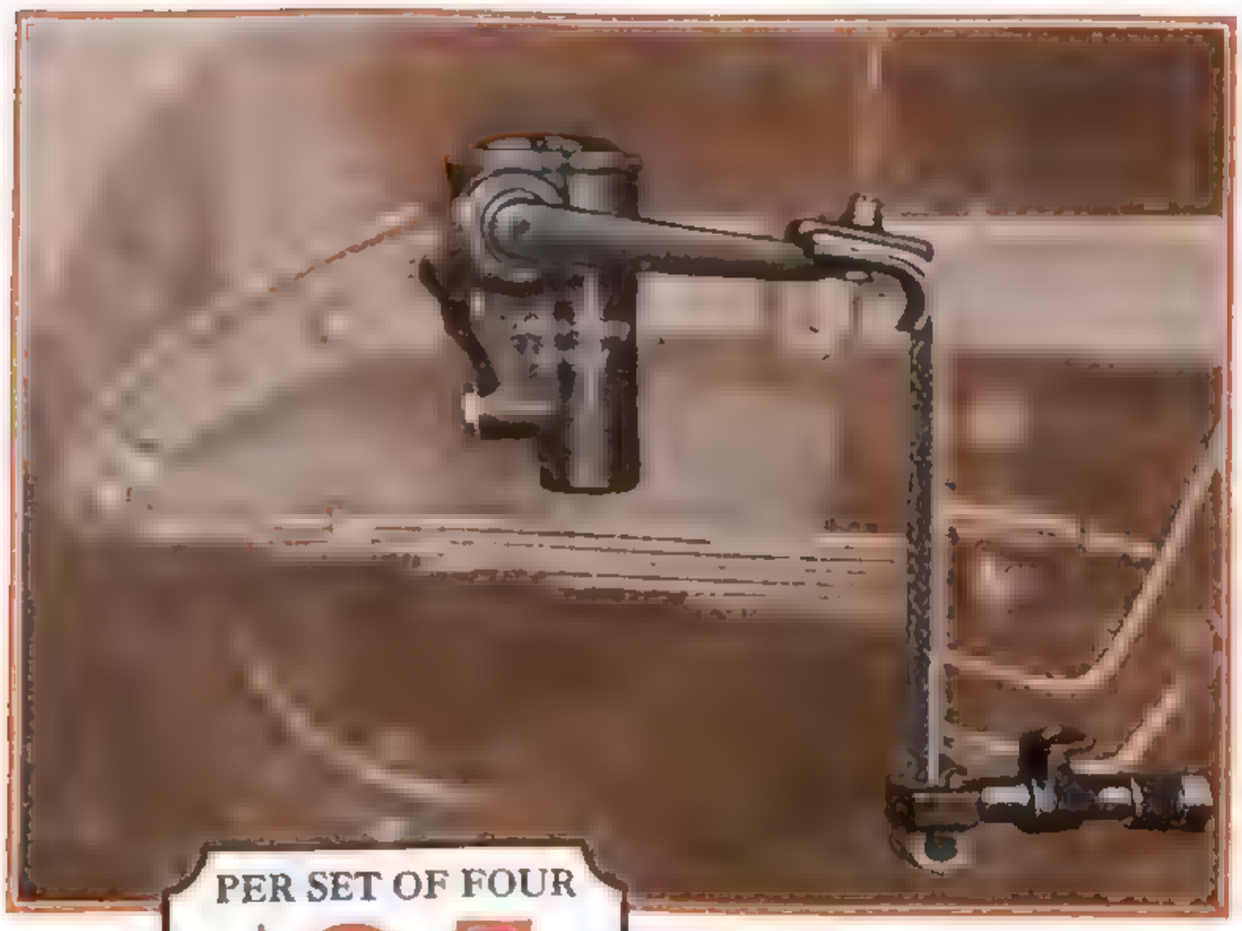

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Every person who drives a car should read this booklet—it may save you much trouble and expense. Send for it today.

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(Continued from Page 60)

The woman screamed hysterically, "Don't you dare me! Don't you dare me!"

The man answered bitingly, "That's just what I'm doing. You've been threatening for a long time; now go ahead and do it if you've got the nerve." When the woman hesitated, he said, "Go on! If you're going to do it, get it over with. Either throw the gun away or shoot before I count three."

The man counted, "One! Two! Three!"

Simultaneous with the word "three" the woman pulled the trigger.

Until this moment the play had been performed exactly as the author had written it, but now, instead of the gun refusing to fire, a shot was heard.

Over the face of the man there came a look of incredulity, puzzlement, unbelief. Then he slid to the floor like a marionette let down by the hand of its master.

The woman screamed a piercing, thrilling, agonizing, electrifying scream.

The curtain fell.

The applause which greeted the fall of the curtain came like a thunderclap from all parts of the house and there was no mistaking its sincerity and spontaneity. It indicated that the play had reached its climax in unquestioned triumph. A few of the auditors, those with the keener and more analytical minds, were confused somewhat by the action just before the curtain fell, but this feeling was for the moment overwhelmed by the desire to pay a well-deserved tribute to the brilliant acting of both the players. The applause continued for some time with undiminished ardor, and then, to the surprise of the audience, the curtain did not rise in the accustomed manner for the actors to take their calls as they had done at the end of the previous acts. The auditors looked at one another inquiringly, the clapping diminished; and then, as though the entire house was moved by the impulse to insist on paying its tribute to the players, the applause was renewed with even greater vigor and volume. Even then the curtain was not raised, and the mystification of the audience was considerably augmented when the house lights were put up, indicating that no calls were to be taken.

Presently the stage manager of the company came from the wings and in front of the curtain. He was greeted with cries of "Easton!" "Tyrone!" and "Foote!" He held up his hand for silence, and there was something in the manner of the action that compelled the clamor to subside and ultimately cease.

He said, "Will Doctor Lowe please come on the stage? He is needed there." And a man rose and made his way quickly to the stage door at the rear of the boxes.

The clamor had now become a tumult. Both men and women were on their feet. Cries of "What's the matter?" "What's happened?" "Who's hurt?" filled the theater.

The stage manager again succeeded in obtaining silence and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, I regret to say that there has been an accident."

Giving him no chance to continue, his listeners shouted, "What kind of an accident? Who is it?" and questions of similar import.

Once more silence was obtained, and this time the stage manager, in spite of various interruptions, was able to say, "Mr. Tyrone has been accidentally shot. We hope that the wound is not serious and that he will be able to resume the rôle in a short time. Meanwhile Mr. Marlyn wishes me to express his deep regret that anything has occurred to mar so auspicious an evening."

Before any further questions could be put to him, the man bowed and was gone.

For a moment there was silence and then all the tongues in the theater began to speak. What had really happened? Was it possible that Tyrone was seriously hurt? How long would performances be suspended? These and a hundred other questions were asked without a satisfactory answer being given to any one of them. After a while the analytical-minded began to realize that the shooting was perhaps something deeper than an accident and that the end of the act could not have been what the playwright had written. For they recalled that Tyrone had taken all the bullets from the gun. Or had he accidentally allowed one to remain? Even if he had, it would not have been a real bullet, for it was absurd to suppose that a pistol to be fired on the stage was loaded with anything but blank cartridges.

Then, in some way, and between the time Tyrone broke the gun and Miss Easton fired it, someone must have placed a loaded cartridge in it. For what purpose? Evidently to kill or injure Tyrone. But who would wish to do such a thing? So question and answer, speculation and inquiry, went from lip to lip, back and forth, to and fro, until such time as the automobiles, some half an hour later, began to arrive. Then their owners entered them and drove to the restaurants or night clubs at which they had engaged tables, there to retail importantly to their less fortunate neighbors, who listened eagerly and questioned avidly, the story of what had occurred.

Meanwhile, when Doctor Lowe appeared on the stage he found Tyrone unconscious and lying on the floor. Kneeling beside him with his head in her arms was Miss Easton, who was sobbingly protesting that it was not her fault, that she loved him with all her heart, and that if anything serious had happened to him she would not want to live. The doctor quickly took charge of the wounded man, and as he did it, Marlyn, who had rushed back immediately the curtain had fallen, took command of the stage. He had already ordered an ambulance to be telephoned for and had fiercely questioned the property man as to how a loaded cartridge could have got into the revolver.

The property man had protested with equal fierceness that it could not have been put there by him, as he knew his business too well even to have such a cartridge on the premises. At this Marlyn ordered all the doors closed, gave instructions that no one was to leave the stage under any circumstances, and told the stage manager to report the matter by telephone to police headquarters and ask that detectives be sent immediately. Marlyn realized that a crime had been committed, and he had a flair for drama.

The doctor's examination showed that though the bullet had missed the heart, the wound was an extremely dangerous one. Presently the wounded man sighed faintly, opened his eyes, looked round inquiringly and asked, "What happened?" The doctor admonished him not to talk, and for a moment or two he was silent. Then he said softly, "I remember now"; and looking at Miss Easton, he added, "Why did you do it, Laurel?"

At this the actress cried that she had not meant to do it and that she would have died rather than hurt him in any way. She implored him to believe her, but before he could make any reply he sank again into insensibility, in which condition he was when the ambulance departed. Miss Easton begged to be allowed to go with the wounded man, but this was forbidden both by the doctor and by Marlyn, who insisted that not even Miss Easton should leave the stage before an investigation was made.

Soon after the ambulance left, detectives Jamieson and Tuttle arrived. Jamieson, a phlegmatic man of good height and considerable flesh, was known to his associates as Stick-to-it Bill because of the tenacity with which he clung to every case in which he was concerned. His method of solving his problems was to combine common sense with much labor in following every possible clew to the end of its trail. Tuttle was shorter and slighter, evidently more nervous and apparently more alert. His mind was keener than was Jamieson's, and he had more imagination, but he lacked the bigger man's power of concentration and his ability to keep his nose to the scent while scent, however faint, remained.

Being quickly in possession of the facts, Jamieson called for the gun with which Tyrone had been shot. Examination showed that two bullets still remained in it. Being told that the property man was responsible for the loading of it, Jamieson asked him if he had loaded it with the cartridges now in it.

The property man asked to see the gun, examined it for a minute and replied, "I couldn't have loaded it, because I never saw it before."

"Then this isn't the gun which Mr. Tyrone broke?"

"You can bet it isn't."

"You'd swear to that?"

"I would."

"Why are you so sure?"

"Because I'm an old hand at my business and every property man knows, no matter how careful he is, things disappear and he has to pay for 'em. So I mark all mine, especially the hand props, with a private mark. I scratch a little X on them, and an O. They ain't on this one and so it ain't mine, though it is the same size and make."

"Anybody responsible for these things besides you?"

"Only my assistant and the people what use 'em. Him and me give all hand props ——"

"What do you mean by hand props?"

"Hand props means the things the actors handle while they're on the stage."

"I see. Well?"

"As I was saying, me and my assistant give all hand props to the people as is goin' to use 'em, just before the act begins, or else put 'em on a table in the entrance where the actor goes on. It's just whichever he likes."

"And then?"

"When the act's over, if they ain't going to be used again, the actor's supposed to give 'em back to us, but most of 'em don't trouble, so we go round and pick 'em up."

"But if they are going to be used again?"

"We leave 'em lay."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, if a prop is left in a drawer or on a mantel or some other place on the stage, we leave it there. If the actor has to take it off the stage to a bedroom or some place, and somebody else is supposed to pick it up there and bring it on, the actor puts it on the little table in the entrance so it'll be there when the other fellow wants it."

"So when Mr. Tyrone got through with the gun he broke, he was supposed to put it on a little table just outside the door."

"Yes, sir; right on that table there," the property man said, and pointed to a small stand near the second entrance.

"And if he didn't put it there, what was he supposed to do with it?" Jamieson asked.

"He had to put it there. He didn't carry it round in his pocket or anything. He went offstage to put it back in his wife's room. So he put it on the table. It was the only thing he could do."

"Did you see him put it on the table?"

"No, of course I didn't."

"Did you see any gun on the table after Tyrone was supposed to put it there and before Miss Easton picked it up?"

"No. That ain't my business. It's supposed to be there."

"Who had the right to go near that table?"

"Anybody; only, the stage hands is supposed to keep out of the entrance while the act is on."

"So if Mr. Tyrone did put the gun he had on the table, somebody must have switched it on him? And if he didn't put it there, somebody must have put this one in its place?"

"Yes, sir."

"All right," the inspector said in dismissal.

"You certainly got that straight, ain't you? You bet you have," Marlyn said to the detective. "And where is the fellow

(Continued on Page 65)

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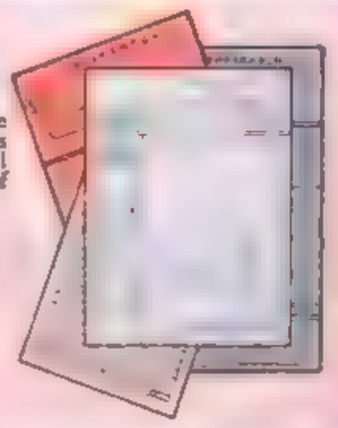

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(Continued from Page 62)

who did it? Right here on this stage. And how do I know? Because I had all the doors shut and there ain't nobody gone away. No, sir; not a soul; not even a stage hand."

"Thank you, Mr. Marlyn; that was just the right thing to do," Jamieson said; and Tuttle added: "If other people could think as fast as that, we'd be saved a lot of trouble."

Jamieson asked, "Did anybody leave the stage during the performance?"

To this Marlyn answered, "We can soon find out. There's only three doors, ain't there? Yes, there is." Then he called the head carpenter and asked, "Has the baggage door been open tonight?" The carpenter answered in the negative and Marlyn continued: "You're sure, ain't you?" To which the answer was: "Yes, sir; I bolted it myself before the curtain went up."

"What about the two other doors?" Jamieson inquired.

"This one here," Marlyn said, and pointed it out, "goes back of the boxes and to the front of the house, but the manager and me is the only ones who have the key."

"Have you gentlemen had your keys all night?"

"I have—sure I have."

"I gave mine to Mr. Foote," said the house manager. "He just returned it to me after the finish of the act."

"And who is Mr. Foote?"

"I am," Foote replied, stepping forward.

"And what have you to do with this play?"

"Among other things, I wrote it."

"Sure he did," Marlyn said. "He's the author. And he staged it as well. And did he do a good job? I'll say he did!"

"But why should he want the key?"

"So he could get back on the stage quick if anything was wrong. And so he could come back between the acts and look things over without having to go into the street and walk round the block. That's natural, ain't it?"

"Then he came on the stage between the acts?"

"I guess so. Don't all producers? All I've ever seen did."

"Did you come here between the acts?" Jamieson asked of Foote.

"Certainly," the playwright replied promptly.

"Between the second and third acts?"

"Yes; and to save unnecessary questions I will tell you that I went through the door"—he indicated the second entrance—"and could easily have changed the revolvers had I been so inclined."

"But you weren't so inclined?"

"I was not."

"How did you feel toward Mr. Tyrone? Were you friendly with him?"

"Well, we weren't exactly pals, you know."

"Did you like him?"

"Not particularly."

"You bet he didn't," the property man interposed.

"And who asked you anything? Nobody! Then shut up till somebody does!" said Marlyn.

"That's all right," Jamieson continued. "We want all the information we can get." Then to the property man he said, "So they weren't friendly, eh?"

"No. Everybody on the stage knew that."

"What was the trouble?"

"I couldn't exactly say," the property man replied, but he allowed his glance to travel slowly until it rested on Miss Easton, who was standing with her maid a little apart.

Both detectives followed the property man's gaze and realized its significance.

"So you had trouble about the leading lady," said Jamieson to Foote, who replied calmly, "Not at all."

"Then what did you have trouble about?"

"Nothing in particular."

"You didn't have any words with Mr. Tyrone during rehearsals?"

"None. But we had a few words after one of them."

"What about?"

"He objected to Temple coming into the company."

"He did, eh? And what did Miss Easton do?"

"She backed Tyrone's hand."

"How did it make Tyrone feel toward you?"

The playwright replied, "Really, you know, I can't say. I can tell only about my feelings toward him."

"And how were they?"

"Exactly as before."

"And how was that?"

"If the balance was on either side, I should say it was slightly against."

"Then you didn't like him?"

"Nor particularly dislike him."

"And you could have switched the guns?"

"I could."

"Don't go till we've finished here."

"Really, inspector, you couldn't drive me away. I'm just as keenly interested as you are."

Jamieson, unimpressed because he had seen imperturbable and willing witnesses before, regarded Foote steadily for a moment, and then turned to Miss Easton and asked sharply, "Why did you fire this gun when you knew it was loaded?"

"But I didn't know it," the actress protested.

"Mr. Tyrone thought you did," came a voice from the crowd, and Miss Meredith stepped forward to confront her fellow player.

"Why do you say that?" Jamieson questioned.

And Miss Meredith answered, "Because almost the first words he said were 'Why did you do it, Laurel?' A dozen—yes, twenty people heard it."

Jamieson inquired of Miss Easton if what Miss Meredith had said was true. She admitted that it was, but she added that Tyrone could not have known what he was saying, because she not only would not have harmed him for anything in the world but said there was absolutely no reason why she should want to harm him.

"There was every reason," Miss Meredith interposed; and, being asked by Jamieson what she meant, she said: "They were engaged to be married. Then Tyrone discovered that she had deceived him and lied to him, and that he"—she pointed to Temple—"was her husband, from whom she had never been divorced. Then Tyrone refused to have anything to do with her and she hated him for it. Everybody on the stage has seen that for the past week."

The two women faced each other. For a second or two there was silence, then Miss Easton said, "I've known all along that you hated me."

The other woman replied, "Why shouldn't you know it? Have I ever tried to hide it?"

Swiftly, Miss Easton turned to Jamieson and said dramatically: "I didn't put those bullets in that gun, but I believe she did, and that she did it with the deliberate intention of throwing suspicion on me. You heard her admit that she hated me."

Miss Meredith retorted: "I despise her and I detest her. There's nothing I wouldn't do to smash her just as she smashed me. But she knows I didn't do this and she is simply trying to divert suspicion from herself."

"You had just the same chance to do it as I had," Miss Easton rejoined, "and just as good a motive."

"Then you admit that you had a motive?"

"No, I don't!"

"But you declared ——"

"Never mind what I declared!"

"You see!" Miss Meredith said to Jamieson, and triumphantly turned away.

"Anyhow, we've learned that much," Jamieson remarked to Tuttle. Then he inquired of Marlyn, "And the other door?"

"That," said Marlyn, "is the regular stage door; and is Tim on watch there all the time? I should say he is." Then he called "Tim! Oh, Tim!" And a tall, stoop-shouldered, gray-haired man came slouching on.

"Yes, Mr. Marlyn?"

Before Marlyn could reply, Jamieson interposed: "I'll take care of this"; and of the man he inquired, "You're the stage-door keeper?"

"Yes, sir."

"Know what I am?"

"You're a dick."

"Detective, you mean."

"Have it your own way."

"Did anybody leave the stage between the middle of the second act and the end of the third?"

"Nobody."

"You're sure?"

"You're right I am. Anything else?"

"Not just now."

Without a word, the man went slowly back to his post. Jamieson gazed after him and said to Marlyn, "Bit fresh, isn't he, for a man holding his job?"

"But should you mind it? Sure you shouldn't. Know who he is? He's Tim Malone, who was the prize fighter."

"Not the Tim Malone who fought the forty rounds with Jack Maher?"

"That's the fellow. And is he fifty years old yet? No, he ain't. Twenty dollars a week he gets and glad of the job. And did the crowds used to follow him on the streets? Like he was a king or something!"

Jamieson looked at Tuttle, shook his head commiseratingly and said, "When those fellows go, they go fast."

"Where do the dressing rooms face?" asked Tuttle.

And Marlyn answered: "They don't face anywhere. Why should they? They're only dressing rooms."

"Don't they have any windows in them?"

"Sure they do."

"Where do they open?"

"Where should dressing-room windows open? On the alley, of course."

"All of them?"

"Yes."

"Then," said Tuttle to Jamieson, "if that gun wasn't thrown out of one of those windows, it's still here."

"That's what I was getting at," Jamieson replied.

"What do you say if I give the alley the once-over?"

"Good idea."

"You come with me," Tuttle said to the property man. Both went to the stage entrance, where they were promptly stopped by Malone.

"Get out of my way and let me go through that door. I'm a detective," Tuttle said.

"I wouldn't care if you was the chief of police. Orders is orders," Malone replied.

"I know that fellow," the property man said. "When it comes to doing what he's told Rin-Tin-Tin's got nothing on him." Then he dashed back on the stage and explained the situation to Marlyn, who called out "Tim! Oh, Tim!" And being answered, continued: "It's O. K. Let them two out."

"All right, Mr. Marlyn," replied Tim, and the two men passed the doorkeeper and went into the alley.

"Please, let me go as soon as you can," said Miss Easton to Jamieson, taking him aside. "I don't see what good I can possibly do here and I'm terribly anxious to go to the hospital. If you have any questions to ask me, please ask them now and let me get away."

"Do you know anybody—anybody mind you—who might have a grudge against Mr. Tyrone and wish to get him out of the way?"

"No one unless ——" Miss Easton caught herself sharply.

"You were going to say Temple, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"Why?" There was a pause, after which the detective continued: "Had he ever threatened Tyrone?"

"Not exactly—threatened."

"Then what had he done?"

"He just told him to keep away from me."

"I see."

"But he didn't do it. I'm sure he didn't. He isn't that kind of a man."

"Somebody did it—somebody still on the stage. So who could it be if it wasn't Temple, or Miss Meredith, or you?"

At the last word Miss Easton caught her breath quickly and said, "So I am still under suspicion?"

"Everybody here is under suspicion," the detective answered.

Very soon Tuttle returned with the property man.

"Nothing doing," Tuttle proclaimed, whereupon Jamieson inquired of Marlyn if his orders about no one leaving the stage were still in force. Being assured that they were, Jamieson then asked him to give instructions that no one was to go to any dressing room, and when he had done it, Marlyn asked, "You're going to search now, ain't you? Sure you are."

Jamieson replied, "We are, and we'll take the dressing rooms just as they come, starting with that one." And he pointed to a door with a star on it.

"But that's my room," Miss Easton exclaimed.

"I thought it might be," Jamieson replied.

"Do you mean to say that you are going to search my dressing room?"

"We are going to search 'em all."

At this Miss Easton protested volubly and forcibly that such a proceeding was a humiliation and an outrage. To this Jamieson answered quietly but firmly that it had to be done. He explained that he would have to make a report to headquarters, and supposing he found nothing during the entire search and the chief asked him if he had looked everywhere, and he had to say he hadn't examined the room of the lady who had done the shooting, where would he be then, he wanted to know.

With Marlyn and the house manager as witnesses, the search of Miss Easton's room was made in a manner both comprehensive and thorough; but the missing revolver was not found, nor was anything else discovered that could in any way throw light on the matter in hand.

"Can I go now?" Miss Easton asked when the searching of her room was finished.

Jamieson replied, "No, lady."

"But when can I go?"

"I don't know. That depends on the way things turn out."

"But Mr. Tyrone may be dying. He may even have died."

"I'm sorry, lady."

"But I've got to find out how he is, and I'm going to the hospital now, this minute, and no one is going to stop me."

The actress found her path barred by the bulky form of the detective.

"Get out of my way!" she cried hysterically. "Do you hear? Get out of my way!"

"Listen!" Jamieson said, and there was now an edge of brutality in his voice. "I don't want to be rough, but I shall be if I have to. So before you start anything in that line take a look at the facts. You admit you're in love with Tyrone, don't you?"

"What has that to do with it?"

"And that you'd had a quarrel—a serious one?"

"Yes, but what of it?"

"This: Who had the best chance to change the guns? You! Who fired the shot? You! Who had both the motive and the opportunity? You! That's what of it. Get that into your head and you'll know just where you stand."

The actress was aghast, incredulous. The seriousness of her position and the fact that she was actually suspected of the attempted murder of the man she loved dawned upon her for the first time.

"You really think that I did it?" she gasped.

"I'm not saying what I think. I'm just telling you the facts. And now you know

(Continued on Page 68)

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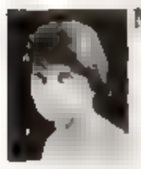
Spades	Q
Hearts	K, 10, 2
Diamonds	K, 7, 4
Clubs	K Q J, 10, 7, 5



Mrs. Ella G. Pimm, Montreal, Canada, West—

Spades	K, J, 10, 9, 6, 5
Hearts	A, J
Diamonds	J, 8, 3
Clubs	9, 2

Wilbur C. Whitehead, New York, North—

Spades	8 4 3
Hearts	9, 7, 6 3
Diamonds	A, Q, 10
Clubs	8 4, 3

Milton C. Work, New York, East—

Spades	A, 7, 2
Hearts	Q 8, 5, 4
Diamonds	9 6 5, 2
Clubs	A, 6

Tues., Dec. 20, 10 P. M. (E. T.)

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSAI, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMJ, WWJ

Tues., Dec. 20, 8:30 P. M. (P. T.)

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for time of following:

KFAD Electrical Equipment Co. Phoenix
KF[illegible] [illegible] Highway Colorado Springs
K[illegible] [illegible] Meyer Bismarck
K[illegible] [illegible] St. Joseph, Mo.
K[illegible] [illegible] Denver
K[illegible] [illegible] Arts Albuquerque
KPRC Post Dispatch Houston
KSL Radio Service Corp. Salt Lake City
KTHS Arlington Hotel Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.
KVOO Southwestern Sales Corp. Tulsa, Okla.
KWUC Rex Frolkey Sioux City
[illegible] [illegible] Pensacola, Fla.
WDAY [illegible] Fargo
[illegible] [illegible] Orlando, Fla.
WEAA Baker Hotel, News, Sears-Roebuck Dallas
WFBM Indianapolis P. & L. Co. Indianapolis
WHEC Hickson Electric Company Rochester
WJAX Municipal Station Jacksonville
[illegible] [illegible] New Orleans
WKY [illegible] Oklahoma City
[illegible] [illegible] Knoxville
WPG [illegible] Atlantic City
WRVA Lewis & Bro. Co. Richmond, Va.
[illegible] [illegible] Calgary, Can.
[illegible] [illegible] Toronto, Can.
CFQC Electric Shop Saskatoon, Can.
CJNS Northern Elec. Co. [illegible], Can.
CJCA Journal Edmonton, Can.
[illegible] Free Press London, Can.
CJCM Jas. Richardson & Sons Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC La Presse Montreal, Can.
CKCD Daily Province Vancouver, Can.
CKCO Radio Assn. Ottawa, Can.
CKNC Canadian Nat. Carbon Co. Toronto, Can.
CKY Manitoba Tel. System Winnipeg, Can.

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(Continued from Page 65)

what chance you have of getting off this stage till I give the word. But I'll tell you what I'll do. After a while I'll let somebody phone the hospital and find out how he is; but that's as far as I'll go."

With this, in spite of her tears and her pleadings, her sobs and her protestations, the actress had to be content.

Next in order was Tyrone's dressing room, on the door of which there was also a star.

Natsuki, who had been carefully watching the proceedings, came forward smilingly and offered his services. These were declined by Jamieson, who afterward remarked that what people didn't know they could not talk about, and who added that what he had said applied particularly to servants. Nothing enlightening was found in this room.

On the next door was the numeral 3. This was Miss Meredith's room, and again the search was fruitless.

Asking who dressed in Number 4, Jamieson was told that it belonged to Temple. The house manager was sent to bring him. Then, in the presence of Temple and the two witnesses, a search was made by the detectives, and when most of the contents had been removed from Temple's trunk there was seen a revolver, the counterpart of the one from which the shot had been fired.

"How did that get in there?" Temple exclaimed, and stooped to pick it up.

"Leave that alone!" Tuttle ejaculated, but his admonition was unnecessary, for Jamieson had quickly grasped Temple's outstretched hand.

"I'm warning you, Mr. Temple," said Jamieson weightily, "that anything you say can be used against you."

"What do I care for your warning?" Temple replied hotly. "What I want to know is how that got into my trunk."

"You didn't put it there?"

"Of course I didn't. I never saw the thing before. It's been planted."

"How?"

"I don't know."

"And who'd want to plant it?"

"I don't know that either. But just the same, somebody did it. And I'll tell you this: If I wanted to bump a man off I'd do it myself. I'd never trick a woman into doing it for me."

For a moment or so Jamieson looked into the eye of Temple, who met his gaze unflinchingly. Then Jamieson resumed: "Anyway, you don't deny that that revolver was found in your trunk in the presence of these two witnesses?"

"No, I don't."

"And you still say you don't know how it got there?"

"Yes."

"Anybody been in this room tonight besides you?"

"My dresser."

"Anybody else?"

"Tomlinson and Christie came in after the first act."

"Who are they?"

"Two men in the company. They came in to see how I thought the play was going."

"Anybody come in after the second act?"

"Tomlinson."

"Did he leave before you did?"

"Yes."

"Then you and your dresser were here all the time he was?"

"Yes."

"So he couldn't have planted it?"

"No."

"Anybody come in while the third act was being played?"

"You'll have to ask my dresser. I was on the stage."

The dresser, being brought, stated emphatically that no one had entered the room while Temple was away. He added that he had sat in the room all the time, as he would not dare leave it on a first night while his employer was absent.

When the dresser was dismissed, Jamieson said, "That seems to dispose of the planting theory"; and casting an eye on the revolver, he added, "Now we'll take a peek at this."

"Careful, Bill; look out for finger prints," Tuttle warned.

"I'll be careful, all right," Jamieson replied; and taking the barrel between his thumb and forefinger, he gingerly lifted the revolver from the trunk.

Tuttle craned forward eagerly to look at the gun, which Jamieson examined carefully.

"Not a print on it," Tuttle said.

"Clean!" added Jamieson

Then they turned their attention to the butt, on which they expected to find the property man's identifying marks. Its surface was unscratched.

The look on the faces of the two men told plainly their surprise and disappointment.

"It ain't there, is it?" Marlyn asked, and Jamieson admitted that it was not.

"That, I think, lets me out," said Temple. "And now, if you'll let me have my room to myself, I'll dress and go home. The stage manager knows where I'm staying in case you should need me."

"Don't be too cocky," returned Jamieson. "I don't think we're through with you yet. And don't go till I say so."

Dressing Room Number 5 was occupied by Christie. When his trunk was opened and its top lifted out, there lying openly on the clothing within was another revolver apparently similar in every respect to the two others.

Christie's protestations were even more fervent than were those of Temple. He asserted vehemently that he had never seen the gun before, that he had no idea how it had got into his trunk, and that undoubtedly it had been planted.

"I've never seen so many guns in my life," said Jamieson.

And Tuttle said, "They haven't been planted; they've been sowed."

Jamieson carefully lifted the revolver from the trunk. He and Tuttle looked it over eagerly. On its butt, plainly and unmistakably, were scratched an X and an O.

"This looks pretty bad, young fellow," Jamieson said.

And Christie replied: "Don't talk rot. Why should I want to hurt Tyrone? He's never done anything to me. I never met him till we began rehearsals. The whole thing is preposterous, fantastic."

"There's the gun."

"What of it? Do you think, if I'd done it, I'd have left the gun lying there for everybody to see? Don't you think that the man clever enough to arrange this would have been smart enough to plan how he'd dispose of the weapon? And besides, whoever schemes to kill a man must have a reason, and I ask you again, what possible reason could I have?"

"Am I knocked a twister? I should say I am," said Marlyn. "Still, everything what Christie says sounds reasonable to me."

"Thank you, Mr. Marlyn," Christie replied. "I've worked for you before. You've known me several years. You know I couldn't do a thing like this."

"Somebody did it," said Jamieson, unmoved, "and there's the gun."

"But I don't know anything about the gun," answered Christie shrilly and beginning to get hysterical.

"Just the same you'll have to come along with me."

"You don't mean you're going to arrest me for this! You can't mean it! You can't! And there's my wife. She's not well. She's sick. There's no knowing what a shock like this will do to her."

"You can tell all that to the chief," said Jamieson, not unkindly. "He's a fair man and has a family of his own. Better calm down now and dress and come along quietly." Then to Tuttle he said, "You bring Temple. Tell the others they can go."

When the chief had questioned and cross-questioned Temple and Christie separately and they were outside waiting his disposition of them, he said to the detectives: "I'd hold both of them. Only, if I did, their lawyers would soon have 'em out on habeas corpus. I'll have to let 'em go, but I'll have 'em both covered day and night."

When he had given instructions to this effect, he continued: "This case is a hard nut, but we've got to crack it. It will push practically everything else off the front page tomorrow morning. For the sake of the entire department we've got to get the fellow who turned this trick."

"As I see it," said Jamieson, "the fellow who had the motive had the wrong gun, while the man who had no motive had the right one. To my way of thinking, the thing for us to do is to find the fellow who sold the guns."

"Yes," replied the chief, "and who he sold 'em to. We mustn't throw the women into the discard yet."

Owing to the technicalities imposed by statute regarding the sale of firearms in the state of New York, it was Jamieson's idea, which was concurred in by Tuttle, that the two revolvers had been bought in an adjoining state, probably in New Jersey. In consequence Jamieson proposed that they begin a systematic tour of all the New Jersey towns in search of the seller. This method was entirely too slow and monotonous for the mercurial Tuttle, who suggested that they try other more rapid means of discovery. Tuttle's plan was to give photographs of the revolver to all the New York papers and to the principal ones of New Jersey as well, with the suggestion that the police would welcome gladly any news regarding their sale. If this failed, he advised that they next try the news reel in the movies. To this Jamieson agreed, but he refused to postpone the search while waiting for possible results, and so the two detectives began their unexciting round, selecting Newark as their first place of call.

The second morning after the publication of the picture and while the fate of Tyrone was still undetermined, a letter was received from a hardware dealer in Asbury Park saying that he thought he could give the desired information. Without waste of time, the detectives called on the writer and he promptly identified the guns, which his record showed had been sold, together with half a dozen cartridges, nine days prior to the opening of the play. Could he identify the man who bought them? He certainly could. He always noticed particularly the persons to whom he sold firearms. About this man there could be no possible mistake. Just before paying for his purchase he had taken off his hat for a minute and had put it on the counter. Running backward from his forehead through his otherwise black hair was an unmistakable streak of white.

After arrangements had been made for the man to come to New York and confront the purchaser, and the detectives were on their way back there, Tuttle was jubilant. Jamieson, however, was neither so joyous nor so optimistic. Why should a man take off his hat when by so doing he would give the one and absolutely certain means of his identification? Tuttle refused to be in any way downcast by this question. Weren't the obvious things, the fool things, the ones that generally betrayed a man? Of course they were. In support of this he named case after case. All of what Tuttle said was true, Jamieson admitted, but he contended that a man clever enough to plan this crime would never be fool enough to take off his hat in order to betray himself.

"He didn't do it to betray himself," Tuttle retorted. "He just forgot himself for a minute." Jamieson, however, remained unimpressed.

Confronted at headquarters by Temple, the hardware man was hesitant for a second or two, and then, his eyes resting on the white lock, he promptly identified him.

Moving closer to him and looking fixedly at him, Temple said, "Before you swear to that I advise you to take another look—a good one."

This time the man's hesitation was longer and more perceptible. He murmured something about Temple's seeming taller than he did before, and then he suddenly

Continued on Page 70

FILM-FREE TEETH

are Healthy White Teeth

The new way to combat the film on teeth—the source of many tooth and gum disorders

Sparkling smiles are, perhaps, the biggest thing in being beautiful. Thus Pepsodent, that brightens teeth by removing dingy film, is now accepted as a foremost beauty aid

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The modern dental profession sponsors this "fight-the-film" movement

THE essential difference, according to present-day dental findings, between sparkling white teeth and dingy "off-color" teeth is that clear, white teeth are *film-free*, and dull, dingy teeth, *film-coated*.

• • •

The essential difference, too, modern dental opinion holds, between properly protected teeth and gums and gravely *unprotected* teeth and gums is founded largely on the same factor: *film*.

• • •

Able dental authorities say ordinary brushing does not effectively remove that film. Thus, greatly on dentists' orders, people everywhere are adopting Pepsodent. A special film-removing dentifrice. *A tooth paste essentially different from all others in many ways.*

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You can feel it now with your tongue, that film; a slippery, viscous coating on your teeth. It clings to teeth, it gets into crevices and stays beyond the power of ordinary cleansing.

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Film, too, is the basis of tartar. And with germs, tartar is a cause of pyorrhea. Thus film and gum troubles are definitely connected by many respected authorities. Film, too, holds food particles in contact with teeth, which ferment and foster the acids of decay.

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To cleanse teeth to high lustre, and better to safeguard against tooth decay and gum disorders, the dental profession today urges that film be removed *TWICE EACH DAY at least*.

Feel now for film on your teeth. Find out, to your own satisfaction, whether or not your present cleansing method is adequately removing film.

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Compounded in exact measure to the exactments of present-day dental thought, Pepsodent has, largely on dental advice, altered the tooth-cleansing habits.

Pepsodent acts two ways on film. First it curdles the film. Then removes it in complete safety to enamel.

Removing film on teeth is accorded high importance by the modern Dentist. So Pepsodent is chosen for its unique therapeutic and prophylactic qualities

Thus it cleanses your teeth as you have probably never felt them cleansed before. Thus it lightens and brightens them. Thus it fights decay.

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Then Pepsodent acts to firm the gums; supplying for this purpose the latest men of science know as an aid in gum protection. You use it on the brush for this purpose. You massage the gums with it each night.

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Mail the coupon for a 10-day tube of Pepsodent. Use it twice daily with the brush. Massage it nightly into the gums. Note how your teeth lighten as film coats go. Note how much better your gums feel. After this test, we believe you will agree that, next to your regular dentist's care, Pepsodent is the most important tooth protective factor you can find.

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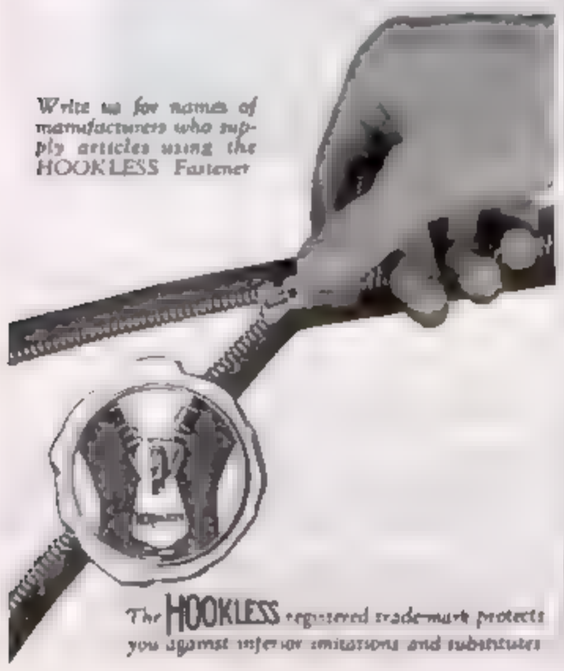
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The HOOKLESS registered trade-mark protects you against inferior imitations and substitutes

(Continued from Page 68)

exclaimed: "No! No! This isn't the man at all! This man has dark eyes. The eyes of the man who bought the guns were blue—light steely blue."

"He had blue eyes?" Tuttle exclaimed.

"Yes," the man replied.

"You're sure? There can't be any mistake?" the chief asked.

"No," the man answered, "there can't be any mistake. I noticed the eyes particularly, because I never remember seeing eyes of that color go with dark hair."

Jamieson looked at Tuttle, and Tuttle looked at Jamieson. Each of them recalled that Christie's eyes were the exact color the man had described—light steely blue.

Temple laughed triumphantly and maliciously.

"As I remarked once before," he said, "I think that lets me out. And might I suggest to you gentlemen that you don't bother me any more until you have something really important to see me about? And I will add, for your information, that I am in no way connected or concerned with the case you have in hand."

"Not even—indirectly?" Tuttle asked pointedly.

A flicker—an almost imperceptible flicker—of the eyelids was Temple's involuntary reply to Tuttle's unexpected question. Then he answered smoothly, "No man can say how far his indirect responsibility goes, can he?"

Tuttle said to the chief: "I believe he knows more about this than he's telling. I think he's holding out on us. I suggest you send this man home"—he indicated the seller of the revolvers—"and then have a talk with our friend here."

"You'll come whenever we call on you, won't you?" the chief said to the man. "We pay all expenses of course—fares, meals, everything."

"Certainly, chief; glad to oblige any time."

"Thank you. Sorry to have troubled you."

"Not at all, chief."

When the man had gone, the chief said to Tuttle, "What's it all about?"

"It's this way, chief," Tuttle answered. "Christie's eyes are light blue. I remember it, and I know Bill did."

"Yes," said Jamieson, "I always notice a man's eyes, and there's no doubt about it. Christie's eyes are a light steely blue."

"So that's the way it lies," the chief said. Then to Temple he added: "You get the drift of this, don't you? Christie impersonated you and deliberately tried to throw suspicion on you. He planted the gun in your dressing room; though just how he did it we don't exactly know. It wasn't Tyrone he was after; it was you. Why? What had you done to him?"

"Nothing. I never set eyes on the man until the day I walked in at rehearsal."

"Anyway, I understand you take the position that even if you do know anything, you're not going to tell it."

"Exactly. But, as I said before, I don't know anything."

"Well, even if you won't help us, I'll try to help you. Don't forget this: When a man with light-blue eyes goes bad he's the most desperate, vindictive, vicious and cunning criminal that walks. Human life—anybody's—means nothing to him, if by taking it he thinks he can get what he wants."

"Thanks. But you needn't worry about me. I can take care of myself and I'm not afraid of any man. Is there anything else?"

"No."

"Then good afternoon, gentlemen."

When the detectives were alone the chief said: "Boys, this thing is going to iron itself out all right. It isn't quite straight yet, though. This is my opinion, and you can check up on me: For some reason, which we've got to find out, Christie wanted to get Temple and he worked out his scheme. Being an actor, it was easy for him to procure a wig, even to work one over himself, to look like Temple's hair. Then, impersonating Temple, he bought two guns so that he could plant one in Temple's dressing room before he turned the trick, because he knew he wouldn't be able to do it after. When he made the switch with the loaded gun he took the other and tossed it careless-like into his trunk, because he figured Temple's room would be searched before his; the missing gun would be found and there the search would end. The motive was Temple's wife's love affair with Tyrone; there would be the identification by the man who sold the guns, and the missing one would be found hid in his trunk. Everything seemed set either for murder or attempted murder. One little thing which he knew nothing about queered it—the property man's mark."

"And the color of his eyes!" interjected Tuttle. "He certainly overlooked a bet there."

"That was just a bad break for him and a good break for us. How many men do you think could tell you the color of a man's eyes after seeing him only once? Not one in a thousand."

"That's right," said Jamieson. "That's the reason I always notice it."

"Of course," continued the chief, "when that property man told about his X and O, Christie knew his plans had gone blooey. But he had no chance to get to his trunk, and even if he had, what could he have done? He had plenty of time, though, to figure out what he was going to do and say, and being a good actor, I guess he did it pretty well."

"He did, for a fact," said Tuttle.

"What I can't understand," interposed Jamieson, "is his taking a chance on Tyrone's getting killed."

"He wanted him to be killed," explained the chief. "Then the charge would have been murder."

"But Tyrone had never done anything to him."

"That would make no difference with a fellow of Christie's type. It's like I told Temple. When a light-blue-eyed baby goes bad he's as cruel as a wolf, as cunning as a weasel and his mind works like a coyote gone mad. It ain't only a theory of mine, either. The records prove it."

"That's what they do," assented Tuttle.

"Well, something turned this fellow Christie and sent him out after his revenge. Now what's the most likely thing to do that to a chap like him?"

"A woman," said Tuttle.

"Right you are," replied the chief. "Find out if Christie's got a girl."

"He's got a wife; he said so," interposed Jamieson.

"Then check up on the wife and Temple. If that don't turn up anything, look into the girl proposition. Go to the theater as well and figure out how he planted the gun. With them two things fixed, I think we'll be set."

The next morning the report of the doctors regarding Tyrone's condition was more reassuring and in the afternoon Jamieson and Tuttle came in with their report. While Christie had been on the road the previous season his wife and Temple had been together a lot. It looked as though they had had an affair. They'd even been out together lately—at least since rehearsals had begun. As for planting the gun ahead, that would be easy. The keys to the dressing rooms, numbered, all hung on a board in a passageway, and each actor or dresser was supposed to take his key off the hook when he needed it. All Christie had to do was to stroll in some afternoon after rehearsal, take key Number 4 as well as his own and go into Temple's room. Temple's trunk was the standard make of a well-known theatrical-trunk maker, and trunks of that make and size had locks and keys alike. That's all there was to that.

"Fine," said the chief. "Now I guess we're ready to bring him in. There are some things, though, I'd like made a bit stronger, and I guess we can get them out of the wife if we handle her right. The reports show that Christie leaves home every night about eight o'clock, generally goes to some show and gets back between half-past eleven and twelve. They've got one maid and she goes home about nine. Wait till they've both gone, then go up to the flat and tell the wife you've come to arrest her husband for attempted murder. She'll say he isn't in. All right, you'll wait. And you will wait. You'll wait till noon next day if you have to. Of course Christie won't come home, because we'll have picked him up. But the woman won't have had the news, and you know what'll happen, don't you?"

"Sure thing, chief," Tuttle replied; and after another word or two, the detectives left.

About ten o'clock that night Jamieson rang the bell of the Christie flat. There was no response either to the first ring or to the second, but to the third there was. The door was opened cautiously, and only a little way, by a pale-faced and frightened young woman who asked what the two strange men wanted. Their response was to push open the door, go into the apartment, tell who they were and that they had come to arrest her husband for attempted murder.

The woman gasped in terror and put her hand over her mouth to keep from screaming. It was evident that her nerves were taut and that under only a little more strain they might break. Her husband wasn't in. They would wait. He might not come home all night. They would wait. He might have gone out of town. Still, they would wait. So the two men sat silent in the little parlor as the minutes and the hours ticked away. At one o'clock Christie had not come, and as she knew nothing of the plans of the police, each tick was like the beat of a hammer at the woman's heart. At two o'clock she begged and implored that she might be allowed to telephone to someone. To whom? She wouldn't tell. At three o'clock she again, and in agony, besought them. To whom? This time she told—to Temple. Why should she want to telephone to him? Because she knew—she was sure—that something terrible had happened to him. She was as certain as though she had been told by an angel from heaven. And why was she more concerned about Temple than about her husband? Silence again. This time for more than an hour. Now she would tell them everything if only they would let her telephone after she had done it. They would.

She loved Temple madly, desperately. They had been lovers. He told her he had never married. If she could get a divorce he would marry her. Then at breakfast one morning her husband read to her that Miss Easton had been Temple's wife for three years. She screamed. She told him he was a liar. It couldn't be true. She knew it couldn't.

Then bit by bit her husband had pounded the truth out of her. Then he became a devil. He'd get even with Temple. He'd show him. No, he wouldn't kill him. He'd do better than that. And tonight something awful had happened. She knew it, and might she telephone now?

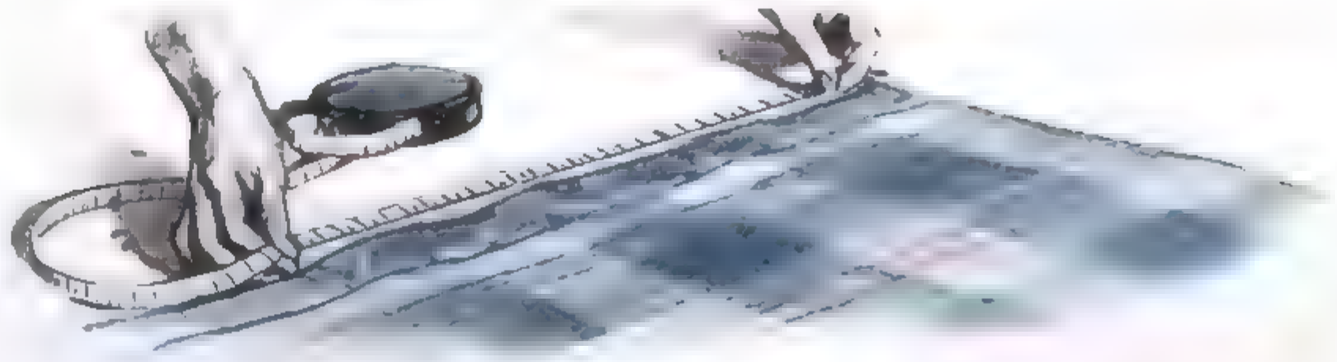
The men said she might. They would go. They left.

The woman telephoned and telephoned and telephoned. But she got no answer.

Six weeks later Tyrone had fully recovered, and with two new players in the cast, The Tigress was again produced, this time with the ending of the third act as the playwright had written it. In the course of time, her marriage with Temple having been dissolved in the divorce court, Miss Easton and Tyrone were married, and two years later they were divorced after six months of tempestuous matrimony and a year and a half of separation.

It was on the occasion of their divorce that Marlyn said, "When Easton and Tyrone married I gave 'em a grand piano. Now they ain't married any more, who owns the piano? Her, him or me? You don't know, do you? No more do I. But who'll get the piano? She will. You can bet she will!"

She did.



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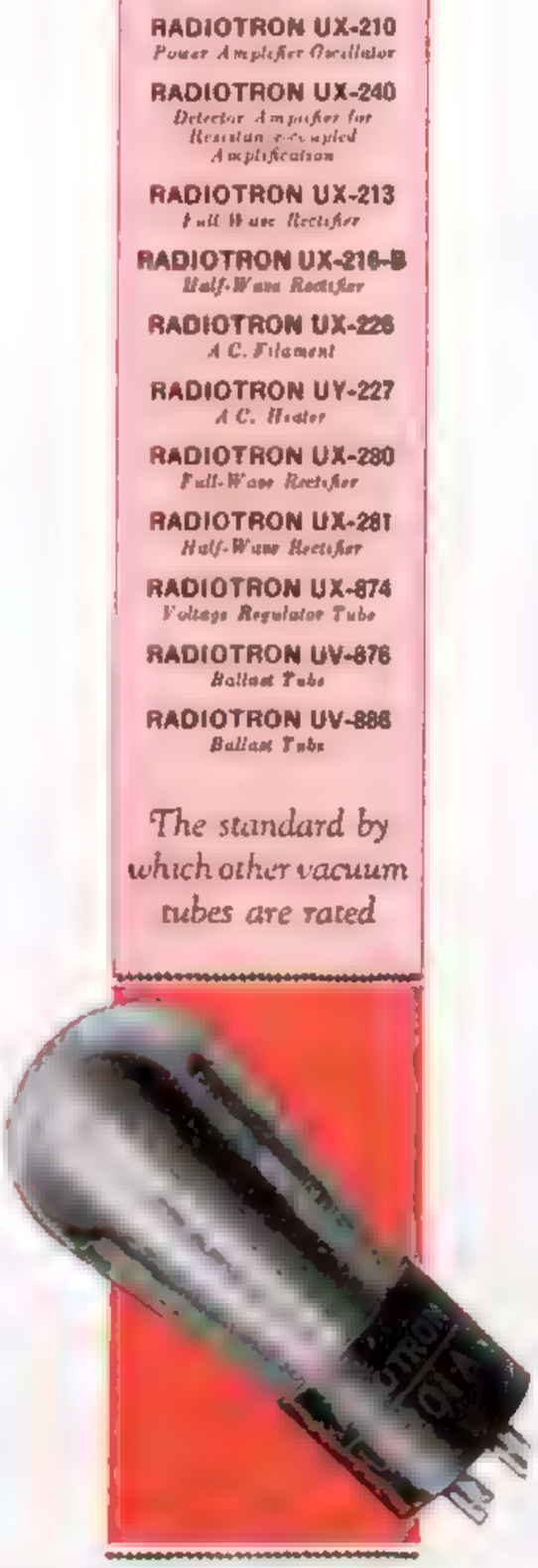

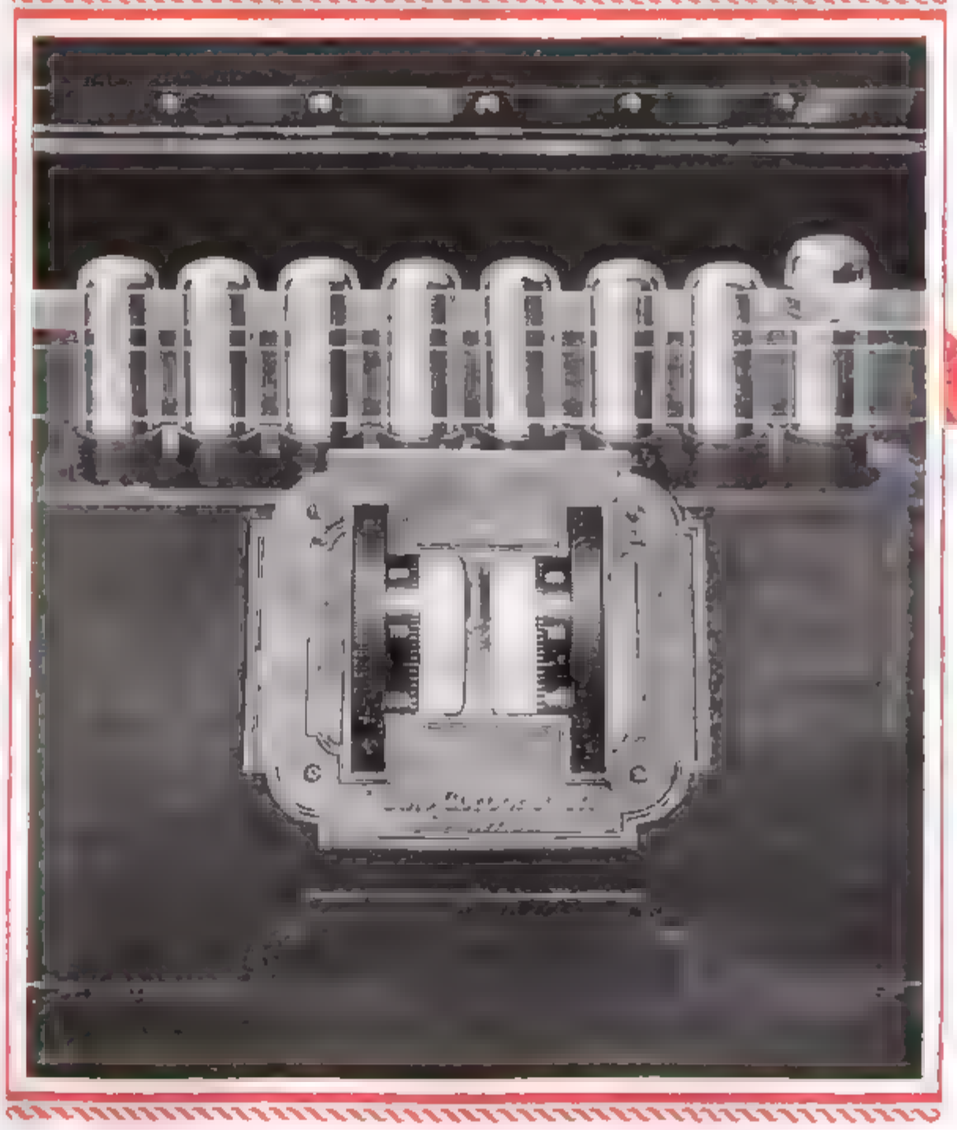

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THE DELUGE OF OIL

(Continued from Page 4

the invariable category of the petroleum has been. It is the inexorable dictate of the business.

Today it is not romance but disturbing reality that engages our interest. When acute problems enter the window, the romantic element usually flies out. Yet oil is so inseparably linked with the fiction sense, as it were, that overproduction, with its welter and woe, has a golden thread of what would be fable in a story book. The new black Golcondas maintain every tradition of the industry.

In the Seminole field of Oklahoma, the greatest group of pools in one area that the world has ever known, where a maximum output of 527,000 barrels a day was reached last July, ragged negro farmers became rich overnight through their ownership of some of the land, proving, as was the case with the Osage Indians at Burbank, that oil draws no color line in its lavish bestowal. Country doctors and merchants have likewise mounted to the millionaire class, while the straggling prairie town of Seminole, with a bare 1000 inhabitants in 1926, has become a bustling community of 30,000. Oil is the eternal revolutionizer.

No less picturesque have been the freaks of fortune in the new West Texas field. An oil-stock promoter who had to put down a well to meet blue-sky-law requirements uncovered a tremendous treasure, opening up a new universe of output. From a semi-arid cattle range assessed in value at less than twenty-five cents an acre, the University of Texas has already received $7,000,000 in royalties, with the prospect of five times as much more. Almost overnight the institution passed from legislative financial ration to rich independent endowment.

Most striking of all, perhaps, is the comeback of Spindletop. Once the hub of the oil world and the provocation for so many spurious stock schemes that it was called Swindletop, it was practically abandoned as a petroleum morgue. Last year it was brought back to opulence by a one-time driller who now gets $300,000 a month out of his courage and conviction. Aladdin had nothing on him. The hero of the Arabian tale rubbed a lamp. The rejuvenator of Spindletop drilled deeper than the people who had passed up the area as finished.

In deep drilling, by the way, lies one of the hopes of future crude supply both in abandoned and new fields. Colonel Drake, who put down the first well near Titusville, struck oil at sixty-nine feet. Today it is no uncommon occurrence, notably in California, to bore a mile and a half. From a few hundred dollars, the cost of bringing in a well has risen to $300,000. In this expansion you get another hint of the tremendous evolution in the industry.

A Migratory Mineral

At Seminole, as elsewhere in the new fields, the royalty-owner has skimmed the cream. Again you see the perversity of the business. Although the big companies have produced millions of barrels in this area, many will quit the domain poorer in some respects than when they entered. Tremendous energy and overhead have brought little permanent gain, because overproduction has shoved the price of crude oil down 40 per cent and almost below the cost of recovery.

This reference to the royalty-owner requires an explanation, because he or she has contributed to overproduction. Almost invariably the oil company drills on land that belongs to someone else. The landowner receives for a lease a bonus which may range from one dollar an acre to $1,900,000 for a section or quarter section, as was the case with the Osage Indians in Oklahoma, whose leases were disposed of in competitive bidding. In addition the owner gets one-eighth of the value of the oil.

I have already explained how oil, being a migratory mineral, is no respecter of property rights. Once it starts to flow it takes toll of all the adjacent area. Hence the moment a discovery well, as the first well in any district is known, begins to flow, every other royalty-owner in the vicinity wants his share. Moreover every landowner is convinced that his particular bailiwick is the one certain repository of oil. Competition and overcompetition are the result. Now you can see why the so-called system of unit operation, which will be explained later on, and which makes for pooled leases and community drilling, is the salvation of the industry.

Liquid Assets

So much by way of introduction. What first astounds the average man who takes the trouble to look into the oil industry—and he seldom does except when the oil stocks he owns go down or the price of gasoline goes up—is the apparent disorganization that prevails. He sees a vast business bulwarked by billions, peculiarly symbolic of American economic, mechanical and productive might, dominated in most instances by men of compelling capacity. Yet it is subject to recurrent crises that dislocate the entire structure. When overproduction is not glutting the market, underproduction sets up the bogy of famine. Each emergency spells distress of some kind.

Obviously there is no level of standardization either in output or price. Crude has ranged from three cents a barrel, the low of the Spindletop era, to $3.50 in the hectic scramble for gasoline after the World War. No other needful raw material, even rubber at the time when British restriction was tightest, has experienced such market vagaries.

Both oil and the man are responsible. The fundamental trouble with the business—and it is one of the few instances where the whole industry agrees—is that there are too many people and likewise too much money in it. Furthermore it has become too efficient. This sounds like a paradox at a time when the whole world is hotfoot after economy of effort, but it is nevertheless true. Oil, you will discover, is a chronic paradox. It is the succession of inconsistencies that baffles the business.

Clearly to understand what this means you must go back for a moment and get what might be called the genealogy of the game. Until a bare decade ago the business was practically financed from within, because outside capital regarded it as too speculative and hazardous for investment. Expansion was wholly cared for out of earnings. When the public did get in through fly-by-night schemes such as began in the Spindletop era, it was usually trimmed.

The World War not only stimulated the demand for petroleum but emphasized and fixed its economic status. Its position was further consolidated by the militant march of the motor car. Demand suddenly exceeded supply, prices soared and profits grew. The prosperity of the industry and its members attracted the attention of the investing public. Wall Street—and by this I mean the larger banking world—rose to the opportunity. Bankers and brokers fostered the creation and flotation of many oil companies, and the issue and sale of securities in vast volume followed.

In the case of big and reputable concerns the proceeds were devoted almost exclusively to output, land, leases and the acquisition of going concerns. One Oklahoma operator sold his holdings to a firm of New York bankers for $30,000,000. An Oklahoma cattle man and his partner, a banker, who started with a $700 investment in the Glenn Pool, disposed of their properties to the Magnolia Petroleum Company for $35,000,000. These figures, and they were typical of current transactions, were both dazzling and provocative.

As always happens, legitimate activity inspired the illegitimate. Hence the influx of those who preyed on savings, capitalized gullibility and in some instances landed in jail.

The big fact to emphasize at this point is that oil in the popular mind meant large returns in the normal business of production. Capital in terms of millions literally flowed in and continued until the present depression. As a matter of fact, it became too easy to finance an oil enterprise and in consequence excessive activity followed. This is one contributory cause of the present overflow.

A corollary to this state of affairs is that two kinds of oil men developed. One is the individual solely concerned in the industrial side while the other is more interested in the stock-selling end of the business.

You cannot safely tie the ticker to the oil well in this era any more than men like Harriman could annex the railroads to speculation back in the good old days of Alton deals.

But this is only one of the many reasons why the business is periodically in the dumps. The second cause is a conspicuous lack of economic foresight, solidarity and statesmanship.

You can make the most striking contrast, perhaps, by examining the steel industry. From the organization of the United States Steel Corporation the business had a voice and a vision concentrated in the late Judge Gary. Supply is adapted to demand, in the main, and the various producing units have a degree of coöperation and coördination that makes for standardization. This satisfactory situation develops principally from the fact that there are fewer producers of steel than of oil. Furthermore, the prejudice which operates against oil does not exist with steel. Its head men have had a freer hand in getting together.

The exact opposite obtains in oil, where individualism rules. As one of the outstanding figures in petroleum expressed it: "The oil business is in the hands of thousands of independent self-centered enterprises. Competition is intense and totally unreasoning so far as the general welfare of the industry is concerned. The petroleum industry lacks cohesion and intelligent direction. It is often hopelessly at cross-purposes within itself. Altogether it suffers piteously from failure to achieve coördinated effort."

Through the Political Glass

In this connection it may be interesting to point out that in the course of my investigation various leaders suggested a remedy for disorganization in the shape of a czar who could align the conflicting elements in the industry. It was generally agreed by those who hold this view that a dictator of the caliber of Herbert Hoover could easily become the Gary of oil.

The oil men, however, have three good alibis for failure to get together and emulate their steel colleagues. When the business had a leader in the Standard Oil trust it ran afoul of the public because it incarnated monopoly. Dissolution followed and everybody has been on his own ever since. It was the abuse of corporate power, not the business itself, that brought on suspicion.

Today, if any individual or oil corporation assumed the rôle of steward and sponsor, the public would again rise up and protest, because the ancient suspicion lingers. Furthermore, the politician has persistently capitalized this suspicion for self-advancement. The moment the price of gasoline rises, the demagogue sees the producer at his old job of milking the consumer. Thus John Jones everywhere is inspired to view oil through the political glass and as an enemy of the common

(Continued on Page 75)

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(Continued from Page 73)

pocketbook. Teapot Dome and Elk Hills did not help to efface this impression.

It follows that, whatever the causes, the real economic vicissitudes of the business are seldom considered. In consequence, oil is the least known and most unpopular American industry. Its past, rather than its real function, seems to rise up constantly to confute whatever honest issue develops.

The second alibi is in the law which prevents the coöperation so essential to stabilization. Unless a breach is made in the Sherman Act and a corresponding amendment put into the various state antitrust laws, the producers must stick to individual effort with its resultant competition, or cooperate by the sufferance of the authorities, as obtains in Seminole and West Texas. There is the likelihood, and this is as good a place as any to state it, of a Federal measure being offered in the present session of Congress to bring about a degree of regulation.

For the third reason why economic equilibrium does not exist in the oil industry we must turn from genealogy to geology. In no other important primary market is there so large a factor of uncertainty as with petroleum. Compare it with any of the other essentials and their conduct and you see the reason why.

With lumber it is possible to map out areas to be cut, knowing that the timber will stand until it is wanted. Save for interruption due to strikes, the coal operator can follow a definite schedule, certain of his store of the black diamond. The Department of Agriculture is able to forecast the number of bushels of wheat and corn and the bales of cotton which the country will produce, barring unexpected losses by rust, drought or boll weevil. Moreover, in times of excess the farmer can rotate his crops or reduce his planting. Demand and supply of all these essential commodities can readily be harmonized.

Not so with oil. Thousands of wells may be drilling today, but no statistician can forecast what they will be doing six months hence. The wildcat well can easily prove to be dry and the dubious hole open a flush field with a new flood. Production and price are at the mercy of the moment. The necessity for reducing oil to possession is the Nemesis that constantly pursues.

Vanishing Klondikes

What few people realize is that more than half the country's petroleum supply comes from 4 per cent of the producing wells—that is, wells in the flush fields. You have only to run the range of oil-field obituaries to find out how the avalanche of today peters out in short order. What is the fate of the fields that last year, or a few years ago, stirred the imagination and well-nigh overwhelmed transport, refining and storage facilities?

At the peak of production Santa Fé Springs in California registered 340,000 barrels a day. It has gone down to 39,000. Long Beach, also in California, has passed from 284,000 to 90,000; while Smackover, in Arkansas, at high tide a 415,200-barrel area, is now reduced to 78,450. Far more impressive are the figures concerning Powell, once the wonder of Texas, with 356,893 barrels a day. Its present output is less than 15,000. Cushing, in Oklahoma, has changed from 331,000 to 30,000; Mexia, in Texas, from 141,000 to 20,000; and Wortham, in Texas, has dwindled from 153,800 to 5900. Such bonanzas as Glenn and Ranger, two of the oil Klondikes of other days, have passed into oil history, leaving only their derricks behind. What has happened to all these fields will happen ultimately to the Seminoles, the Panhandles and the Pecoses that hum with activity today.

On the other hand, despair, induced by a vanishing output, may be changed overnight to elation by the bringing in of a fresh empire of output. A year and a half ago the industry was congratulating itself on having apparently turned the corner, when suddenly Seminole, West Texas, Seal Beach and Ventura Avenue in California, and the comeback of Spindletop converted sufficiency into overabundance, all on top of an immense storage.

This shifting circumstance—so elusive as to set up an economic quicksilver state—is bad enough, but there are other agencies that contribute to disorganization. One is temperament. The oil man is the world's champion optimist.

In seasons of overproduction his usual comment has been: "We have passed through similar emergencies and will discover a way out. Besides, overproduction makes for new uses for oil and consequently a wider market."

When scarcity grips, then the point of view is: "We have always found oil in the past and will continue to locate it."

Thus triumph and disaster are regarded just the same. For the first time in the history of the business, however, this once-incorrigible optimism is shaken.

A Stepchild of Industry

One other factor will round out this explanation of the peculiarities of the business. Petroleum is the only industry that competes with itself in times of overproduction. If coal and copper prices slump, output is immediately restricted so that a market comeback can be staged. Oil, let me repeat, must continue its flow. Only unity of productive action or coercive legislation can stem the tide.

Now you can understand, perhaps, why the industry is captive of the hour and why it is utterly impossible, under existing conditions, to reconcile the future with the present.

We can now proceed with the consecutive story of the latest overproduction that has wrought such havoc. The curious thing about oil, in the light of its present preeminence, is that it was really a stepchild of industry. Although sections of the country literally oozed petroleum, the mineral escaped commercialization for years. The principal uses were as liniment and lubricant. In the latter capacity it competed with whale oil, which also provided the finest candles. Petroleum later took over one quality of the sea monster that furnished that first illuminant in that it became, figuratively, a whale of an industry.

One of the many ironies of the business is that kerosene once ruled supreme, while gasoline was the Cinderella, rejected, despised and burned secretly at night to get it out of the way. In those earlier days, about half a barrel of crude petroleum was turned into kerosene. Even when the automobile first appeared, less than a tenth was converted into gasoline. Today conditions are reversed. One-tenth of a barrel becomes kerosene and more than one-third gasoline, which returns the industry more than 60 per cent of its revenue.

The first kerosene was distilled from coal, hence the original name of coal oil. I refer to this process because when our natural supply of crude becomes exhausted we shall be obliged to revert to the process of producing oil from coal. The operation has already reached commercial proportions in Germany due to the import duty on petroleum products.

Crude petroleum played such a small part in our affairs that up to 1900 there were no disturbing shortages or overproductions. The first scarcity was in 1876, when, to meet demand, it was necessary to maintain the price around $3.50 a barrel. In 1892 there was so much oil that in order

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to move the volume the price was cut to fifty cents a barrel. These two episodes cut no great figure, because oil, as a factor in industrial and social life, had not registered. They are significant, however, in revealing the striking fact that then, as now, price, or rather price reduction, remains the sole effective measure that the industry has against overflow.

From 1900 on began the cycles of overproduction culminating in the contemporary crisis. It was during this year that the output in the United States reached 64,000,000 barrels—less than the monthly output during the past five years. The statistics of the business are little less than staggering. Since the beginning of the industry we have produced, with this year's record flow, a total of 10,340,546,000 barrels.

Each decade since the beginning of the industry in 1859 has seen a volume of production equal to the total output throughout the whole previous history of the industry. During the nine years between 1916 and 1925 more oil was produced in the United States than during the entire previous epoch—that is, between 1859 and 1916. We provide 70 per cent of the world oil supply. From 1900 to 1925 petroleum production multiplied by nearly twelve.

Overproduction started when that famous mound at Spindletop exploded on a January morning in 1901. Before twelve months had elapsed the area was producing at the rate of 18,000,000 barrels a year. The problem of absorbing the flood became acute. The honk of the motor horn had scarcely been heard. Oil as a fuel had just begun to go up the flue. The price therefore dropped to three cents a barrel, the lowest that petroleum has ever known.

Despite the vast waste, Spindletop marked an era. It not only inoculated the American system with oil but led to the organization of four powerful companies—the Gulf, the Texas, the Magnolia and the Humble.

Although brief periods of overproduction studded the now-widening story of petroleum, it was not until the great Cushing pool let loose in Oklahoma in 1906 that real excess was witnessed. In 1915 this area recorded the first peak production, or more than 300,000 barrels a day. Up to that time Humble pool in Texas had held the record with 130,000 barrels. Cushing was not displaced until the miracle California production broke in 1923 with Santa Fé Springs, where a daily output of 340,000 barrels established a new high.

An Essential of War

Cushing precipitated the first demoralization on a big scale. Both pipe line and storage facilities were utterly inadequate to handle the deluge which reached an annual output of 27,500,000 barrels by the end of 1915. At this time 3400 wells were going day and night. It became necessary to build 53,000,000 barrels of steel-tankage capacity to deal with the flood. So-called distress crude—that is, crude in excess of pipe-line capacity—sold as low as 25 cents a barrel.

Readjustment was not so difficult, because the automobile was coming into its own. The World War had become a war of mechanical transport. Gasoline was essential to move big guns, propel thousands of trucks and to speed aeroplanes on their mission of death and destruction. In 1913 the United States had passed the 1,000,000 mark with motor cars. The petroleum output then reached 248,446,000 barrels. Today we have increased the number of automobiles twenty times, while the output of oil is less than four times the 1913 volume. Gasoline consumption has now reached 1,000,000 barrels a day with exports.

In view of these facts, you naturally ask, Why is there an excess of petroleum? One reason is that through advance in the process of extraction—that is, by cracking—more gasoline content is obtained. One barrel of petroleum today does the work of two barrels ten years ago.

Resuming the narrative of overproduction, you learn that the next distress period of consequence came with the opening up of the great Los Angeles basin in 1923, when all previous output records went by the board and the United States was again deluged with oil. Prior to this period, California was a sort of self-contained petroleum empire because of the scarcity of coal on the Pacific Coast. She had a bare surplus which was exported to the Far East.

This situation underwent the kind of swift change that happens so often in the oil industry. Three huge pools—Santa Fé Springs, Long Beach, and Huntington Beach—came in with a total daily production of 741,000 barrels. In this flush era competitive drilling reached the last word in frenzied output and so-called town-lot drilling arrived at its peak. This was notably true at Signal Hill, a part of Long Beach, where sixty-four companies operated on less than 770 acres and where the derricks actually touched one another on leases 120 feet square. Almost the same state of affairs obtained at Sante Fé Springs.

Just Around the Corner

This tidal wave of oil not only doubled the California output for 1923 but also recorded one-third of the total United States production. But it did much more. Millions of barrels of both the crude and the refined product streamed through the Panama Canal to upset the price and output of the Mid-Continent and Texas fields. This vast movement made Los Angeles the first oil port in the world. The California companies were obliged to spend $50,000,000 on storage facilities.

In a concrete incident growing out of the California avalanche I can give another evidence of the uncertainty that attaches to oil. In 1921 one of the leading companies placed an order for a large tanker to be employed to carry excess Mexican crude through the Panama Canal to refineries in California, where the supply of raw material was short. When the tanker was completed two years later its first cargo was part of the new flood of California overproduction, which it transported to Mexico so that the refineries there might not be obliged to shut down for lack of raw material. Conditions had exactly reversed while the ship was under construction. The oil man never knows what the morrow will bring forth.

The California overproduction brought about the usual slump in price. At the peak of flow some crude went to sixty cents a barrel, which was the low. This did not mean disaster, because, as had always happened heretofore, decline in production and temporary failure to find new flush fields combined to steady the market.

We now arrive at the present complication. The approach was one of the usual calms before the inevitable oil upheaval. Following the California splurge, no spectacular pools developed except at Smackover, in Arkansas, which was producing 390,000 barrels a day by the end of May, 1925. Meanwhile the average low had risen to $1.20 a barrel. In quoting oil prices the average will be used in the main, because there are so many different qualities of crude, depending upon its gasoline and other content, that obviously it would be impossible to employ all of them. While some crude of the highest quality may be selling for two dollars a barrel, another and heavier product, chiefly useful for fuel, may be rated under a dollar.

What followed was still another evidence of the uncertainty of the industry. While California and Arkansas production frustrated big money returns, the business arrived at some degree of equilibrium, or as much as ever obtains in it, by 1925—this, too, despite new fields like Wortham, in Texas, with 166,000 barrels a day and Inglewood in California with 116,000 barrels. It looked as if 1926 would be the beginning of an epoch of favorable relativity between demand and supply.

But the worst is always lurking around the corner in oil. First came the opening up of the new Panhandle field in Texas, which inaugurated a fresh period of excess. Between October, 1926, and midsummer of this year production began to get out of bounds, and the price of crude in the Mid-Continent field, the Rocky Mountain area and California was cut nearly one-third. Profit was immediately converted into loss. In older fields, where the output was not flush, the price fell below the actual cost of production, when the capital investment of the operators was taken into account.

The acute stage began last July when Seminole reached the maximum daily production of 527,000 barrels. This field inspired the first attempt at conservation in the shape of a restriction to 450,000 barrels a day under the direction of an umpire operating as representative of the Oklahoma Corporation Commission. A similar system under the Farish plan, so named because W. S. Farish, head of the Humble company, devised it, became operative on October first in the Pecos field of West Texas. It cuts a daily output of 192,000 barrels to 30,000.

A Price Level for the Flood

On October first we were producing, and still produce at the time of writing, 2,500,000 barrels of oil a day throughout the United States and absorbing 2,300,000, with exports. Every day 200,000 barrels of oil are going into storage. The deluge would be all the greater but for the fact that, at the time I write, a daily output of 300,000 barrels is shut in, as the phrase goes. This means that the wells have been closed down. Overproduction for 1927 will amount to seven barrels for every 100 produced.

The price table tells the whole story of depression. Fully to visualize it I will deal with specific grades this time. Comparing crude-oil prices in effect October 1, 1926, and the corresponding date of 1927, you discover that fuel crudes have dropped from $1.05 to 91 cents a barrel, or a decline of 13.48 per cent; lubricating crude from $2.15 to $1.60, or 25.41 per cent; gasoline crude from $2.17 to $1.21, or 44.50 per cent. The average decline for all grades of crude is from $2.04 to $1.21, or 40.69 per cent.

Compared with the brief periods of flush production of the past which have invariably been terminated by low prices, the industry today is wrestling with an overflow which promises to be more protracted than ever before. Low prices are still the one and only remedy, but so far they have not stayed the flood. The existence of a crude price below cost, which now appears likely over a considerable period, will undoubtedly mean disaster to many in the business.

The Man Who Caught a Bear

What has brought about this overproduction, its attendant price debacle and the menace to the future of oil? In the answer are disclosed all the evils that infest the industry, because it so happens that the existing crisis is the culmination of every defect to which the business is heir.

I have already pointed out that other periods of overproduction readily corrected themselves. One reason was the absence of accumulated supply in storage when the overflow began. The present situation has been made all the more drastic because there was a huge stock at the time the avalanche in new fields got under way. On September 1, 1926, the total stocks of crude and refined products were 517,942,000 barrels. Excess new output had already started. It meant that to the immense amount of oil then available, daily accretions were being made.

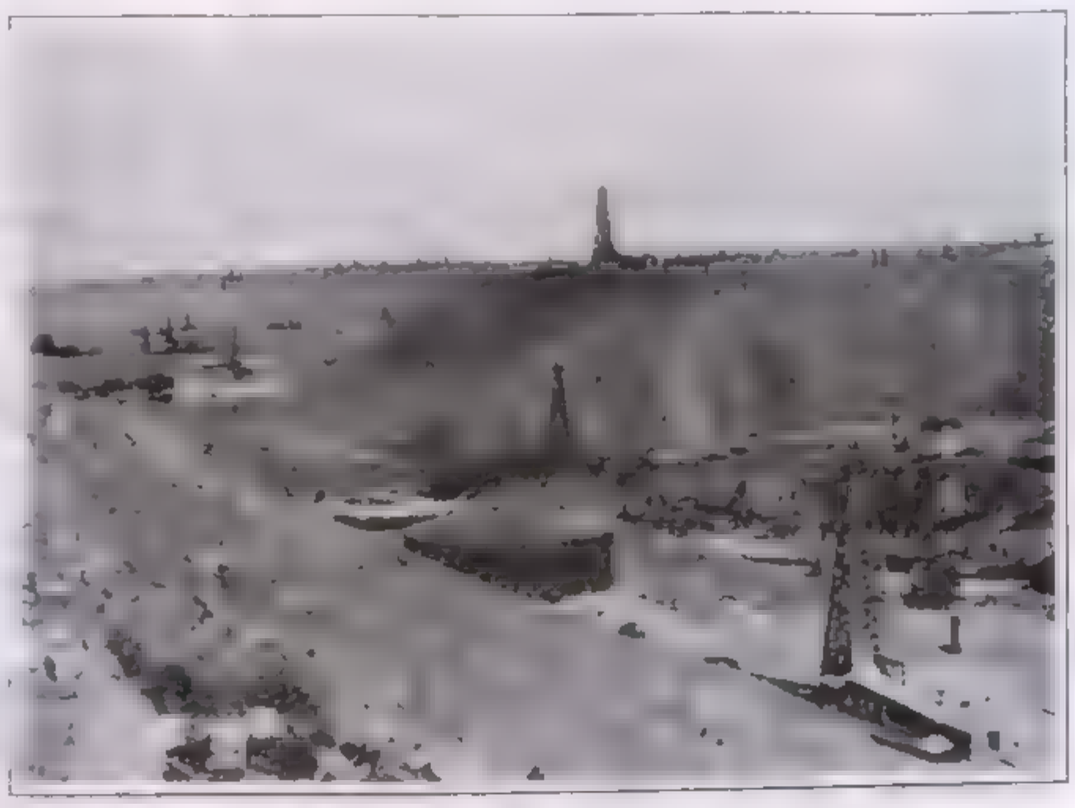
On October first of this year the stocks had reached nearly 600,000,000 barrels. This matter of storage bears so vitally on the economic aspect of the industry that it is well worth explaining, especially because of the burden of overhead charge it embodies. It costs forty cents a barrel to build steel-tank storage and a further twenty-five cents a barrel a year to carry it. The estimated cost of carrying the present stupendous stocks is not less than $1,250,000,000. In other words, the oil in storage is not only inactive and hence not producing income but ties up $1,250,000,000 in money.

Direct responsibility for the situation rests first and foremost with competitive drilling. This, in turn, results from the too-rapid discovery and development of new producing areas. So long as what is called fractional ownership of oil land continues, so long will every fractional owner insist upon his area being drilled.

It means that the royalty owner in flush pools, and not the law of demand and supply, is frequently dictator of the business. Sometimes the companies find it cheaper to pay the owner his estimated royalty than to keep on producing oil. A case in point is a well-known ranch in California. The proprietors had received approximately $125,000 a year in royalties. When overproduction became top-heavy and the leaseholders suggested closing the wells, the landowners threatened a lawsuit. Rather than continue output by adding to excess supply, the companies paid the $125,000 and shut in the production. When producing was resumed they had to pay the owners all over again.

Fractional ownership is the natural outcome of the old-established leasing system. The ideal oil development grows out of sole ownership of an area by one producing unit. This, unfortunately, is seldom the case.

(Continued on Page 81)



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OLDFIELD A rugged, full-size cord tire built and warranted by Firestone. Built with scientific tread design and reinforced carcase, according to Firestone principles of long mileage. Sidewalls specially protected from rut and curb wear. Lowest priced standard tire.

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COURIER A Firestone-built cord tire, backed by the Standard Tire Manufacturers' Warranty. Tough, anti-skid tread, with protecting ribs extending over shoulders to sidewalls. Developed by Firestone engineers, who have given this extremely low priced tire many of Firestone's special mileage advantages.

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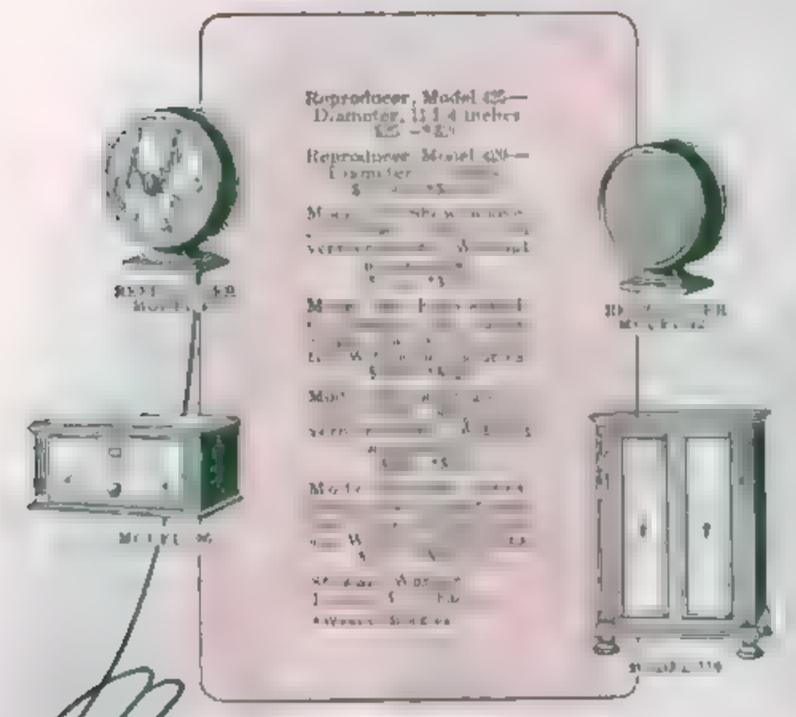

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STEWART-WARNER

(Continued from Page 76)

When an individual—that is, a broker or wildcatter—does lease a large holding he often subleases it in what are called spreads. Various others are brought in to share the acreage and the cost of putting down wells. The system is aided and abetted by lease hounds who play one big company against another.

Frequently companies take leases in regions either remote from the possibility of immediate production or because some competing organization is already there. It is no uncommon occurrence for a great producing concern to carry on its books lease rentals aggregating $5,000,000 a year. This money is paid out on unproductive land. One cheering evidence of sanity and economy is the recent ruthless cancellation or surrender of leases. One company operating in Oklahoma wrote off $18,000,000 in leases this year. This money had never brought in one cent of return. Here you have evidence of a little-known drain that saps the finances of the industry.

The chief product of petroleum is gasoline, which, you will recall, returns the industry fully 60 per cent of its income. Overproduction of crude has contributed to overproduction of this product. It can now be made from the whole barrel of crude by various cracking processes, which means that our total gasoline requirements may be supplied from a much smaller quantity of crude than would have been needed with the previous methods of refining. The extreme limitation on the oversupply of gasoline is the amount of crude that can be obtained, multiplied by the maximum percentage of gasoline recovery possible by the use of the most efficient cracking processes.

A price for crude that holds out a reasonable profit to the producer provokes overproduction. A wholesale market for gasoline that promises the refiner a fair return from the operation of cracking stills induces the construction of additional cracking equipment, which contributes to a further oversupply of gasoline. Thus the business is in a vicious circle which makes for overexpansion from the moment the drill bites the earth until the gasoline flows into the pump of the service station. It is estimated that refining facilities alone are overextended anywhere from 100 to 200 per cent, and this is not a patch on the overextension of marketing facilities, as you will presently see when I get into the subject of waste.

The Proof Is in the Drilling

There is still another important reason for the present overproduction. During the past few years oil has become increasingly easier of discovery than ever before. Science now searches and probes the earth with such accuracy that much of the old elusiveness that attended oil location is gone. The new geology of petroleum expresses perhaps the biggest and most significant advance of the business. Although it will be fully dealt with in a succeeding article, a reference is essential to the sequence of this narrative.

Though the ultimate proof is in the drill, estimates of reserves can now be made with a precision that would have amazed the wildcatter of the early days. We know, for example, that there is still in the ground not less than 5,000,000,000 barrels of crude. At the present rate of production this is a six years' supply. With the aid of such appliances as air and gas lift to accelerate the flow of petroleum, not less than 26,000,000,000 additional barrels are recoverable in the known areas. This results from the fact that up to the present time it has been possible to recover only 25 per cent at the utmost from the oil sands. It is calculated that by the new methods two barrels of oil can be recovered for every one that has been taken out of a hitherto-producing area. Then, too, mining, which is already practiced in France, can easily recover oil from wells that have long ceased to flow. Hence there is no likelihood of any quick shutting down of the natural oil supply.

The process of recovery has undergone a vast evolution. Once the operator worked on a hunch or used a divining rod made from the forked branch of a hazel tree. Today the divining rods are instruments of delicate precision almost uncanny in their performance.

Ask any man to define the seismograph and he will tell you that it is an apparatus to indicate earth tremors and only that. But it has different and more practical usages. One of them is the location of geological strata favorable to petroleum deposit.

The great guns of the World War really gave petroleum the aid of this instrument. The ingenuity of a German discovered that the seismograph could be used to get the range of heavy artillery by registering the intensity of their sound waves. The Allies discovered the secret. In more than one dugout on the Somme front I saw the little, almost human metal fingers tracing out the effect of shell explosions on sheets of paper that often shook under heavy bombardment.

Producing Under Pressure

In geological exploration for oil the seismograph now performs a similar function, with the difference that the geologist must explode his own powder to send a noise into the ground. In short, he creates a synthetic earthquake. An explosive is touched off at a certain point on the surface. The sound waves travel down into the earth. If they hit a rock formation, such as a dome, in which the normal position of the rocks is disturbed, the waves are deflected to the surface. By measuring the distance the waves have traveled, the geologist can locate certain structures giving him a clew to the whereabouts of oil.

Another kindred aid to oil finding is the torsion balance. Since Newton's apple fell, men have been trying to apply the lessons of the discovery to the relation of things buried beneath the crust of the earth. The torsion balance, as used in the oil industry, is an application of this principle to locate petroleum areas.

Each year new theories and methods in oil production are accelerating the supply. The air and gas lifts to which I have referred are illustrations. Oil in an underground pool is a gaseous mixture. The gas propels the fluid to the surface. It sometimes happens that most of the gas is dissipated in the air. To employ a gas lift is to inject the gas back into the well to accelerate the flow of oil. The most remarkable results so far have been obtained in the Seminole field. Compressed air also is used to perform the same service as gas.

All these factors, each one effective in its own way, have combined to induce overproduction. Turn to the refining end and there is the same degree of advancement, as well as the inevitable excess. Manufacturing brings about the most intimate point of contact with the public, because it produces the gasoline that one out of every five persons in the United States must buy to fuel his automobile.

The relation of oil output to the motor car is next in order. Less crude oil is being produced in the United States per automobile registered than in 1918, although petroleum production has increased from 355,928,000 barrels in that year to 900,000,000 in 1927. At the end of 1918, 6,146,000 motor vehicles were registered and the oil output amounted to 57.9 barrels for each car. At the time I write we have a registration of 23,250,000 cars and the oil production this year will be at the rate of 38 80 barrels for each vehicle.

Superficially it would appear that crude-oil production has not kept pace with automotive demand despite the enormous flood from the wells. This, however, is not the case, because scientific development and improvements in refining now make crude oil go further, thus vastly increasing the yield of gasoline.

Petroleum, it is well to know, is a mixture of many substances which boil and vaporize at different temperatures. When it is introduced into a still and subjected to gradually increasing heat, the lightest elements rise and escape as vapor, precisely as steam from the spout of a teakettle. These vapors are then condensed, the lightest coming off first as naphtha and gasoline. Then, with somewhat higher temperature, the kerosene vaporizes, flows away and is in turn condensed. Next come the still heavier oils, which ultimately become lubricants, paraffin, asphalt and fuel oil. Such is a simple statement of what is commonly known as straight refining.

In response to the need of different products, refinery operations had to be adjusted to meet the demand. The most striking and revolutionary adjustment came with the tremendously increasing requirements for gasoline, previously a waste product. More gasoline meant that more crude had to be found and run through the refineries. The running of more crude meant, in turn, not only more gasoline but more of the other by-products. Naturally the problem of market expansion developed. Since the yield of gas oil and fuel oil is the largest of any of the products, new markets, especially for the latter, had to be created in competition with coal. The fuel-oil era has been the result.

What concerns us most, however, is the increase in gasoline yield. In 1909 only 4.5 gallons were derived from a 42-gallon barrel of crude oil. On the other hand, 13.9 gallons of kerosene, 14.1 gallons of gas and fuel oil and 4.5 gallons of lubricating oil were obtained. Kerosene was then the product principally in use. Today 14.8 gallons of gasoline and only 3.3 gallons of kerosene are obtained. The gas and fuel oil derivatives have increased to 19.6 gallons, while the lubricating oil content is cut down to 1.7 gallons.

The big increase in the yield of gasoline has been made possible through the so-called cracking processes, which apply terrific pressure and enable heavy oils to be converted into gasoline. In 1918 the refineries in the United States produced 8,500,000 barrels of cracked gasoline. Last year the output was 93,736,000 barrels, which equaled the entire production of gasoline in 1919. About 31 per cent of all the gasoline turned out in the United States is cracked. Without the cracking operation, automobile use could not have expanded to its present proportions.

The Motoring Bill

Not only does cracking increase the yield of gasoline but it automatically becomes a conservation measure. Before its development, gasoline was distilled solely from crude oil. Cracking takes the fuel oil and gas oil derived from straight refining and breaks it up into gasoline. It has created a new prolific source of gasoline supply and decreased proportionately the drain on the crude-oil store. With straight refining, crude oil yields on an average about 24 per cent gasoline. To have met the total gasoline demand in 1926 in this way would have required 1,273,000,000 barrels of crude oil, whereas the demand was actually met through cracking with 782,561,000 barrels, a saving of 490,439,000 barrels.

The all-important matter of retail gasoline price presents itself at this juncture. With overproduction taxing storage facilities, with improvements in refining operation increasing the yield of motor fuel and with the average crude price lower than it has been in four years, the automobile owner naturally wonders why there has not been a sharp cut in the cost of the gas he purchases.

Except for the acute period immediately after the World War, the price of gasoline, generally speaking, has not been excessive. It would be lower today but for the vast overextension of distributing facilities—that is, the marketing end. The business is the victim of a system now to be described.

First, however, let us get the big facts about gasoline. Our annual motoring bill, which includes the price of new cars, tires, accessories and fuel, is around $12,000,000,000, or more than half the amount we spend yearly for food. Of this huge sum 15 per cent goes for fuel. The accessibility and comparatively low cost of gasoline have helped to achieve our motor-car supremacy. They explain why there is a relatively smaller number of automobiles in popular use in European countries, where the fuel item, owing to import duties, takes a larger toll.

Every day we consume, with exports, 1,000,000 barrels of gasoline. This volume is fifteen times greater than obtained in 1913, yet the price per gallon is now only 75 per cent of the 1913 figure, allowing for the change in the purchasing price of the dollar. The relation of gasoline to prewar price is closer perhaps than that of any other essential commodity, which is saying something for the industry.

A Mushroom Growth

At the time I write the wholesale price of gasoline at the refinery ranges from 6.25 to 9.5 cents a gallon, depending upon the point of shipment. Retail prices range from 11 cents to 25 cents a gallon, varying with quality, transportation charges, distribution costs, road and inspection taxes, and finally the differential demanded by the retailer for selling.

Why the big spread between the refinery price and the price John Jones pays at the filling station? Economically it should not exist, since what is called the tank-wagon price—the price at which the refining company's wagons deliver the product to the filling station—is approximately five cents lower than last year. The average tank-wagon price in fifty representative cities in the United States on October 1, 1926, was 19.17 cents, while the figure at the same time in 1927 was 14.66 cents. For this same gasoline the consumer from New York to San Francisco pays 18 to 25 cents.

The principal factor operating against lower gasoline costs is in the overexpansion and useless multiplication of distributing equipment. Such economies as have been effected through improved methods of producing and refining have, as rapidly as they came into being, been more than offset by an ever-increasing extravagance in methods of marketing. Responsibility for the existing situation in this end of the business rests partly with the immense rate of increase in gasoline consumption since the advent of the automobile.

The oil business grew so rapidly that the economic phase was entirely ignored, or lost sight of, for the moment. Those engaged in it were satisfied if their sales each year showed an increase. They were so busy meeting demand—here you reach the vital point—that they paid little heed to newcomers whose entry as competitors was destined to jeopardize the relative position of the older units in the industry. There seemed to be plenty of room for everybody. During the period of tremendous growth in demand gasoline price was governed more or less by how much could be got for it, rather than how little it could be sold for.

What happened with production when big financial return brought the banker and the promoter into the business, thus paving the way for overcompetition, has been duplicated in marketing. The public demanded facilities, and a rush to provide them followed. From a few thousand scattered service stations the number has grown to not less than 200,000. So swiftly do they appear that they have become almost a mushroom growth. It is no uncommon sight to find every one of the four corners of a Middle Western or Western city block occupied by stations, to say nothing of the almost interminable string along the country highways.

Millions of dollars have been invested in land, long-term leases, buildings, pumps, concrete driveways, gardens, and the multitudinous and often gaudy trappings that invite business. Many service stations are camouflaged speculations in real estate. Sometimes the same producing company

give them their trip to

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sets up stations on opposite corners, for fear that someone else will get a gallon of the business. Thus they compete with themselves. The identical system was operated by the beer breweries in the establishment of corner saloons in the pre-Volstead era.

Many of these filling stations have a capacity of 1000 gallons a day, but seldom sell 200. Yet the consumer must pay the burdensome cost of all the overhead. In this filling-station vice, for it has reached this state, you have the reason for the spread between the refinery price and the price at the pump. It is the natural result of an overextension estimated to be not less than 400 per cent.

The inevitable has occurred because the volume of business for each distributing unit has begun to show a considerable decrease, with a resultant increase in the cost of each gallon of gasoline dispensed. There are too many people in distribution, just as there are too many in production. In a word, facilities for distribution have grown far in excess of requirements.

The superfluity of service stations—and it applies to refineries to a lesser degree—is only one evidence of a waste that constitutes the chief indictment of the business. To analyze it adequately we must first answer the question, What constitutes waste in oil production?

If it is construed as wanton spillage or destruction of the crude, such as obtained with gasoline in the early days, then it does not exist. All the petroleum that comes to the surface is used in some way. If, on the other hand, the needless blowing of natural gas into the air to hasten the flow of oil from wells is permitted, there is waste. This is precisely what has been going on to a greater or lesser extent from the inception of the industry.

As you have already been shown, gas is not only necessary to propel oil to the surface but it may now be reëmployed through the gas-lift process to go back and get more petroleum. It is also used for light, heat and power. Hence any dissipation of it is the exact reverse of conservancy. In the mad rush to get oil out of the ground as swiftly as possible, the larger value of gas is not always considered.

Though gas waste is an essential detail in the problem of conservancy to be discussed in a subsequent article, I must refer to it here, since it figures in a general survey of the oil situation. I could cite innumerable instances of wasteful gas exhaustion. It has been estimated, for example, that in the Cushing field in Oklahoma at one period there was an average daily waste of 300,000,000 cubic feet of natural gas. In a year this is the equivalent of 5,500,000 tons of coal. Vast wastage of gas has also occurred in Burkburnett in Texas, the El Dorado and Smackover fields in Arkansas, and several of the fields in the Los Angeles basin.

Going Up the Flue

The second aspect of waste is in the failure to effect maximum recovery of oil. Though this makes for a recoverable reserve in the future through improved methods, which include mining, the fact remains that the wells today are not functioning to their fullest capacity.

The third item is controversial because it deals with the consumption of oil. Here you have the destructive effect of overproduction manifesting itself in two ways. One is the present relation of stocks and consumption which forces the sellers of fuel oil to expand their market regardless of the comparative value of oil and coal for power purposes. The other is the loss of gasoline and other valuable content that goes up the flue. It takes 3.8 barrels of oil to do the work of one ton of coal. The price of oil is such, however, that in many localities—notably the Pacific Coast—it is cheaper to use the liquid fuel than coal.

Each year has witnessed some degree of increase in fuel-oil absorption. From 142,746,000 barrels in 1918, it rose to 336,365,000 barrels in 1926. In a single year our railroads and merchant vessels burn approximately 100,000,000 barrels of fuel oil. The United States Navy accounts for 7,000,000 barrels, while electric-light plants and gas manufacture dispose of 40,000,000. On top of all this, 140,000,000 barrels are utilized by other industries, and millions of barrels are used in connection with the recent nation-wide introduction of oil-heating appliances in private houses.

Is this waste? Obviously not, especially when production is flush. But for this outlet there would be greater congestion than prevails. The same argument can be employed after an excessive corn crop, when the ears are burned in the farm stoves to provide heat. It means a saving of wood and coal. Besides, a cessation, or even a curtailment, of the flow of oil fuel would necessitate a costly readjustment of a large portion of the industrial and transport machine.

Conversely, it must be considered that our supply of natural petroleum is limited and that the valuable fluid might be better employed for superior usage, as it is called—that is, for gasoline and other valuable products—even if they have to be stored. No matter how you regard the use of fuel oil, it is a problem.

For Conservation

For the fourth phase of waste we must revert for a moment to overcompetition, especially small-area drilling. This always makes for a larger flush production than can be comfortably and economically assimilated. The fault here, let me repeat, is the inherent nature of the business, which requires that oil must be reduced to possession. Hence the frenzied competition.

I can illustrate lack of coöperative action with the Santa Fé Springs field. In this small but highly productive area forty-five operating companies competed, putting down more wells than were necessary. It flooded the market, brought disaster to the price structure and increased operating costs. The competitive struggle resulted in a loss of $200,000,000.

What is the remedy? Obviously public interest demands that the industry free itself from the chronically recurrent burdens of both over and under production and at the same time guarantee an adequate supply of the needful product. The situation clamors for conservancy of some kind.

The very mention of the word "conservancy" conjures up the nightmare of high price. This, however, need not necessarily follow. Oil conservancy means, first, the most economical method of production; second, complete and practical utilization of the raw material and the attendant natural gas. How, then, is this to be brought about?

Following the overflow of 1923 President Coolidge constituted the Federal Oil Conservation Board, composed of the Secretaries of War, Navy, Commerce and Interior. This board has no authority except on government lands, which produce a bare 10 per cent of the output. It can merely assist, suggest and direct. To be mandatory in its scope, powers of actual regulation must be conferred by special congressional act. This would conflict with state rights, because oil is an intrastate commodity.

Intrusion of Federal regulation is invested with extreme hazard. Nations, ours among them, long ago learned the folly of seeking to regulate the working of economic forces by statute. The law of demand and supply remains the eternal adjuster. Nationalization is unthinkable. You have only to take a look at the chaos that it has begot in Russia to realize its futility and danger. Hence supervision reposes with the police powers vested in the commonwealths, to be invoked when the industry is unable to regulate itself.

In the last analysis it means that regulation rests with the normal commercial initiative of private enterprise. The industry, however, as one leader expressed it to me, "must realize that it has a cake, but not eat it." Reckless ravage of reserves is doomed if the industry is to survive. Once regarded as the life of trade, competition, so far as the output of oil is concerned, has come to mean the reverse.

A variety of remedies is possible. A moratorium on drilling for six months has been suggested, but this would be only a temporary solution of the problem. In the end control of production lies in coöperative effort. One of the methods recommended is the so-called scheme of unit operation through voluntary agreement between producers and property owners. Ideal development would mean a community discovery well and a pro rata of output. Thus competitive drilling is avoided and the drain on supply averted. This system is not only feasible before an area is opened up but has been proved to be practicable after oil has been brought in. Wildcatting on a coöperative scale is now in effect in Texas.

In order to bring about coöperation legal sanction must be given to the industry. Otherwise it runs afoul of the Sherman law and prosecution is the penalty. Only acute necessity, combined with the approval of state authorities, has enabled restriction to be practiced in the Seminole and Pecos fields.

The unit plan is only one phase of the conservancy. Retention of gas pressure so that it will adequately perform its function and not be wasted must be a part of the program.

A third agency to conserve petroleum lies in a refinement of our automobile construction, which will make for fuel economy. Heretofore oil has been so cheap and abundant that there was no incentive for conservation. Moreover, Americans are power-mad when it comes to motor cars. The British, French and Italians get much more mileage out of their cars than we do.

In response to a request concerning the possibilities of increasing mileage through mechanical changes, one of the best-known American motor-engineering experts said: "We believe that we can make automobiles go twice as far per gallon of gasoline used. The present internal combustion engine and automobile only transform an average of 5 per cent of the energy originally in the gasoline into useful work. It is possible to transform 10 per cent of this energy, and this will be common practice in the future."

The way to conservancy is wide open. For the first time producers are beginning to see eye to eye. A touch of disaster, so to speak, has made them kin. Their coöperation with the Federal Oil Conservation Board in recognizing the pressing need of coöperative action forecasts a larger cohesion in field, refinery and service station. That sanity is dawning is shown by the fact that whereas 6500 new wells were being drilled on October first of last year the number on the corresponding date this year was 4800.

Summed up, the need of conservancy is no longer a question. It is now a problem of how it is to be done. In legally sponsored safeguards that insure rational production lies the hope of a vast industry, peculiarly American in initiative and effort, and indispensable to civilization.

Editor's Note—This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with the oil situation. The next, which will appear December thirty-first, will be devoted to the new flush fields.

"Wings of Song" Photographs

WITH the series of articles, "Wings of Song," the photographs of Mr. Caruso and his family carrying the legends, "At the Time of His Marriage," "At Work in His Garden," "First Public Appearance After Their Marriage," "In Their Home at the Knickerbocker," "Looking Over His Phonograph Records," "Enrico Caruso," "Caruso and Gloria" and "The Caruso Family," were through an error used without any photographer's credit. These photographs should have been credited to the Bain News Service, by which they are copyrighted.

Everybody likes cream, and the cream in Heinz Cream of Tomato Soup *is real cream* —plenty of it—rich in flavor—heavy with goodness—full of nourishment.

And—the tomatoes are fresh-picked —hand selected—and they come right out of the garden and into the soup—all the full, fresh flavor of vine-ripened tomatoes.

That's why we call Heinz Soup *Cream* of *Tomato* Soup. It is not merely a "creamed" soup, but *is* a *real cream* soup, ready to serve. The taste is the test • *H. J. HEINZ CO.*

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A Hint to Those with Pipe-Smokers on Christmas Lists

Son's Christmas Gift wins pipe-smoker over to a certain tobacco

There is no telling how long Mr. Vaughan would have been in ignorance of the merits of a certain tobacco if it hadn't been for the thoughtfulness of his son.

The following letter may prove to be a Christmas tip to other sons, wives, and friends who have pipe-smokers on their Christmas lists:

Carney's Point, N. J.
January 7, 1927

Larus & Br> Co.,
Rc[illegible]nd Va
Gentlemen:

My son noticed your advertisement in a magazine. He sent for the sample at my name, and when the sample at Edgeworth arrived I thought perhaps some friend had sent it in my name.

The boy questioned me several times whether I liked the new pipe tobacco. When I told him I liked it better than any I had ever used, he surprised me by giving me a one-pound box for Christmas.

I might say that I do not hear any complaint from my wife about any more vile pipes.

Very truly yours,
James L. Vaughan

The two favorite gift sizes of Edgeworth are the 16-ounce glass humidor jar and the 8-ounce tin. Both are provided at Christmas time with appropriate wrappings. Each size contains Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed, and each is packed in a good-looking decorated gift carton printed in colors. Prices—$1.65 for the 16-ounce jar. The 8-ounce tins are 75c each.

Please ask your tobacco dealer for the Edgeworth Christmas packages. If he will not supply you, we gladly offer the following service to you:

Send us $1.65 for each 16-ounce jar, and 75c for each 8-ounce tin to be shipped; also a list of the names and addresses of those you wish to remember, with your personal greeting card for each friend.

We will gladly attend to sending the Christmas Edgeworth to your friends, all delivery charges prepaid.

Personal: Perhaps you yourself are not acquainted with Edgeworth. If so, send your name and address to Larus & Brother Company. We shall be glad to send you free samples—generous helpings both of Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors, holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

For the free samples, kindly address Larus & Brother Company, 1 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles

FORGERY

(Continued from Page 9)

diadem, you would have recognized her at once as the sovereign of the little people who lived under the mountain.

"I beg your pardon," said Giotto gravely.

"I said ladders—the kind you climb to paint houses."

"Indeed!" said Giotto.

"And didn't even save," she said, "a lipstick. If Midge Moore hadn't been nearly my bigness, I should be spending the day in a barrel."

"Yes," said Giotto.

She eyed him an instant and twinkled her eyes.

"You're one of these terse people, aren't you?" she asked. Then, suddenly: "You look ill. Are you ill?" But she did not wait for his answer. "Papa says the house was set on fire."

"Who," asked Giotto, "would set your house on fire?"

"Simply scads of people," she said.

Even a young man recovering from a serious illness who has not a profound interest in life might well look his surprise at this. Leslie made a little face.

"I have a very peremptory papa," she said. "He borders on the bumptious. He's as diplomatic as a donkey. He's a rule-or-ruin person." She paused and veered with bewildering suddenness away from that subject. "What is your name?" she asked.

"North," he said.

"I know every man, woman, child, cat, dog and pet rabbit in Hempstead," she said, "so, of course, I have to know you. Are you permanent?"

"My prospects of permanency," he said, "are improving. Recently they were slight."

"Oh," she said; and her eyes, which habitually were a bit narrowed and crinkled about the corners, grew wide. "I'm so sorry."

"Why," he said awkwardly, "I was not asking for sympathy."

"You're proud, aren't you?"

"I have," he said gravely, "little to be proud of."

"Have you by any chance a first name? I like to know people's first names."

"It is Giotto."

"I've seen your tower," she said. "In Florence."

"I have no tower," he said; "not even a molehill."

"You are," she said judicially, "terribly sorry for yourself, aren't you?"

His pale cheeks flushed. "Perhaps," he said.

"I hope you're going to have nice rooms for us."

"I shall try to satisfy you."

"It's going to be fun," she said, "being cramped. I've never been cramped. I'll like trying it, but papa won't. He's out pursuing incendiaries. And how he loves it! He's almost the most vindictive man that ever was. You can't imagine the difficulty I have with him sometimes!"

"You seem," he said, "to be a student of character."

"I have always been," she said. "You'd be surprised how observing I am. . . . I've got to catch the ten o'clock train for town. . . . It's the funniest sensation to have no clothes. Imagine it! I'm going to buy oodles, so have a big closet off my room."

"I'll bear it in mind," he said.

III

A YOUNG man stopped before the desk and nodded to Giotto.

"Is John H. Rockwell going to live in this hotel?" he asked.

"He is," said Giotto.

"Then," said the young man, "I'll have my bill. Blessed if I know where I'll go, but I'll not eat in the same room or sleep under the same roof with that man."

"I hope," said Giotto, "few of our patrons are of your way of thinking. . . . I'm afraid I don't know your name. You see, I'm a recent improvement."

"John Sand," said the disgruntled guest. Then he nodded his head. "He can drive me out of this hotel, but he can't drive me out of Hempstead."

"Why should he?" asked Giotto.

"If you," said John Sand, "had with malice aforethought gouged an individual out of his patrimony, would you care to have him around underfoot?"

"Who knows?" asked Giotto. "I've never taken up gouging as an art, nor has money interested me excepting as a medium necessary to obtain bacon and eggs with their several variants."

"Money," said John Sand, "is an interesting sect of people. You should give it your attention some morning." He paid his bill, pocketed his receipt and stood regarding Giotto. "I'm sorry to have to move," he said. "I think I should enjoy leaning on your desk at odd moments to swap profundities."

"If," said Giotto, "Mr. Rockwell does not harry you out of the parish, we may meet in a neutral corner."

"Check!" said John Sand, and walked out of the office.

Presently Mrs. Bellows bustled up to the desk.

"How about that there suite for the Rockwells?" she asked.

"Four rooms with two baths," said Giotto; "second floor, southeast corner. Furnished and ready for occupancy—except the piano."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed Mrs. Bellows. "And you a perfect stranger and all! You've took holt, but there hain't no piano—and did she say she wanted one?"

"She looked as if she would," said Giotto, "so I inquired around and rented one."

"I vum!" said Mrs. Bellows.

"Who," asked Giotto, "is John Sand?"

"His pa built up the Hempstead Mills, lumber 'n' lath 'n' floorin' 'n' thingamajigs. Then he up and died and left it to John, and now Rockwell's got it. The' was talk. Rockwell he didn't want no other market for timber here, nor for labor. John wouldn't sell, and the talk goes that Rockwell got around him. But wherever you rented a piano I can't see for the life of me, and she's a nice girl whatever kin be said about her pa. What did you do before you come here?"

"I was a patient," said Giotto.

"Don't you tell me 'tain't none of my business," said Mrs. Bellows, "because all about anybuddy that works for me is my business, and I make it so, and like it or lump it is what they can do."

"I pretended to be an artist," said Giotto.

"Pertended?"

"Exactly. I wasn't one. Mother decided I should be and father paid for the education. I bought me some Latin Quarter pants and a flowing tie. I was very fond of father and mother."

"Didn't ye git so's ye could make pictures?"

"I couldn't draw and I had no color sense, so I made mother happy by being a futurist."

"I've read about 'em," said Mrs. Bellows. "Ye kin hang 'em upside down and nobody knows the difference. But what did ye want to do?"

"I didn't allow myself to want to do anything. I was happier that way."

"Parents," said Mrs Bellows, "hadn't ought to meddle."

"They thought," said Giotto, "they had chosen the way to give me a fine and full life. I did my best to keep them in the belief they had done so."

"Um—I cal'late you're goin' to wear. Be they both gone?"

"Yes," said Giotto.

"Wa-al, clerkin' in a hotel is suthin."

"It is a great deal," said Giotto.

For the rest of the day he went about his work with interest—with more interest than he had felt in any occupation since his childhood. True, the occupation was not high in the social scale, and the problems it offered were minor problems. But he lost himself in them. They had to do with human beings; with meeting and studying and satisfying men and women; with encountering and overcoming their oddities and eccentricities and unreasonablenesses. Also there was the element of bringing order out of confusion, and Giotto loved order.

"He who conquers a hotel," he said to himself, "is greater than he who rules a city."

There was present in him now a desire to live, which had grown languid. This was a great step ahead. So much so that actually he arose in a frame of mind where he could anticipate the coming day with curiosity to know what it would bring forth.

It brought forth events which it would not be overstatement to say were the turning point of his life, and the first of these was precipitated by Leslie Rockwell.

"Do you know John Sand?" she asked, a queer little catch of excitement or emotion in her voice.

"Yes."

For a moment she appraised him.

"I don't think you'd be afraid of papa," she said, "and you look as if you could stay calm when things were happening."

"I'm gratified," he said without enthusiasm.

"Papa has gone to the county seat," she said, "to get a warrant for John Sand."

"For arson?" asked Giotto.

She nodded her head quickly, vehemently.

"Of course John didn't do it," she said.

"Are you sure of that?"

"Ab-so-lute-ly!" she replied. "He couldn't. It isn't the sort of thing he'd do. It's not up his street, if you get what I mean—not arson. He might walk up to you on the street and shoot you, but it would be at noon, with everybody watching. But he couldn't sneak around at night with a can of kerosene."

"You," he said, "are a judge of character."

"I can't help it," she said modestly. "I've always been that way. I—I watch people and I think about what they do and say, and sort of, as you might say, figure out how they'd act under different circumstances."

"Would it be impolite," he asked, "to inquire your age?"

"Nineteen," she said.

"And why," he asked, "do you tell me your father's malign intentions?"

"Because," she said, "you look as if your advice would be good for something. And papa is so vindictive! I don't want him to do something I should have to be sorry for. And he's so hard to manage."

"When," he asked, "will papa be back with sheriffs and bailiffs and tipstaves and what not?"

"At least a couple of hours."

"Will you continue to occupy that spot for fifteen minutes—in case a patron arrives? If it is a traveling man, send him to Room 7. If it is a couple, Room 24. If a convention of the Sons of Posterity, call Mrs. Bellows."

"Where are you going?"

"To ask a question," he said; and pulling upon his head a hat which a *boulevardier* would have considered as fatal to his career, he came from behind the counter and moved to the door. Miss Rockwell regarded his back thoughtfully.

"You need a haircut," she said just before he passed out of earshot.

Giotto did not have to search Hempstead for John Sand, for that young man was emerging from the bank at the moment.

"Sand!" called Giotto.

"Good day and good luck, and may you live to eat the hen that scratches over your grave," said Sand.

(Continued on Page 86)

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Valet AutoStrop Razor

Continued from Page 84

"Did you set fire to Rockwell's house?" asked Giotto.

"That," said Sand, "is what I call coming to the point without circumlocution. I will pay in like coin: I did not."

"In which case," said Giotto, "I suggest a moderate amount of absence taken in one immediate dose. Rockwell arrives before noon with handcuffs and leg irons."

"He must have some evidence of sorts."

"Which," said Giotto, "I will scrutinize in my feeble way."

"Thanks. I go. Nor do I tarry for farewells. Zebulon Riggs will know how to reach me—my old millwright. Shake the hand that did not touch the match to the house that Jack built."

Giotto returned to the hotel.

"Well?" asked Leslie Rockwell.

"What evidence has your father against Sand?"

"I don't know, but enough. He never jumps till he's sure of landing in a bed of pansies."

Giotto shrugged his shoulders.

"We'll know soon," he said.

IV

THE evidence against John Sand, as retailed to Giotto by Hamilcar Bellows late that afternoon, was conclusive; it was final; it was so utterly and perfectly damning that one would have said Sand had planned the burning with the deliberate intention of committing social suicide by having himself measured for a convict's afternoon suit. Upon these facts the young man's disappearance put the capsheaf, and he had most thoroughly disappeared.

The Rockwell mansion had been one of those enormous frame structures emanating from Victorian architectural brains grown feverish from the effort to escape from Georgian simplicity. It sprawled and spraddled, was guilty of cupolas and bastard mansard roofs and jig-saw scrolls and whorls which played about it in a sort of drunken Spencerian fashion. One would have said it had been planned not by an architect but by a teacher of penmanship. Nearly fifty years had dried it until no building in the state was in a more receptive humor toward conflagration, and it must have welcomed the incendiary with open arms.

The blaze had started almost simultaneously in four places, where latticed piazzas gave an opportunity for an underdraft, and the theory was that these had been drenched with gasoline. A five-gallon container—empty—had been found in the driveway. John Sand had filled the tank of his car with gas and purchased an extra five gallons in a tin that very afternoon.

"What ye cal'late to do with all that gas?" Pazzy Green had asked.

"Hush!" said John. "Keep your eye peeled and you'll see!"

The can found on the grounds was definitely identified by Pazzy as the one sold to John Sand; it had a shipping tag tied to the handle, which tag still remained.

John Sand wore about his everyday affairs a pair of high laced boots. These had been resoled by Hans Schneider, who combined the arts of cobbler and harness maker. John had asked for hobnails, for his work lay in the woods since his financial debacle, where he held the position of walking boss for old Graham Knox. Hans had let go his suppressed soul in a fanciful pattern of nails. Distinct in a fresh garden bed were footprints which had not been there the evening before the fire. The soft loam retained clear imprints to which Hans was willing to swear.

Several reputable citizens had seen John Sand drive the road leading to the Rockwell house a half hour before the fire.

Hamilcar Bellows prided himself upon a logical mind.

"Got to have a motive," he said. "Wa-al, John hated Rockwell mighty virulent. I cal'late revenge's a motive. Got to be a chance to commit the crime. Um—John was seen drivin' that way in good season to of done it. He could of been on the spot. So he had a reason and a chance. Now take that there gasoline can; it hain't conclusive, because it might of been stole off'n him, but that hain't likely. But the's no way of gittin' around them boot tracks. I claim them tracks clinched the matter, for numbers seen him with them boots on before the fire, and I, for one, seen him wearin' 'em the mornin' after. It stands to reason if a man's boots makes tracks some'eres, the man's feet is inside of 'em. And to top it off, he's skedaddled. Still an' all, I'm kind of sorry for John. He hadn't ought to of done it."

"Yes," said Pazzy Green, "and Rockwell's dug up a fern picker that seen his car standin' in the woods not a quarter of a mile past the house."

"'Fore John H. gits through," said Hamilcar, "he'll find somebuddy that seen Sand tetch the match to the gasoline."

"Rockwell's a might vindictive feller," said Pazzy, "but I dunno's he'd go so fur's to hire perjury."

Suddenly Leslie Rockwell stood before them, tiny, pale, eyes afire.

"He wouldn't! He wouldn't! How dare you suggest such a thing of my father?"

Hamilcar turned his eyes but not his head.

"The suggestion," said he, "was that your pa wouldn't, not that he would."

"You'd not dare hint such a thing to his face," she said.

"Dunno but you're right," said Hamilcar amiably.

Giotto turned somewhat abruptly and entered the office. Leslie, after withering the obese Hamilcar and the lean Pazzy with a prolonged glance of scorn, followed him. She stamped her foot and was about to give voice to her ideas on the subject of male gossips when Giotto interrupted.

"Do you know a man named Zebulon Riggs?" he asked.

"Yes."

"If," he said, "you will get from him the answers to four questions, I think we can call it a day, pack up our tools and go home to supper."

"You mean you—you know who set our house on fire?"

"I know," he said, "it was one of two men—either Sand or the other one."

"But you don't know anybody in town. You've hardly been out of the hotel. How could you have discovered anything?"

"Facts are curious things," he said. "They can tell the truth or they can tell a lie. We have four important facts here and they tell two stories. Either may be the truth. Either may be eliminated by mixing in another fact or two. It is only insufficient facts that lie, and always there is a key fact. When you have that the door opens. Will you see this Zebulon Riggs?"

"Of course."

"Ask him," said Giotto, "what size shoes Sand wears. Ask him why Sand left his car in the woods. Ask him when he last saw that can of gasoline."

"That's three questions; you said four."

"I'm writing the fourth and sealing it in an envelope, and the answer must come back to me from John Sand in the same manner."

"Why?"

"Because there is a name in it," he said.

"The man who did it?"

"The man," said Giotto, "who set the fire—if John Sand is innocent."

"I'm simply boiling with curiosity," she said.

"It is better," he said, "that you should boil than that the suspicion of even one person should attach to the name of a man too soon."

She frowned. "You're a queer person," she said, taking the envelope he held out to her.

"Without delay," he said.

V

THROUGH his bedroom window, as he awoke, Giotto North looked out upon a world of rain. He arose, bathed and dressed, and as he looked at himself in the

(Continued on Page 89

An All-American Christmas for the *All-American Family*

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mirror, it seemed to him he was looking at a man he had not seen for many months: a man he had known well, but who had been absent.

"I think," he said, "I'm coming home again."

Before noon Leslie Rockwell gave him orally the answers to his three questions and a sealed envelope containing the reply to the fourth. He opened it, read the line of writing and tore it into bits.

"May I know?" asked Leslie.

"Very soon," said Giotto.

"What are you going to do?"

"Wait," he said, "for the opportune moment. I would rather it made itself than that I should have to make it."

Only once during the day did Giotto leave the hotel; in spite of the rain, he walked along the street, stopping to peer in the store windows. He bought himself a new shirt, replenished a prescription at the drug store and left his other pair of shoes to be repaired. Also he found opportunity to speak with Zebulon Riggs for a matter of five minutes.

The rain continued into the evening, so that there was an unusually large attendance before the fireplace in the tavern. Three games of cribbage and two of checkers engaged some of the gentlemen who dropped in for comfort and sociability, and Hamilcar Bellows was heard to boast that he could count a cribbage hand more quickly than any other man in the state. Pazzy Green was there, and Deputy Swanson, Postmaster Graham and Depot Irwin. Barber Clarke dropped in with Hans Schneider, the cobbler.

Even John H. Rockwell remained in the pleasant room after dinner to chat with Graham Knox. Zebulon Riggs played solitaire in a corner.

"Hain't ketched John Sand yit?" asked the barber, as he shuffled the pack.

"We'll git him," said Deputy Swanson. "Jest a matter of time."

"Looks perty black for him—yes?" suggested the cobbler. "I t'ink a jury vill nodt stay out fife minutes."

"Juries," observed Giotto North, "sometimes reach strange conclusions."

Everyone turned surprised eyes toward the young man.

"They'll not in this case," said Rockwell harshly. "It's proved to the hilt. The smartest lawyer in the state couldn't raise a doubt."

"I wonder," said Giotto.

The room was interested now; if there was to be an argument, cribbage and checkers would be forgotten, for Hempstead, as all sound rural communities, delights in a contest of rough-and-ready logic.

"Mebby you could git up a case in his favor," suggested Postmaster Graham.

"If it weren't for the boots," said Giotto, "I might induce the jury to think hard about the gasoline can. I might even show it was bought for an innocent purpose—for instance, to be taken out to Camp 4 to be used in that caterpillar log hauler they are trying out before logging sets in."

"I git that p'int," said the postmaster.

"And Sand might swear he left the gas in his car and it was stolen. He might even produce a witness."

"But how about him bein' seen near there, and his car a-standin' in the woods?" asked the barber.

"This John Sand is walking boss, isn't he?"

"Yes," said Graham Knox; "he works for me."

"Your Camp 4 is not many miles past Mr. Rockwell's house, is it?"

"Possibly three miles."

"Sand often drives as far as he can and walks the rest of the way in?"

"Yes."

"Where would he leave his car if he were to do that?"

"Why," said Knox, "about where it was seen, I guess."

"Which," said Giotto, "is a fact for the jury to consider. But the boots now. That's harder to get around, isn't it? A man's boots are a man's boots. Everything has its identity. No two things in the world are exactly alike. It doesn't matter how similar two objects are to the eye, there always is some way by which an expert can distinguish between them. And here we have a very special pair of boots, identified by an expert. John Sand's lawyer will have to find some way of getting around those boots."

"He can't," said Rockwell.

He looked sidewise as Mrs. Bellows, and his daughter appeared in the door of the little hotel parlor and paused to listen.

"He might," said Giotto.

"For land's sakes, how?" asked Mrs. Bellows.

"Why," said Giotto, "you can forge a signature, you can forge a painting or a statue, you can forge a Chippendale highboy—so I'm wondering if you couldn't forge a pair of boots."

"Nonsense!" said John H. Rockwell

"The facts," said Giotto, "show beyond question that John Sand is an incendiary—or else that somebody is a forger of boots. There is no other solution. It was apparent from the beginning."

"Who'd ever go 'n' forge a pair of boots?"

"It also was apparent from the beginning who might have done so, if he had a sufficient motive. Without boot tracks in the loam, Sand's conviction would be exceedingly doubtful. It all hinges upon that, doesn't it? By the way, how did the tracks get themselves identified as Sand's?"

"Schneider recognized them," said the deputy.

"Who else could have done so?"

"Nobuddy," said the deputy.

"Then," said Giotto, "the whole case rests upon Mr. Schneider's identification. Mr. Schneider sits in the middle of things, as you might say. It was Mr. Schneider who repaired Sand's boots and drove hobnails in the soles in such a manner that they could readily be recognized."

"I cal'late so," said the deputy.

"Nobody knew about the pattern of the hobnails but Schneider." Giotto laughed good-naturedly. "This is for the sake of argument, you know."

"To be sure."

"And Sand wore his own boots that night, was seen with them on, and was seen wearing them next morning."

"He was."

"So there's no question of somebody borrowing his boots?"

"No."

"We have demonstrated then that the tracks must have been made by Sand himself—or by a pair of boots forged so that their tracks would be the tracks of Sand's boots."

"I cal'late we kin foller ye that fur," said the postmaster, "but the' hain't no evidence of it."

"But there's evidence of this," said Giotto: "That if Sand didn't set the fire, there is only one other man who could have done it—the man who forged the boots."

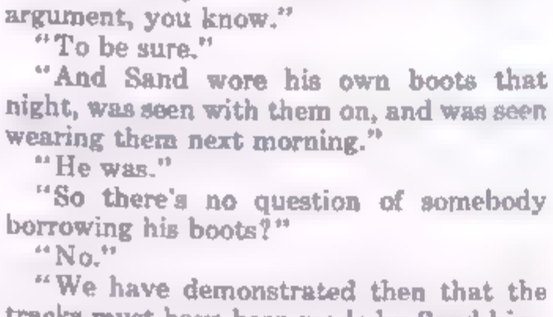
"I cal'late so."

"But who," asked Giotto, "could forge a pair of boots, or had a sufficient reason to do so?"

"Nobuddy," said the deputy.

"Why," said the postmaster, "Schneider could forge him a pair of boots if he wanted to, but he wouldn't want to."

"Exactly," said Giotto. "It was apparent from the first that Sand was guilty, or else that Schneider, a cobbler—the cobbler who repaired Sand's boots and had the opportunity to set a pattern on their soles—forged a pair of duplicates. There is no other conclusion. It has to be one or the other. Facts are facts, and they tell the truth when you read them truly. So, for the sake of argument, we conclude that either Sand or Schneider is guilty."



"*Nein! Nein!*" exclaimed the cobbler. "You make monkeys from me."

"But," said Giotto, "John Sand had a motive; he was an enemy to John H. Rockwell. . . . Suppose a lawyer could show that Schneider was an enemy both to Rockwell and Sand."

The room was very still now; a tenseness had settled upon it which made men strain forward, which caused jaws to set and hearts to throb with excitement.

"Suppose," went on Giotto, "a lawyer could prove Schneider harbored revengeful feelings against Sand—let us say, because Sand's father detected Schneider's son who worked in his office, in a forgery. What if that were true? What if Sand's father, instead of sending the boy to prison, compelled him to quit town? Would it not be a sort of poetical revenge for Schneider to put a crime upon the son of the man who had put a crime upon his son?"

"I cal'late you're statin' facts," said the postmaster.

"I would like to ask one question of you who know Schneider well. Is he a wasteful man, or is he careful of his money?"

"Hans is tighter'n the bark on a tree," said the barber.

"Could he destroy thirty dollars?"

"No more'n I could jab a nail into my right eye."

"It seemed so to me," said Giotto. He cleared his throat. "I left a pair of shoes to be mended today," he said. "In Schneider's window I noticed a pair of high laced boots. They seemed new. It would be interesting to know if they have been hobnailed since leaving the manufacturer."

Zebulon Riggs arose to his feet.

"I got 'em here," he said, kicking a bundle toward the middle of the room. "Hans didn't lock up the shop when he come over, so I stepped in and borrered 'em. They got hobnails. . . . Set down, Schneider, you slinkin' sliver cat, 'fore I belt ye into a cocked hat."

"The's a trifle of black loam clingin' to the hobs," said the deputy. "I cal'late I got to take ye along, Hans."

The little German did not flinch; he bristled. His teeth gleamed yellow under his stringy mustache.

"I go to prison, yes. But oudt I come some day. Den you, what iss your name?—you make yourself careful—you und Sand und Rockwell. You make yourselfs careful."

In silence, the company watched Deputy Swanson as he led Schneider out of the hotel into the rain; and then, as if a spring were released, each one breathed a deep breath.

"And so," said Giotto, "you see a lawyer might have made out a case for Sand."

Leslie Rockwell came across the room, her eyes gleaming, and she held out a tiny hand to Giotto.

"Thank you," she said simply, and passed on through the room.

Her father arose, frowning. He offered no thanks. His face was black and he looked neither to right nor left as he strode between the chairs toward the door, which he slammed behind him.

"I cal'late," said the postmaster, "you made a friend of John H. Looks like he takes it personal. He'll aim to make it pleasant for ye in Hempstead."

"He has done so already," said Giotto. "He's given me a fresh interest in life."

"And he'll make it fresher and fresher," said Hamilcar. "Didn't offend his daughter none, seems as though."

"Daughters," said Giotto, "are a set of people who arouse in me a minimum of interest."

Mrs. Bellows sniffed from the door.

"Huh!" she said. "I've heard a sight of men talk like that before, but that don't keep you from bein' a heap sight smarter'n ye look."

"Thank you," said Giotto, "and good night."

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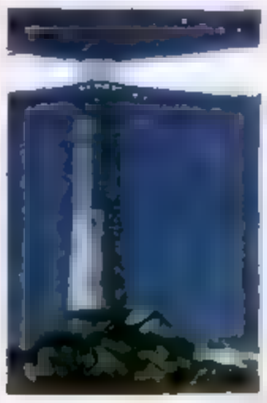

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"— NEVER DID RUN SMOOTH"

(Continued from Page 31)

That sounded right grand to old Bud; he thought I was sure enough educated. Well, as a matter of fact, so did I—then. I'd been through the fifth grade and that was all the grades we had in our neighborhood, so I wasn't taking off my hat to nobody as far as schooling went. I could do all the figuring anybody had ever heard of and I could write just as good as the copy book, if I do say it myself. Still, I wondered why Bud kicked up such a dust about my writing.

But he didn't leave me to wonder very long. Just as soon as the introducing was over he says to me, "Do you aim to settle anywhere around here?"

And I says to him, "Yes, I might. I'm looking for a place to settle, but I can't buy; I've got to work."

That pleased him more than ever I thought it would. "How would fifty dollars a month strike you?" he asked.

And I says, "It would strike me as dern good luck. What kind of a job is it?"

So then Bud told me that he was the new sheriff. In them days the sheriff's office and the county clerk's office was all sort of mixed up together, so Bud had to keep the deed records and things like that and chase horse thieves at the same time. Not having much education himself, he set a heap of store by good writing, and he had his mind made up to decorate the books in his office with the finest writing he could hire. That was what made him look at the register the way he did. Well, we struck a bargain right then and there.

When Mary come downstairs after washing up and patching some holes in her stockings I was chock-full of good news and we lit in and danced till near midnight. Once when we was dancing together I says, "Mary, it's a pretty dern good old world, after all. We've had a heap of trouble, but here we are with a job and a courthouse and we can get married in the morning, and not only that—we know where we're going to eat from here on out." I was so happy I kissed her right there in the middle of the dance floor, with everybody looking on and laughing and clapping their hands.

About midnight we begged off on account of being wore out and went upstairs. The celebration didn't break up till sunup. When we got to our room I says to Mary, "Well, we've done all right so far, so we'll keep the record straight right on through. You sleep in the bed and I'll sleep on the floor. We'll be married in the morning."

Both of us was too tired to talk much, so Mary said "All right," and blew out the light and we undressed and went to sleep.

I don't know why I hadn't thought of it before—too tired, I reckon—but the first thing that come into my head next morning was that we couldn't get married there, not with me starting to work in the courthouse. It wouldn't do at all, not after introducing ourselves to everybody as man and wife the night before. I talked it over with Mary at the breakfast table.

"We'll push on to some other county," I said, "if you want to. I reckon he'll be able to find someone else for the job."

"We can't go much farther," Mary says, "with the money we got. We better stay here and keep the job. We can slip off some day soon and find another courthouse. That'll be better, anyway, because I haven't got no decent clothes for a wedding. I'd like to dress up right nice when I get married. Let's stay here."

"If we do," I told her, "we got to take a house and live in it like married people, because everybody thinks we are married and it looks like we met about half the county the first night in town."

"I'm not worried about you running off and leaving me," Mary says. So that was settled. Soon as breakfast was over I went to the courthouse and found Bud. He had the judge swear me in as a deputy; then he give me an armful of papers to copy into the big record book.

Everything went fine with that job right from the very first minute. Bud showed me the four-ton book I was to copy in, and I heaved it out of the vault and onto a desk and sat down, with him and all the other deputies standing around. When I saw it was going to be an exhibition I hoped the first letter would be a capital S, because I can put more fancy scrollwork on a capital S than Old Man Spencerian himself. And sure enough it was a capital S. Derned if the first line wasn't "State of Texas." Next to a capital S, I like a capital T, and of course I had one of them too. It sure was a lucky start. Before the first page was finished Bud went out and drug in the judge and a couple of lawyers to show them what kind of an administration they was going to have in his office. Bud could write pretty well, himself, and read, too, but not good; he didn't take no pleasure in reading.

Bud and me stayed friends from the day we met until he died—twenty-two years—and without hardly a cross word between us. Never had a misunderstanding, or if we did, we never let the sun go down on it. He was what some people would call just a plain hill-billy, but there was sure good stuff in him. He'd go to all kinds of bother, and take risks, too, to keep from shooting a man even when the man was wanted on account of some missing horses. I counted him the best sheriff I ever knew and I reckon I wasn't the only one, because he got reëlected six times. He even got reelected twice when the Wildcats won every other county office.

They had heaps of fun—the Wildcats and the Jayhawkers. Of course, someone would get excited once in a while and touch off a cartridge or two, but most of the time we just tromped around making big talk at each other so as to work up enthusiasm for the blow-outs after election.

Bud was a little bit of a fellow, about five-foot-five, but right handy with a six-shooter and full of tricks. Once I seen him pull off his hat quicker'n a flash and slap it across a man's face so quick he couldn't shoot. Next thing I knew the fellow was rolling all over the floor; Bud had kicked the wind out of him and his six-shooter was under Bud's left foot. That fellow never forgot Bud—used to give ten dollars to his campaign fund every election. He was charged with hog stealing and he wasn't guilty, but everybody thought he was at the time; and if Bud had killed him when he drew his gun nobody wouldn't minded.

But I started to tell you about all the good luck I had that first day in the office. The record I was a-copying had just come in from the court of civil appeals and it had to go on our books because of a land title. I plugged along on it for an hour or so, and then I sat up and took notice; staring at me on Page 12 was a definition of common-law marriage. Short, but all you'd need. I hadn't never heard of any such thing, but here it was in black and white from the court itself. At dinnertime, when I saw Mary, I says: "Why, we ain't got nothing to bother about. We're practically married right now, and legal too. We're living together and I've introduced you to everybody open and aboveboard as my wife, so that settles it. If I was to die right this minute, you'd inherit my watch and this here twelve dollars we got left. You'd be my legal and lawfully married widow."

"That's all right about the lawful widow," Mary says, "but I don't aim to be no kind of a widow. What I want to be is a church-married wife, with a wedding cake and some icing on it, and a ordained preacher to put the filled-in license where God can look at it if He's a-mind to."

"Well, you're right about that," I says; "and blame the luck, but we'll do it yet. That's the way I want our affairs to be, right and proper, so anybody can look 'em over in this world or the next."

After that every chance I got I'd study the map and ask questions about roads and distances to other county seats, which was all right, because I was just as much a deputy sheriff as anybody else in that office. I toted a six-shooter and had a regular commission, but there never was no scarcity of deputies to ride a horse. Everybody would take that job. What they had trouble finding was men to keep record books.

In about a week Mary and me moved into a house we rented for eight dollars a month. It was kind of stylish and a lot bigger'n we needed, but there was a good garden and chicken yard in the back, so we figured we could afford it.

About two months after, I took a Saturday off and we started out at four o'clock in the morning to ride over to the next county south and see if we could get a marriage license. It was kind of risky, that close to home, but we decided to try, anyway. We rode pretty hard until two o'clock in the afternoon, and then we come to a place where they'd had a gully-washer rain the night before; the bridge was down and the crick was four feet out of its banks, tearing along ninety miles an hour. No chance to cross, so we come on home.

We tried it again two months after that and run into our own chief deputy standing on the courthouse steps. He'd gone over to get a prisoner and I hadn't heard about his going. He said hello and I said hello, and the three of us prowled around together, him introducing us to everybody in the courthouse as Mr. and Mrs. until his prisoner was fetched up from the jail, then we all rode home together.

The next month after that Bud asked me and Mary to go with him and his wife to the sheriffs and county clerks' state convention. Of all the places we didn't want to go right then, that one come first, but there wasn't no way on earth to say no without acting a dern fool, so I went. After that we give up hope of getting married inside the state. Of course, every county wasn't represented at the convention, but we couldn't remember which ones wasn't. We didn't have money enough to go outside the state, and worse still, it didn't look like we ever would have. It looked more like we would just settle down to enjoy a legal marriage and let it go at that. But Mary was still game; she used to work on some wedding clothes and her trousseau right often. Just to show her I hadn't give up, I bought her a wedding ring.

And then one day I got a letter from my pa saying I had better bring Mary home, because her pa had found out where we was and would be a-coming after her if I didn't. People was sure funny about me and Mary. I've heard of kinfolks getting on their ear and demanding a wedding, but nobody never did demand us to get married. They was always agin it.

I didn't want to worry Mary about this letter, so I went to Bud and says, "Bud, my wife's daddy is a-thinking of coming here for a visit. Would you write him a nice letter of welcome?"

"Sure I will," Bud says. "You fix one up and I'll copy it. Make it strong." So I set down and took some letterhead paper and wrote:

Dear Sir: Sam Hardy, who is my valued deputy and a member of my official family, informs me that you are aiming to visit him and his wife. On behalf of this office, I welcome you. We will all be happy to make your visit interesting and instructive.

So Bud copied the letter and I addressed a big sheriff's-office envelope and then I tucked in a fine little picture we had of all the deputies standing in a row on the courthouse steps, and I put in a picture of the jail too. It was a fine jail, only two years old, and a credit to the county.

"That'll show him," Bud says, "that he ain't a-coming to no backwoods town, but a sure enough county seat."

"Yes, sir," I says, "that'll show him." And it sure did. We never heard no more from him. Them deputies lined up on the

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steps, with their boots and spurs and six-shooters prominent, looked like a fair bet in a scratching match with a passel of Bengal tigers. And I reckon the jail helped some too.

Well, Sam, Jr., come a-popping in one day and kind of interrupted Mary's work on her trousseau, but we was still hopeful, 'specially when the next election come out all right. The Jayhawkers licked the Wildcats by one hundred and four votes, which was seventeen better'n they'd done the time before.

After Bud was reelected he come to me one night and says, "Sam, with all this politicking and sheriffing I'm a-carrying on, my own private business ain't doing as well as it might. Now you can write good and figure, don't you reckon you might could run that store of mine?"

I told him, "Bud, I'm game to try it. Could you pay me the same wages?"

Bud said he'd do better than that if I could make a go of it. We had a long talk about business and politics and everything. He told me he aimed to put the store in my hands, and if I could run it he'd take me in as a partner. We'd got to be right close friends, and his wife and Mary was friends too. I thought it was a good time to tell him about our little private trouble and ask his advice.

"Everybody knows us now," I said, "and they ain't a-worrying about whether we're decent or not. Why couldn't we just come out with the bald-face facts about why we ain't never had a chance to get a license and then invite everybody to the wedding?"

"Sam," he says, "it won't do. You're standing high with the silk-stocking element here and all of 'em likes you and your good wife. That's one reason why I want you to take over the store. You got a future here. But if you and Mary get married, God only knows what'd come of it."

"Well, Bud," I says, "coming right down to facts, supposin' we do get married, would the store deal be off?"

"Sam," he says, "they ain't no use beatin' round the bush—it would. I'm just a hill-billy, myself, and I been a-looking for high-class folks to tie up with. You're what I want, so don't go and get married."

"We could go somewhere else," I says.

"Don't stop short of Canada. Cuba'd be better, and China'd be better'n that," Bud says; and then we laughed, and next day I started in to keeping store.

It's kind of funny the way time flies when you're working. Derned if six years didn't go zinging and zipping before I knew it. Why, one day I looked out in the back yard and hang me for a horse thief if we didn't have six children! Yes, sir, six!

So I says to Mary that very night, I says: "Mary, if we're ever a-going to get married, now is the time to do it. I reckon I can do a little buying in St. Louis. The business is getting on fine, so let's me and you go up North together and see if we can't find some saddles and shoes and cotton goods and a courthouse and a preacher."

So we went up to St. Louis, leaving that very next Saturday morning. It was a pretty big place even then, so I didn't look for no trouble about running into old friends, but we had more bad luck than you could pack on an army mule. Some idiot there wired down to the store while we was on the train, and Bud wired back, telling him where to find me. Next thing I was printed in the newspapers as Arrival of Buyers. We never did even see no courthouse.

We made just one more try like that. It was about six years later. We went out to San Francisco. But the Shriners or the Elks or the Knights of Pythias, or maybe it was all three, was a-having their convention and the whole Pacific Coast was littered up with home folks, prowling around, finding each other and getting up little parties so's none of 'em would be lonesome.

After that we give up trying to run away to some other town. I never was strong for hiding out anyway. We hadn't done nothing wrong—at least, we hadn't meant to—and I couldn't see no sense acting like we wanted to commit a crime.

When Sam, Jr., come home from the university and set up his law office across from the courthouse I told him his pa and ma wasn't properly married. I said to him: "Now, Sam, look here. We're getting along in years, your ma and me, and we don't feel right about this. It ain't nobody else's business but ourn, and don't you reckon it would be all right for us to just make a clean breast of it? We lived here now for twenty-five years and always done right by everybody. They know us for God-fearing, decent folks. What harm would it do if we go on about our private business and get married with all the kids present? Why, dern it, I'd like to have you for my best man! We could make it a right gay affair or just a family party. What's your advice?"

Well, sir, Sam liked to choked. He says to me: "Dad, it ain't your private business. That's where you're off the track. I'm a-starting out with a law practice here. Maybe some day I'll get married here. It looks like I'm a-going to live here a long time. That is," he says, "unless you two go and get married. In that case," he says, "I'll move on to some neighboring place like Peking or maybe Honolulu."

"So you ain't much worried about our souls?" I asked him.

"No," he says, "I ain't worried about 'em at all."

"Well, then," I says, "what about pleasing your ma? She wants a wedding. She's been a-saving up clothes for it now since long before you was born, and cutting out pictures of wedding cakes so's to be sure to have the kind she wants. You don't know how hard-headed and soft-hearted women is about weddings," I told him. "You're just a boy, but women set a heap of store by weddings, and if they don't have none they're disappointed all their lives. What have you got to say to that? She's been a good mother to you, ain't she?"

But Sam was stubborn as a mule, and tricky too. Finally he says to me: "Well, dad, if you think women is so set on weddings, why, you just ask Ellen and Kate what they think. They'll tell you."

"All right, Sam," I says, "let's ask 'em." I reckoned I had him there. Fact is I was a-thinking I ought to gone to Kate and Ellen first. They was big enough to be thinking about their own weddings, so I reckoned they'd see it like their ma. Sam had 'em come down to the office and I went over the whole thing again, finishing up with: "And now what's your advice?"

"I'd die!" Kate squawks. "I'd lay right down and die!" And Ellen said she'd die, too.

"All right," I says, "after all the trouble your ma had a-nursing you kids through measles and chicken pox and poison ivy, I don't aim to kill off the whole passel of you just as soon as you're out from underfoot. If that's the way you feel about it, I reckon ma and me will have to stagger along the best way we can; but it sure ain't fair to her."

"Does anybody know about this?" Ellen says. Why, they was as scared as if we'd confessed a lot of murders! So I told her nobody knew. Poor old Bud was dead, and he never told nobody.

I talked it over with Mary that night and she says: "Well, Sam, we only got a few years to wait now and they'll be married and settled. We can wait that long, I reckon, considering how much waiting we already done." And so I kissed her and says: "Mary, you sure been one game girl. If you ever pick out from all them pictures the one kind of icing monument you want for that wedding cake, you're a-going to have it if it's four foot tall and costs a hundred dollars."

"Styles in weddings is sure changing fast," Mary says, and then she told me a heap of things I don't remember. Women is sure funny. They keep up with all that kind of business. Even the ones that's already married does it. It's a kind of a mania with 'em.

Well, we waited along for a few more years, and sure enough the kids was all married; and finally one day I went to see Sam and I says, "Sam, it looks to me now like everything is out of the way, so I reckon your ma and me might as well go ahead with our wedding."

"Not in this county!" he says. "Can't you understand that we are one of the grand old pioneer families here? Don't the name mean nothing to you?"

"Why, young squirrel," I says, "you are talking like this county belongs to you! I found this here county my own self, riding on a horse, long before you was born. Of course it means something to me. It means a whole heap to me. Ain't I on the board of directors of the First National Bank? And what kind of a business is it," I says, "for a man in my position not to have no marriage license? And not only that," I says. "I promised your ma I'd marry her. I promised her away back there in Tennessee, when neither of us wasn't pioneers nor grand old families nor nothing else but a couple of kids running away. And if I'd a-known then how long I was a-going to skulk around about this here marriage, I wouldn't never lured that girl off like that. And then, young squirrel, where'd you be? Answer me that!"

"All I got to say, dad," he says, "is take your marriage off to China or some other place where it won't mow down a lot of innocent bystanders. We got our own children as well as ourselves to think about."

"Now wouldn't you feel smart," I says, "if me and your ma was to come back here with a Chinese marriage? What good would it do? Nobody couldn't read it nohow. We're Christian people and we got a right to a Christian marriage."

"Well, then," he says, "hunt up a missionary."

And, dern me, if that didn't put ideas into my head. I went on home to Mary and I says: "Mary, look here. We ain't never going to be allowed to get married at home. First it was the children and now it's a-going to be the grandchildren. Why, there ain't no end to that kind of thing! You can see that for yourself. What we got to do is get clean away from this whole country. Now out in China they got a lot of Christian missionaries just a-setting around with nothing much to do, and they'd be glad to marry us, right and proper, so's the record would be just as good as if it was in this country. What's your advice?"

And Mary says, "Let's go."

Hanged if we didn't do it too. Everybody around here's been a-wondering what the Sam Hill we wanted out in China, but we promised the kids not to say nothing, so there it stands. I reckon you wondered along with the rest of 'em, didn't you? Well, that's what it was all about. We got married. You see before you on this here ranch house front porch, my young friend, a new-made husband and inside is a blushing bride. We are out here on our honeymoon.

There was only two things wrong with the Chinese wedding. One of 'em was that we missed the kids and the other was that the China boy cook out there didn't know how to make no kind of a proper icing after Mary'd been studying about it for dern near forty years. But we fixed that up day before yesterday. We sent into town and bought us a right and proper and Christian wedding cake with a little toy man and a little toy woman standing on top of it, and some bells and flowers and things hanging over 'em. It's in the parlor. I'll show it to you after while.

But there's a moral to this story. Dern it all, when a young fellow has got his neck bowed to marry a girl, folks will get out their shootin' irons to run him off. But if he ain't no good and is a-trying to get away without marrying the girl, why, the same blamed folks will go after him and try to make him marry her. Somebody ought to write a piece about that. Think of a man struggling forty years to marry his lawful, legal wife! And even his own kids agin him! It ain't right.

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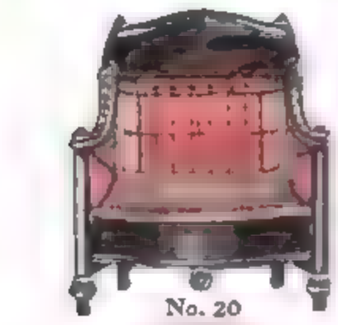
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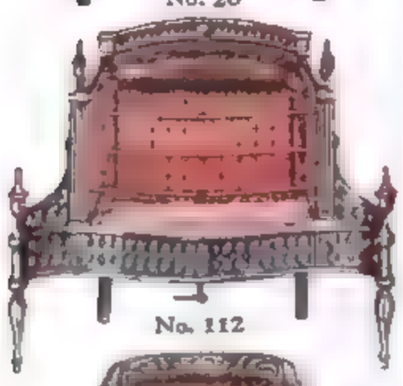
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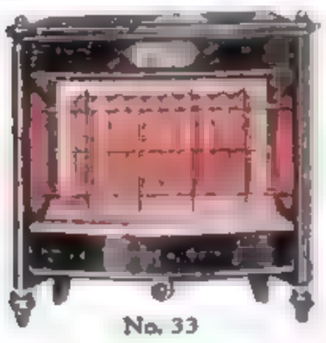
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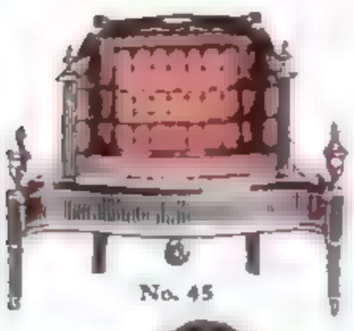
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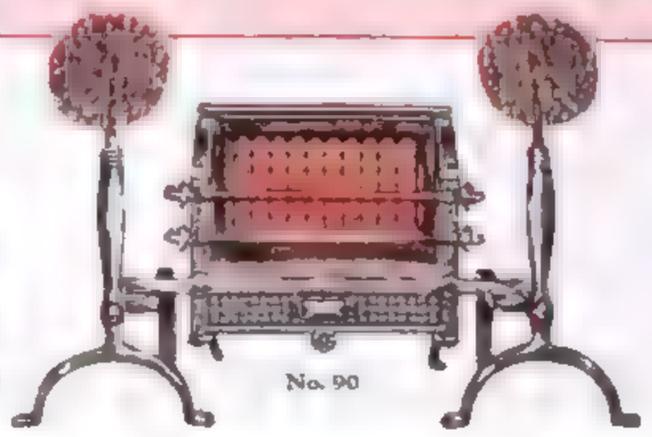
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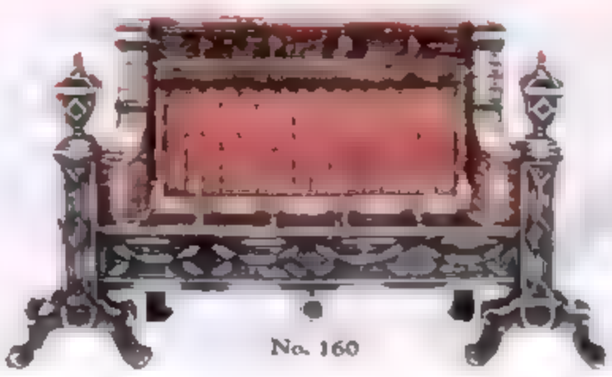
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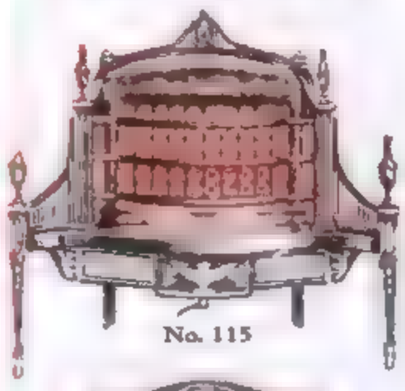
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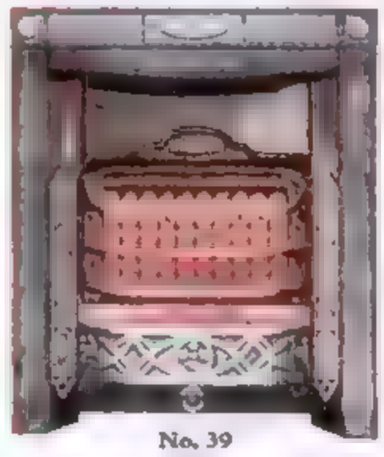
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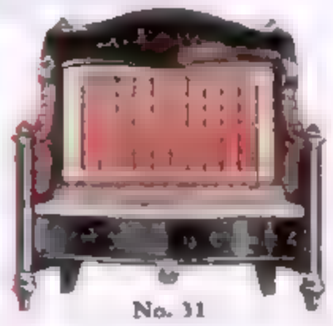
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Present your radio with an Exide POWER UNIT

CHRISTMAS is a good time to bring your radio set abreast of the times with one of the most modern developments in radio power supply.

The Exide Super "AB" Power Unit, a masterpiece of power unit engineering, does away with separate pieces of power equipment and brings everything together in a single, safe, attractive unit that plugs into your light socket.

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Furthermore, it fits any size set, which means that you may buy it today, enjoy it today, and still be assured that it will fit the set you may anticipate having next year or the year after.

In addition to the Super "AB" Unit, the Exide line of radio power equipment consists of separate Super "B" Units, separate "A" Units, and "A" and "B" storage batteries.

METHOD OF OPERATION

The "AB" Unit contains four major parts: 1—The Super "A" power supply, consisting of a very large capacity Exide Battery in a glass container. 2—A Super "B" power supply, including electrolytic rectification . . . . 3—A duo-rate charger. 4—A special automatic relay master control switch exclusively Exide.

When you finish and snap off the set switch the "A" power is restored rapidly at a high rate and then at a low rate, consuming very little current. This low rate continues until the set is again placed in operation.

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A notable endorsement of Exide Radio Batteries is their exclusive use in Briggs & Stratton "Bosco" Power Units.

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EXIDE BATTERIES OF CANADA, LIMITED, TORONTO

Exide RADIO POWER UNITS AND BATTERIES

THIS NEW WORLD AND THE UNDERGRADUATE

(Continued from Page 21)

one which appeals largely to sentiment or one oversweetened with sentimentality. But it is, I believe, also true that they were never more appreciative of a good one. It is the forms and the character of the appeal, but not the substance of religion that have changed.

We may say, if we wish, that the Age of Romance died during the World War, as the Age of Chivalry died in the French Revolution. If we do say this, we must be careful not to fall into that common error which assumes that the war killed it and that youth is still suffering from some sort of universal shell shock. Romance and the older romanticism were dying before the war, and so far as these changes in college youth are concerned, the war had almost nothing to do with them.

A prize was recently offered for the best essay written by a college student on the subject: Is the American Undergraduate Suffering from a Postwar Neurosis?

I confess that I do not know precisely what a neurosis is. I console myself with the feeling that in this I am like many undergraduate contestants for the prize, and some of their elders. In my time in college we never discussed neuroses. All we knew was a mysterious malady—nervous prostration. Fortunately it never attacked us, but once in a while we heard that one of our instructors was down with it.

It was not a commonplace ailment like scarlet fever or Bright's disease or consumption. It gave distinction to a professor's leave of absence. It set him apart; for we still tended to regard as superior anyone who had nerves. Now everybody has them and in varying fashions. The old generic "nervous prostration" has disappeared from the vocabulary of the educated. "Neurosis" is a better and a newer word. Above all, it is scientific, and any bright sophomore knows that if you wish to shut off the twaddle of some drooling conservative, the thing to do is to use a scientific term on him. It acts as a sedative. Tell him he has an Œdipus complex or that he is hypomanic and he will be frightened and subside. In this respect times have changed all around, and, whether they have new perversities or not, undergraduates today, with the rest of us, certainly have new words to conjure with.

Rare Birds of the Campus

On the whole, I was favorably impressed by the essay of the young man who won the prize. I could not escape the conclusion that it was better in several important respects than anything any of my own classmates could have written under similar circumstances. There was no awkward sense of having taken his pen in hand. It had candor and directness. He had none of that false modesty from which we all suffered, or pretended to suffer, a quarter of a century ago. He wrote far more simply, I believe, than any freshman of the 90's would have done, and his style testified that it is one of the blessings of the twentieth century that rhetoric has disappeared from the colleges. The substance as well as the form of what this young man had to say was attractively matter-of-fact.

He himself dismissed the talk of neurosis and a suicide wave as nonsense and blamed movie directors and writers of best sellers for having built up a false notion of college life. He found in the campus world about him that the hopelessly despondent student of philosophy is twice as rare as that other comparatively *rara avis*, the debauched student, and says:

> Between these two extremes moves, laughs and lives the great bulk of American undergraduates—the fellows who know Ruth's average to the fourth decimal and who know and care as little as possible about Schopenhauer's doctrine of human futility.

In this contest, essays were submitted from every type of college and from every part of the country. The most striking thing about them all was this: In the collegian of today, class consciousness has almost entirely disappeared. He does not feel that as a young man in the college he is different from any other young man. Within his dormitory walls, he has no sense of being isolated from the world. He does not feel that he leads a life set off in any way from that of other youths who did not continue into college. The barriers between the university and society have broken down. The undergraduate of today, far more generally than his predecessors, talks like a young worldling, sometimes almost like a man of the world.

A good judge would rule out as irrelevant many of the criticisms directed against the undergraduate. The main count in these indictments is usually cynicism. Every student passes through certain phases in his progress from matriculation to commencement and we know that the attitude of a junior is no longer that of a freshman. A good many students must pass through the sophomoric stage. It is the drab caterpillar phase of many a gorgeous college butterfly. Fortunately it usually lasts only a term or two. During this period his attitude and expressions are often profoundly disillusioned and his conduct occasionally sensational. Critics of a certain kind then see in him the typical undergraduate.

Collegiates and Collegians

I believe it is Will Rogers who defines collegians on the basis of their clothes and finds that he is most collegiate "who must take two steps before his pants move." Judging by this standard, the prize must be given to the second-year man. He is the most collegiate. In the economy of the colleges we must have sophomores. They are undergraduates, but they are often rather queer ones. This type is, however, so far from representative that I have heard even freshmen qualify conduct that is hopelessly foolish as sophomoric.

The freshman is still rather innocent and has a certain fear of the authorities. As he passes through the sophomoric stage he often loses this innocence and this deference. The result of his earlier training has then worn off and he has not yet taken on the good manners of the college. Instead, he feels his collegiate oats; he tries to bull the game; he "runs it out," as the juniors say, and he tries to make you think that he is it. For that reason he takes a superior attitude, which his critics again have been quick to seize upon.

This type of sophomore is sometimes really bored; he always pretends to be. For such a long, long time he had looked forward to being a college man! For so many years he had slaved to get in! Now he has really been in for nearly two years! In his short life that is a very long time. The future to which he had looked forward through all his boyhood is beginning to lie behind him.

This is awkward—exceedingly. He is still not eminent nor outstanding. He is overshadowed, cowed by the big men in college. The air about him is full of strange words like "psychiatry," "extraverts," "embryology," "metaphysics," of which he knows nothing. He does not dare inquire for fear of showing his ignorance, and it is only human to wish to count, to be somebody. For that reason he looks down, or pretends to, upon the whole works—upon the college, the curriculum and the professors who do not understand him. He tells the world what he thinks about it in devastating fashion. His seeming cynicism is a clear case of defensive reaction, the result of his painful sense of inferiority in the presence of all these upper classmen.

Of the four classes in college, it is his that suffers most from the inferiority complex. But in a little while they will get over it—that is, most of them will. A few remain sophomores all their lives. They would probably have done so even if they had never come to college. They are not typical of all mankind. Neither is the cynical lad in the sophomoric stage typical of American undergraduate life. Even other undergraduates do not take him seriously.

The new worlds which society learned to inhabit in the past were not brought about like this new world of ours. They have usually been the creations of great prophets like Gautama Buddha, Confucius or Christ, who have given their names to the civilizations they shaped. Sometimes important rôles have been played by religious reformers like Luther or Calvin, or political seers or visionaries like Rousseau and Robespierre. Now, for the first time in history, a new world has been forced upon men by scientists and inventors who had no moral or social aims in view.

The first makers of flying machines or of TNT were not thinking of the social or moral effects of their inventions. Nobody was. They were interested in what we might call research. Where we once had art for art's sake, which was bad enough, we now have business for business' sake, invention for invention's sake, science for science's sake—which may possibly be just as bad. By pure science we mean not only not applied science but science divorced from all moral or social considerations. In social consequences, the discoveries and inventions of science are considerably more far-reaching, for they eventually alter the lives of great masses of men who would be but little affected by art and not at all affected by art for art's sake.

Customs and Men

As a result of all this, ours is a world the various parts of which have not yet been successfully assembled; a world of little, often unsuspected, causes and big effects. Henry Ford and the unsung inventors of the cinema have more profoundly affected the lives of millions than have all the Presidents and senators of this century.

Having begun our era without a fundamental aim or plan, we have not yet developed competent moral or social engineers. Yet it is an age whose distinguishing characteristic lies in the fact that it has released, for use and abuse by ordinary man, stores of energy never dreamed of before. It is no wonder that old and young—especially the old, who knew a different world—are somewhat disoriented.

In his study of Our Times, Mark Sullivan has given a long list of the inventions and conceptions which have begun to affect our way of life since 1900. We can repeat only a few of them here—such as the long-distance telephone, wireless, jazz, bobbed hair, brain storm, the bootlegger, the hijacker, the aeroplane, the airship, antitoxins, the flapper, camouflage, propaganda, the automobile.

The undergraduate of today has grown up with them, he accepts them without question; to him they are second nature; yet even the names of these things were unknown to his father's boyhood. Customs are stronger than men, and these things and the resulting changes have given him a somewhat different mentality from that of his predecessors. They have had far more to do with his state in grace or disgrace than the war.

It would be useless to attempt to catalogue in detail how life in the colleges has been affected by all this. It is safe to say that the now general use of the long-distance telephone, of the wireless and the radio and the automobile, to mention but a few, has made life, especially for the young, far more mobile and fluid. It is much less centered in the home and much less centered in the college; it is much less localized and much less easily supervised. I find it a matter of grave concern to many parents that the chaperon has disappeared. In this age of

Stories *of* Barbizon

NUMBER TWO

MILLET, probably best known of "The Barbizon Painters," was always in financial difficulties. His friend Jacque discovered him one morning about to light the studio fire with a bundle of sketches. Jacque saved these from destruction by purchasing them for a few francs. After Millet's death, many who had befriended him realized handsome profits on sketches and etchings given as collateral, or in lieu of payment. Proofs that had been offered by Millet early in his career, sold for six, seven hundred . . . even a thousand francs. His *Angelus*, for which no purchaser could be found, when painted in 1859, brought about $40,000. After many changes of ownership its present possessor obtained it for $160,000.

Through the courtesy of The Arts Council of the City of New York, which will have its executive offices on the mezzanine floor of The Barbizon, the services of its Directors will be available to residents of the "Three Arts Wing." Through The Arts Council, residents of the "Three Arts Wing" may be kept thoroughly posted on current art exhibitions, musical and dramatic presentations.

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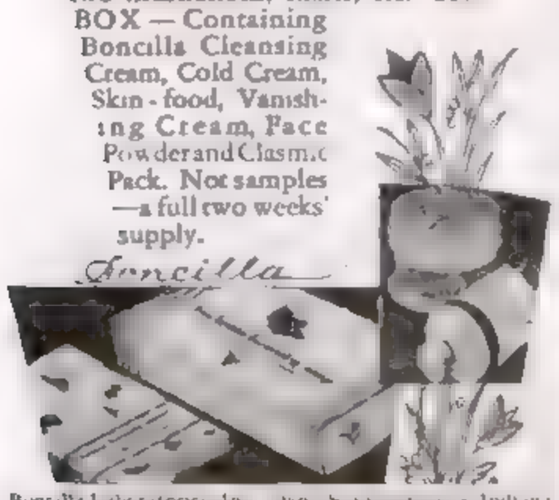

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greater mobility, she has simply been outdistanced. The chase runs too far afield for her to follow her erstwhile protégées; they must shift for themselves. On the whole, I believe that most of them do this very well.

It is a commonplace that our amusements affect our temperaments. Whether Spaniards have made bullfighting what it is, or whether bullfighting has made Spaniards what they are; or whether the Scotchman has made golf what it is, or whether golf has made the Scotchman what he is, are debatable but probably insoluble questions. In any case there are, in all forms of pastime, action and reaction.

The most popular amusement today is the cinema; it, too, has had its effect. The boy or girl who comes to college today, and who has been attending the movies for the past six or eight years, has seen far more life than the ordinary undergraduate of 1895 ever dreamed of. The almost universal study of biology and the removal of the taboo on sex in contemporary literature and discussion have also, in this respect, tended to make them older than their predecessors were at their age.

All this does not mean that the undergraduate at eighteen, let us say, is today intellectually any more mature than he was twenty-five years ago. We are forcing him while still a lad to deal with problems which once confronted us only at our maturity. His lot is not an easy one, and in all this I feel that he has been given rather the worst of it. He has had a hugger-mugger world thrown at him—a world devised without a plan and as yet unmastered by his elders.

The Student Publications

Whatever results these facts have had, it is nonsense to charge them up to his perversity. He did not invent the movie or the radio or the automobile, or even the study of biology. His elders did. Undergraduates are young men and, as has always been the case, they are living in the world which their elders have turned over to them. It is not my purpose here to discuss whether it is a poorer or a better world; let us merely remember that when we compromise and call it a new world, this attractive phrase may possibly be covering a multitude of sins.

There has recently been an outcry against the license and wickedness of the college press. It is probably not so good as it ought to be—things never are in this low world of ours. I cannot remember during my time in college any case in which an institution felt called upon to suppress one of its student publications. Nowadays cases occur in all parts of the country. Within recent memory the Bean Pot of Boston College ran into difficulties. At Princeton a number of the Nassau Literary Magazine was suppressed. At the University of Chicago the Phœnix was taken out of the hands of its erstwhile editors; and, to cap the climax, for hail in harvest as the Germans say, a number of the Harvard Lampoon was denied the privilege of the United States mails. Cases could, of course, be multiplied.

When, however, older critics and alumni complain that college magazines are now nastier or more licentious, they should remember that in this regard not only the colleges but the whole world has changed—and possibly for the worse. The criticisms most frequently heard imply that undergraduates are guilty of conscious and deliberate violation of social usage. There are, to be sure, individual cases of impertinence, possibly of nastiness; but on the whole I believe this indictment, too, unwarranted by the facts.

Not long ago I had the privilege of attending a small conference of editors of college papers. They came from all parts of the country, a particularly attractive group, well-dressed, well-mannered, all of them unusually intelligent. There were a few other persons of my own age present. We were invited to discuss certain problems concerning the college press. At an awkward turn, the word "morality" was mentioned. Several of the young writers buckled visibly. We hastened to make it a question not of morals but of manners, of propriety; not what it was good or bad to print, but what was proper or improper. There seemed to be a wide divergence of opinion between the younger and older persons present.

We floundered about in generalities and were getting nowhere. Our predicament seemed to call for desperate remedies. One of the elders had the idea that if he could cite an extreme case, some hopelessly vulgar expression, we would all agree that it was unprintable and could then argue back from that to some assignable limit. With reluctance, he mentioned what I believe is generally regarded as the most offensive phrase in the English language. To his surprise, the undergraduates took this quite coolly.

"Now none of you young gentlemen would think of printing that out in cold type for your readers," I hastened to add.

"Of course I would," interrupted a very nice young chap; "it would be very much more realistic."

I mentioned offhand the names of ten or a dozen of the most reputable magazines in the country.

"Not one of their editors would dream of printing such a phrase," I protested.

There was a knowing smile on several faces, and a drawling Southerner spoke up with a matter-of-fact finality:

"Of course not; they are still too old-fogy; but on the last vacation, I was up in New York and I saw Jeanne Eagels in Rain. She used that very expression. It was one of the hits of the performance and most of the audience looked to me to be respectably middle-aged."

As we left the interesting if ineffectual congress, a bewildered professorial colleague remarked bitterly, "The lid is off and there seems to be no limit."

Since the press is one of our surest barometers of convention and social custom, there has grown up the conviction that the American undergraduate is the ringleader in the Revolt of Youth, and in addition is up to certain new devilments of his own.

In this age we can no longer expect him to believe in Santa Claus—at least not on someone else's say-so. He is from Missouri; he is out to prove life for himself. He sees nothing sacrosanct in old-fashioned conventions and taboos. This we may have brought upon ourselves, for by lifting so many of them, we have raised a question in his mind about the validity of the rest. Many of the most alert minds in the colleges are preoccupied with the question of sex, now forced upon them much earlier and much more insistently. This preoccupation expresses itself without the slightest evil intent, and quite unconsciously often in the stories and essays they write. It is a question of contemporary taste. Their elders may console themselves, if they like, by believing that it is poor taste. But it is a taste that is country-wide, and it has a hundred manifestations in the social life which the parents and elders of undergraduates helped to create and in which they participate.

If the reader is old enough to be able to think back to the 90's and recall in detail the books he read and the things he did then, he will find that there is in such matters a fairly constant ratio. He will discover that as Mencken's Prejudices are to Walter Pater's Appreciations, as Wells' World of William Clissold is to Stevenson's Master of Ballantrae, as Dreiser's American Tragedy is to Tarkington's Gentleman from Indiana, as Sherwood Anderson's Tar is to Charles Major's When Knighthood Was in Flower, as the tabloids are to the lower register of the newspapers then, as his wife's clothes are to his mother's, as the movie he saw last night is to The Old Homestead, as the black-bottom is to the waltzes of Strauss—so the college magazine of today is to its predecessor of the 90's. If the undergraduate suffers from anything, he is suffering only from those things from which our country itself is suffering.

Gentility at a Discount

The theory which traced all undergraduate ills back to the war was comforting. It assumed that after the war's effects wore off—say, in five or ten years—young men would become again what they were in the 1895 of blessed memory. In the chill discomfort which has come upon many of us, we have warmed our hands at this delusion; we must give it up. We knew in the 90's that men were of one sex and women of another, but we had agreed not to discuss the subject further.

Fortunately or unfortunately, things have gone too far for us to be able to force this distressing fact back into the status of an open secret avoided in polite conversation. Gentility is at a discount. The clock of civilization is probably very far from being run down, but we cannot turn its hands back; we do not and we cannot know how the young artists, the poets, the novelists, today in the colleges will express themselves ten years from now. We can be sure of one thing only—they will not express themselves as did their predecessors of the 90's. It is entirely possible that they will not express themselves so well, but in every event, they will express themselves differently. We have changed our world from top to bottom, and where things have changed so rapidly, society is usually in for a long and often painful process of adjustment.

Intellectually and socially, we have not yet caught up with our own inventions and discoveries. We have created for ourselves a new heaven and a new earth—we must learn to live in them. This the college student is doing today far more successfully than his elders; he is going forward, whereas they, in the face of the new world which they themselves have created, are trying to bring back an irrevocable past. It is for this reason that, in spite of the undergraduate's occasional blunderings and his sometimes amusing pretensions, I find in his realistic, unromantic, matter-of-fact acceptance, the only promise that this somewhat baffling world will in any true sense ever become humanized.

I HAD A HUNCH

(Continued from Page 26)

greatest brokers of Wall Street and one of my closest friends since 1888. And he might properly be called the father of the gas-stove-renting business.

We carried out our original plan of building homes on a selling arrangement of 20 per cent cash and the balance in ten annual installments, with the entire debt of the buyer canceled in case of death. It was here that we made good use of the slogan that the people who bought from us were living in their own endowment policy and raising chickens in the back yard. Our dwellings, costing from $2500 to $5000, went up in Kansas City, Lincoln, St. Joseph and Wichita. We also started in placing mortgages on large industrial plants. The first year I placed with A. J. Drexel a $700,000 loan which enabled the Sioux City stockyards to build their great plant. The buildings housing the Iowa State Savings Bank and the Sioux City Savings Bank, the latter being the first large office building in Sioux City, came into existence through our financing.

Day after day I was thinking of my remark to Mr. Batterson that I was going West to found a trust company and build a railroad. I had founded the trust company,

(Continued on Page 98)

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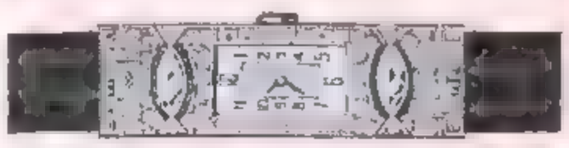

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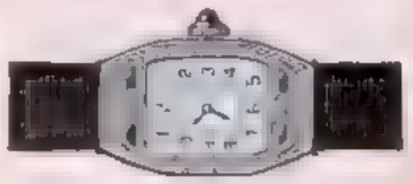

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17 jewel; radium dial; inlaid with black enamel . $50.00

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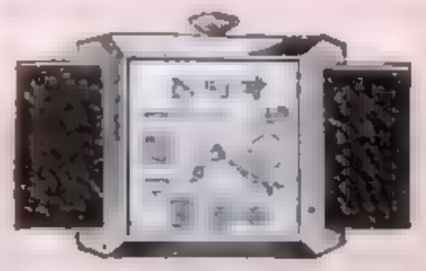

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Lic. Ingraham 14455

(Continued from Page 96)

but where the railroad was coming from was more than I could see. The only gleam of hope at all—and it wasn't anything tangible in the way of a start toward railroad construction—was the fact that as president of a flourishing trust company I held a vantage point to visualize the whole perspective of the business situation in the Middle West. The standard rate for transporting export grain was twenty-six cents a hundred. There was only one elevator in Kansas City—in the heart of the grain district—and that running only half time. On the Grain Exchange seats were selling for fifty dollars each and the members were sorry they had paid that much.

I kept thinking: "What a shame it is to force export grain 1400 miles east to the seaboard when there are unused ports to the south, 600 miles nearer."

One day after a directors' meeting, about the third we had held in our new building, Mr. Martin, a lovable man, who had become a very dear friend of mine, said: "Stilwell, let's remain after the meeting; I have something I want to talk to you about." So we stayed, and he continued: "Do you suppose I could interest you in a railroad?"

I did not tell him at that moment that there was no supposition about it; that if he would only show me a railroad and lead me to it I would certainly be interested.

"I have a franchise for building a belt line around the eastern and southern parts of Kansas City," he added. "I have walked the streets of New York for about three years, I have seen all the big financiers I could reach and I haven't been able to raise a cent for this project. My franchise expires next Friday"—this was Tuesday—"and if I don't commence digging dirt by then I lose my franchise and no one can ever get it."

"About how much does it take to start this belt line?" I inquired.

"About $330,000 to $350,000."

"Who is a good contractor here?"

"H. C. Smith is."

"All right; let's get him up here this afternoon."

"What are you going to do—start the belt line?"

"No; but I have an idea."

Smith, the contractor, met us that afternoon.

"How many teams have you?" I asked him.

"Fourteen."

Ready Money

I spread out a rough map Mr. Martin had brought along showing the proposed route of the line. "Here is the plan of Mr. Martin's road. It is not very accurate, but it is about the way it will be. If we telegraph you Thursday night to put your teams to work on the Bottoms near the Missouri Pacific lines and to commence digging dirt Friday morning, will you do it?"

"I sure will."

"All right; we will send you a telegram." Turning to Martin I said, "You and I go to Philadelphia tonight."

"What for?"

"To get money to build that railroad."

"Very well, if you say so," he agreed, but I don't think he was overoptimistic.

Martin and I took the first train for Philadelphia we could catch, and I'm quite sure my companion would have been even less optimistic if he had known I was simply following a hunch, with not the slightest idea at the moment we started out of what I intended doing. It came to me that night on the train. I devised a plan to call the line the Kansas City Suburban Belt, to issue $1,000,000 of 6-per-cent bonds and $2,000,000 of common stock, to sell the bonds at $666 for a $1000 bond and to give twenty shares of $100 stock with each bond as a bonus.

On the way east I wired to my stenographer to be on hand at eight o'clock Thursday morning at the Guardian's Philadelphia office, Fourth and Chestnut streets, which we used to sell our debentures. Throughout the journey we worked like Trojans preparing the necessary details. The subscription form was drawn up and we got the maps of Kansas City in shape so that people could see at a glance where the line was to run and what the potential business was. Martin was pretty tired by the time we reached our destination, but I was fresh in a battle he had been fighting a long time and therefore nerved to a high pitch of energy.

From previous experience I knew Mr. Drexel would be at his desk at nine o'clock, and I was there at that hour to present the plan to him in succinct language.

"It looks good. I believe in terminal railroads. You can put me down for $50,000," he said after hearing the details.

Mr. Stotesbury came in then and I think he took $25,000 worth. A few minutes later John Lowber Welsh, then head of the traction system of the city, called to see Mr. Drexel, and he subscribed for $25,000. I then went to see Mr. Troutman, and when I showed him that Mr. Drexel, Mr. Stotesbury and Mr. Welsh had come in for good subscriptions it was no trouble to get him for $25,000. Mr. Kitchen, his cashier, signed up for $10,000. I next went to see Mr. Shipley, who took $25,000. Winthrop Smith, then one of the prominent bankers of Philadelphia and a good friend, who was associated with me in the Guardian, came through after half an hour's conversation. With his brother-in-law, Mr. Benson, president of one of the big fire-insurance companies there, who had an office with him, Mr. Smith took $60,000 or $70,000 worth of the enterprise. There were other subscriptions I cannot recall at this late day.

Seats on the Band Wagon

It had been agreed between Mr. Martin and me that he would take a rest and come to the Guardian office at about one o'clock. At half-past one I met him there, having just finished luncheon with Mr. Waterall, who had also subscribed. Martin, a little drawn and depressed from prolonged worry over the likelihood of his pet venture collapsing, asked if the subscription blanks were ready yet.

"Yes, sir, the subscription blanks are ready and every dollar you need has been pledged. Telegraph Smith to start digging."

A look of great joy, mingled with incredulity, came into the frank and honest countenance of this man whom I had learned to love and respect with all my heart in the comparatively short time we had been associated.

"You don't mean it! You're not deceiving me, Stilwell?"

I shoved a batch of the filled-in subscriptions toward him. "If you think I'm bluffing, there's the evidence. You don't lose your franchise, and the people who have come to your rescue are going to make a lot of money." Which they did, as the belt line developed into one of the greatest terminals in the United States.

Having faith in the power of the press, I saw to it the newspapers were not kept exactly in the dark about our good fortune; so our return to Kansas City was a sort of triumphal affair. A lot of the home folks had laughed up their sleeves about what they called Martin's folly, but when they saw on the front pages a list of the distinguished financiers who had taken bonds there was a scramble to get aboard the band wagon.

About the time we incorporated the Kansas City Suburban Belt Railroad a young country lawyer by the name of C. A. Braley came to town, and Judge J. D. McD. Trimble, a prominent attorney of the city, who was associated with us, suggested I hire him to handle the legal work connected with the new company and to serve generally as office counsel. We took him on at $3500 a year, and it is because of the coincidence of the salary, as much as anything else, that I am mentioning the circumstance. It is a strange fact that six or seven men who started at $3500 a year on the railroads

(Continued on Page 101)

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(Continued from Page 98)

I organized and in other enterprises eventually became millionaires.

Mr. Braley was very competent and afterward became the partner of Judge Trimble. Out of the slim wages he received from us he set aside between $1200 and $1500 each year for investment in the promotions we were engineering. One of his later investments, as I recall it, was in 100 acres of land at Port Arthur at ten dollars an acre. I met him ten years ago and he told me he had sold this land for $100,000. Eventually he became one of the leading business men of Kansas City, operated in the Oklahoma oil fields and was invited into the Sinclair Oil Company as vice president. He was rated as being worth many millions when he died about three years ago.

We incorporated the belt line, with several directors in Kansas City, but the majority in Philadelphia. One of our first acts was the purchase of land in the East Bottoms, that stretch of Kansas City flatlands lying below the bluffs and fronting the Missouri River. No factories of any kind were located in this section at the time and the price we paid would now be ridiculously low. For a tract of 160 acres, which we bought from Doctor Kenochie, we gave, as I remember, only $1000 an acre. About two miles of the line, which was six miles long altogether and double-tracked in its original form, ran along the Missouri River. At this point we had much trouble retaining the embankment during high water and had to put in wicker mats to preserve it.

We entered the city over Second Street, which necessitated a grade of about 3.5 per cent. At the foot of Wyandotte Street we erected a station. I believed in the psychology of impressive names, so we called it the Grand Central Station—quite a title for a building which had cost $65,000. I have always had a genuine love for both the name and the station, because it was the first building to rise in the program of railroad construction on which I had finally embarked. In fact I was so proud of it I never missed an opportunity to take any willing victim on a personally conducted tour of it lasting half an hour or so. I also had a similar affection for our first locomotive, which we bought secondhand at a cost of $3500, and which wheezed and grunted merrily when it performed one of its early missions of pulling the directors' special over the new tracks on a tour of inspection. The directors' special consisted of an old coal car rigged up with board seats.

A Magnet to Draw Traffic

When we came to cross the Missouri Pacific at the foot of Second Street we ran into a terrific fight. Day after day we would attempt to put down our crossing and day after day they would chuck it out. But at last we succeeded in getting an injunction to restrain them and were able to make our first connection with the Missouri Pacific.

Our next step was the establishment of a connection with the Chicago and Alton, and in a year or less we reached the Blair lines, this crossing being at a little creek about twelve miles out. My aim was to expand wherever advisable and to form a bond with as many of the seventeen railroads entering Kansas City as we possibly could. As Mr. Martin was the president of the road and I vice president, it was necessary, of course, for me to win him over to this program before proceeding. In our frequent discussions he had seemed satisfied to let the belt line remain as originally planned, but he subsequently saw the desirability of making extensions.

As Independence was only six miles away from where we left the Missouri River, I told Mr. Martin and our directors that it seemed to me we should run the line out to that city. They agreed, and I had Judge Hyland and John L. Case, who came with us about this time, make the necessary surveys.

To divert for a moment, let me say that it was about 1890 when Mr. Case started working for us at a salary, as I remember, of $200 a month. Today he is the manager of the Pacific division of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient Railroad, which I later founded, after my losing battle with the now-extinct wolves of big business, a grim incident which I shall relate in its proper place. Thus, for thirty-seven years Mr. Case has been with some one of my enterprises.

When the work of surveying the line to Independence had been finished Judge Hyland came into my office and said: "This is the crookedest line I ever saw. There are at least sixteen reverse curves in it. I wonder what you're going to call it."

"That being the case, we'll call it the Kansas City-Independence Air Line," I told him; and we did.

The road was built and we started traffic between its termini, but the business was not so good as I had expected. So, having built the line, we now had to build the business to keep it going. It occurred to me we could perhaps accomplish this purpose if we could create something midway between the two terminals to serve as a magnet for traffic. As the outcome of that idea, up went a beautiful amusement resort halfway out on the Air Line, which we called Fairmont Park. Realizing that this place had a double mission in life and that the one few people knew about—namely, the salvation of a railroad—was even more important than the ostensible object of providing a recreation center, I concluded it would have to be particularly good, so we made it particularly good.

Boosting Bryan's Pay

It was an ideally picturesque spot, covered with great trees and possessed of a charming view of the river. We made a large lake by damming up a small creek, and on its edges were erected thirty-five little bungalows, which we furnished and rented for thirty-five dollars a month. Later a large dining hall was added, capable of seating 600 persons, with decorative balconies and a fine outlook over the lake. As I had been to Versailles and had seen the electric fountain there, I thought something of this sort would be a highly attractive feature. I designed the fountain myself and it was quite a remarkable affair. We had sprays of multicolored lights that could be played on the geyser of water by means of levers operated from a switch house directly under the fountain. The fountain was a novelty to the people of this section and caught on from the outset.

The Chautauqua lecture circuit was in high favor with the public. This fact gave me the idea of erecting a meeting hall capable of seating 2000 persons, and we had a Chautauqua there every summer, often carrying as high as 15,000 persons a day to Fairmont Park while this attraction was in progress, which increased our earnings in a most satisfactory manner.

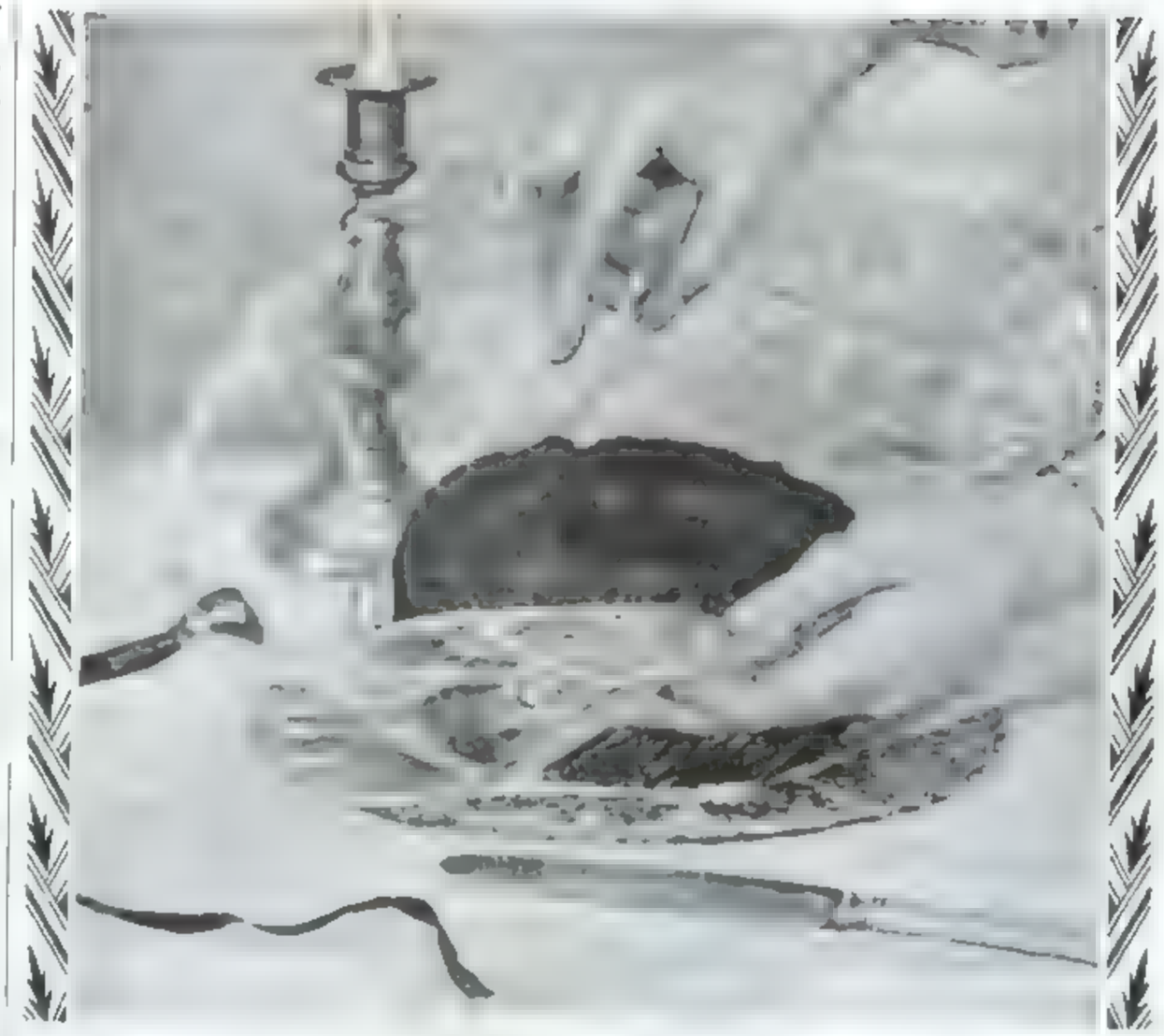
Two of the most popular Chautauqua speakers of the period were William Jennings Bryan, then—in 1896—laying the foundation for his ultimate fame, and Victor Rosewater, the Omaha newspaper publisher. Bryan was just beginning to speak on free silver and Rosewater was achieving a reputation for his brilliance in taking the other side of the question. At any rate, they made a great debating team on the lecture platform and people would travel miles to hear them. People who traveled being my dish, I determined we should have to get the rival orators together at Fairmont Park.

I wrote to Mr. Bryan asking whether he would come and lecture if I could get Mr. Rosewater on the other side, and also suggesting he fix a price for his services.

He replied: "I have always been getting fifty dollars a lecture, but I understand Rosewater asks $100; so from now on my price is $100, and if you are willing to pay it I am willing to come."

So I enjoyed the distinction of paying William Jennings Bryan the first $100 he ever earned for lecturing.

Now the belt line having been built in accordance with the original design and the



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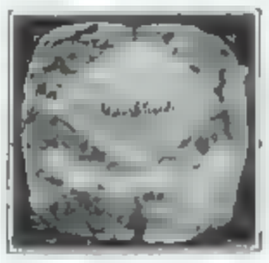

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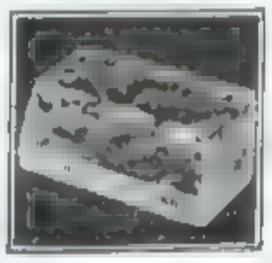

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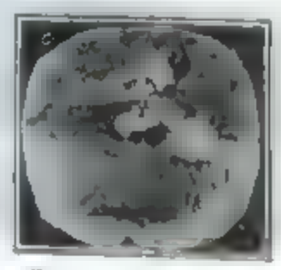

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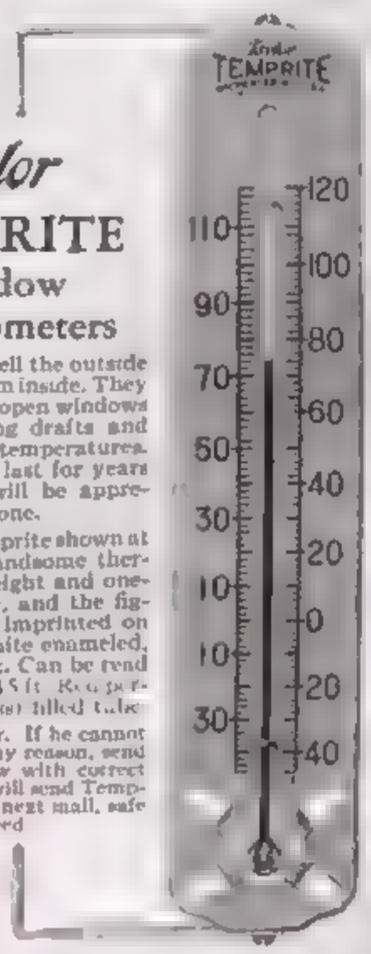

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Air Line being in operation, I turned my attention to a phase of the whole undertaking which had been constantly on my mind as one of paramount importance. Our road, routed only through a section of the East Bottoms, connected with not more than half the railways of the city. There was only one way we could make the junction with the lines we did not cross and that was to get our tracks over into the West Bottoms, where were located the packing houses, with which we had no direct hook-up whatever.

But the bluffs separating these two flatlands extended out to the river, with only a narrow strip of land below to form the connecting link, barely wide enough for the Missouri Pacific double track, which already occupied it.

Judge Hyland, our engineer—or Major Hyland, as we called him—worked hard over the problem. Incidentally, Major Hyland was a character. He looked like Abraham Lincoln, and from all I have ever been able to gather, was very much like him. Blessed with a personality that would charm anyone, he had a fund of quaint sayings which a great command of the English language enabled him to get off with inspired effect. And his loose-fitting Prince Albert coat, worn on all occasions, was as much a part of him as his flow of droll comment. Often when I saw him in the distance, standing motionless at his surveying instruments and his Prince Albert coat flapping in the wind, I'd say to myself that he looked just exactly like a scarecrow in a cornfield.

It seemed impossible to find a line from our station at the foot of Wyandotte Street into the West Bottoms. Engineer after engineer wrestled with the problem, but the grade was too terrific to make the connection practical. I finally brought Charles M. Hayes, then assistant general manager of the Wabash, from St. Louis to try his hand at the puzzle, paying him the princely sum of $300—or $100 a day—for his three days' work.

Mr. Hayes reported that it was impossible to overcome the grade, as we were about 100 feet above the West Bottoms. The day he submitted this piece of bad news I was so much upset over it that I could think of nothing else. I turned it over and over in my mind—it was an awful setback to the big things I had in store for the Kansas City Suburban Belt, which, being my first railroad, had become my favorite plaything. At home that evening I talked the matter over with Mrs. Stilwell, and when I had wearied her with the subject I sat for several hours thinking about it before I finally went to bed. What I sought was my own solution of this engineering problem which had baffled so many experts.

A Problem Solved

Curiously enough, even after I had fallen asleep my mind went right on with the difficult task to which I had set it. Out of the mist of hypotheses came a tangible thought at last. I saw the line extended down into the West Bottoms, but instead of running from the end of our present track in front of the station, it started at Grand Avenue, where the 8 per cent grade began, and swung off to the west, crossing Main Street overhead, then crossing the Missouri Pacific about thirty feet below the station and reaching the opposite flatlands with an easy grade.

All this is rather meaningless to anyone not familiar with the topography of that part of Kansas City, and I don't give it in the hope that it's going to reveal why it seemed to be an answer to the question with which we had been struggling so long. It will suffice, I believe, to dispense with the intricate technicalities involved and to say that the route, as mentally pictured, did strike me as the one we had been seeking, but had missed seeing in our surveys—all of us.

In those days I made a practice of getting up at four o'clock in the morning and spending the hours until dawn in reflection and in reading the Bible, not as a devout church member, for no creeds bind me, but as one who was deeply religious in his own way, and as a keen admirer of the English in the Scriptures and as a student of the inspiration contained in the Psalms. That morning I got up one hour earlier and I could scarcely wait until I met Major Hyland and Mr. Case at the office at seven and found out from them whether the plan I had conceived overnight was feasible.

In fact when the three of us did meet at the regular hour I was so excited that I did not stop to explain to them what had happened, but exclaimed: "For heaven's sake, the problem of going into the West Bottoms is solved! Grab your instruments and come down to Grand Avenue."

I ran ahead and they followed and we arrived there out of breath.

In a few words I outlined the cause of all my agitation. They started to work at once and by eleven o'clock we had worked it all out.

Major Hyland, wearing the inevitable Prince Albert, paused when we arrived at this point.

He said, "Stilwell, the problem of reaching the West Bottoms is solved."

Another Hunch That Worked

The strangest feature of the incident is that it had become fixed in my mind that night that where the west pier should go, on the other side of the Missouri Pacific tracks, the property belonged to the estate of Reed and Coates. At noon I sought out a member of the Reed family who had charge of the trust and asked if the estate owned any property in the West Bottoms. He said it did not.

"Well, will you give me a letter stating that if you have any property in the West Bottoms and I can find it, you agree to let me have it at the rate of $15,000 an acre?" I asked.

"Yes, certainly," he said. "We have no property there, but if a letter of that kind will give you any satisfaction you can certainly have it." Whereupon I wrote the letter and he signed it.

We started in to dig the pier for the western approach of the bridge over the Missouri Pacific and Chicago and Alton tracks, when the Missouri Pacific enjoined us. They said the property belonged to them and that they intended to put a spur on it. If we could not erect the pier, our project for reaching the West Bottoms was defeated.

I had the title to all this property searched and found that when the Missouri Pacific had built its line straight down the river it had taken a right of way fifty feet wide, and later, in branching out to connect with some of the factories to the left, it had preempted another strip fifty feet wide. But the records revealed something far more important than this. They brought to light the fact that the little wedge between these two straight rights of way belonged to the Reed and Coates estate. The administrators of the estate had never known it, nor had the city. And in my possession was a scrap of paper stating in legal phraseology that the belt line held an option on this strip of ground so important to our enterprise. We bought it at once, built the pier and proved to the Missouri Pacific that it had never owned the property.

If it is difficult for anyone to understand how I happened to have a hunch that this land belonged to the Reed and Coates estate when everything seemed to prove to the contrary, let me say that it is just as difficult for me to explain it. Perhaps the fact that I happened to know that the Reed and Coates estate owned extensive property interests in Kansas City had something to do with it—who can tell?

As the belt line's charter called only for a railroad east from Second and Wyandotte streets, I organized a new company known as the Consolidated Terminal to construct a road from the end of the Kansas City Suburban to the Kaw River, which brought us into touch with all the packing houses in the immediate territory except those located in Kansas City, Kansas. To make this connection we formed the Union Terminal, which enabled us to go along the west bank of the Kaw River in Kansas City, Kansas, and to reach the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe. This gave us a tie-up with every railroad in the city, the Union Stockyards and the packing houses. The road was now twenty-four miles long and altogether had sixty miles of track, counting yard and side tracks.

Considering my extreme youth at that time—I was just around the thirty mark, the Bryan incident of 1896 having come about several years after we had been fully organized—I believe I may be pardoned for a feeling of pride in what I did then. And without detracting one iota from the splendid work of E. L. Martin and my other associates, I am compelled to make the record accurate by saying that I personally placed all the securities for the Kansas City Suburban Belt Railroad and connecting lines, amounting altogether to about $4,000,000. Every detail was worked out under my supervision, every mile of trackage laid under my direction and every contract for construction and equipment let by myself, which sounds like a boastful recapitulation, but is merely a correct summary of facts. The financing was done at a cost of only 6 per cent, whereas every bond house in New York which I consulted with a view to placing the issues wanted 20 per cent.

In these later years I look back with much joy on the fact that the road was a tremendous success from the date it was finished, so much so that in the third year it paid two dollars a share on its stock, which, as you will recall, was a bonus stock given with the bonds. It became the terminus of the Blair lines, the Kansas City Southern, the Chicago and Great Western, the Quincy, Omaha and Kansas City, the Omaha and St. Louis, the St. Joe and Grand Island, and other railroads, as well as being the entrance into the city for the Kansas City Southern.

Last year I took dinner with L. F. Loree, now chairman of the Kansas City Southern and president of the Delaware and Hudson, and a railroad man of commanding genius.

He said: "Mr. Stilwell, do you know that you created one of the greatest terminals in the West? I often wonder how you had the temerity to go out where no business existed and build such a terminal. If it is any satisfaction to you—and I am sure it will be—your terminal handled last month in exchange of cars more cars than all the railroads of Kansas City combined."

A Stepping-Stone for Ambition

I did not say it to Mr. Loree, but I do say it now, that as much pleasure as his gracious remark gave me, the chief satisfaction I have always gained from the Kansas City Suburban Belt Railroad is, quite frankly, not so much that it was a financial success as it is that this line was the means of jockeying me into the position I had been seeking ever since making the cocky remark to Mr. Batterson that I was going West to build a railroad. I had built a railroad, but it was not the railroad I had in mind. Yet it was a stepping-stone to the one great ambition of my life—the construction and operation of a line which would fix lower rates for farm shipments, even though it would have to stand alone in defiance of the powerful interests which were sure to fight any interference with the rate situation.

Our plan—Martin's and mine—for the line which was to become the Kansas City Southern materialized at once. Every detail of the story is as fresh in my memory as though the stirring events had occurred only yesterday. This story is my favorite; it has always appealed to me as the outstanding incident of my career in the world of big business.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Stilwell and Mr. Crowell. The next will appear in the December 31st issue.

for Instant Sleep *when you go to bed* –*for* Vigorous Days

Now from Switzerland—a new safe way to restful nights that give you all-day vigor

See what this 3-day test will do

When you go to bed, do your nerves stay up? Leaving you dragged-out on the morrow—your mornings logy, your energy drained by afternoon?

Now modern science has found a natural way (a way without drugs) to *instant*, restful sleep that restores your tired mind and body.

Morning finds you a new man. Fresh, clear-eyed, buoyant. You have the energy to carry you right through the day and into the evening.

That is the experience of most Ovaltine users. The 3-day test will show you. We urge you to make this test. It is well worth while.

Why Ovaltine brings restoring sleep

First—It digests very quickly. Even in cases of impaired digestion.

Second—It supplies your system with certain health-building essentials which are often missing from your daily fare. One cup of Ovaltine has actually more food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Third—Ovaltine has the unusual power of digesting 4 to 5 times its own weight of other foods you eat. Hence digestion goes on speedily and efficiently. As a result frayed nerves are soothed because digestive unrest, the main cause of sleeplessness, is overcome.

This is why, when taken at night, a cup of Ovaltine brings sound, restoring sleep in a natural way. And as you sleep the quick assimilation of nourishment is also restoring to the entire body. Thus you gather new strength and energy for the next day.

Hospitals and doctors recommend it

Ovaltine is a delightful pure food-drink. It contains no drugs. It is the special food properties of Ovaltine—*and absolutely nothing else*—that bring its wonderful results and popularity. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. In universal use in England and her colonies. During the great war it was served as a standard ration to invalid soldiers. Today it is considered the leading health drink in over fifty different countries.

A few years ago Ovaltine was introduced into this country. Today hundreds of hospitals use it. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only for sleeplessness, but because of its special dietetic properties, they also recommend it for nerve-strain, malnutrition, backward children, nursing mothers and the aged.

Just make a 3-day test of Ovaltine. Note the difference, not only in your sleep but in your next day's energy. You tackle your work with greater vigor. You "carry through" for the whole day. You aren't too tired to go out for the evening. There's a new zest to your work; to all your daily activities. It's truly a "pick-up" drink—for any time of the day.

A 3-day test

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c, to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

A Delightful Way to Sound Sleep

Tonight when you go to bed drink a cup of hot Ovaltine. Then note how quickly you go to sleep, how refreshed you feel in the morning. Mr. Schoeller testifies:

"I took Ovaltine for sleeplessness and lack of ambition during the day and after I had used the sample I had more rest at night. During the day I had more ambition and felt 100% better."

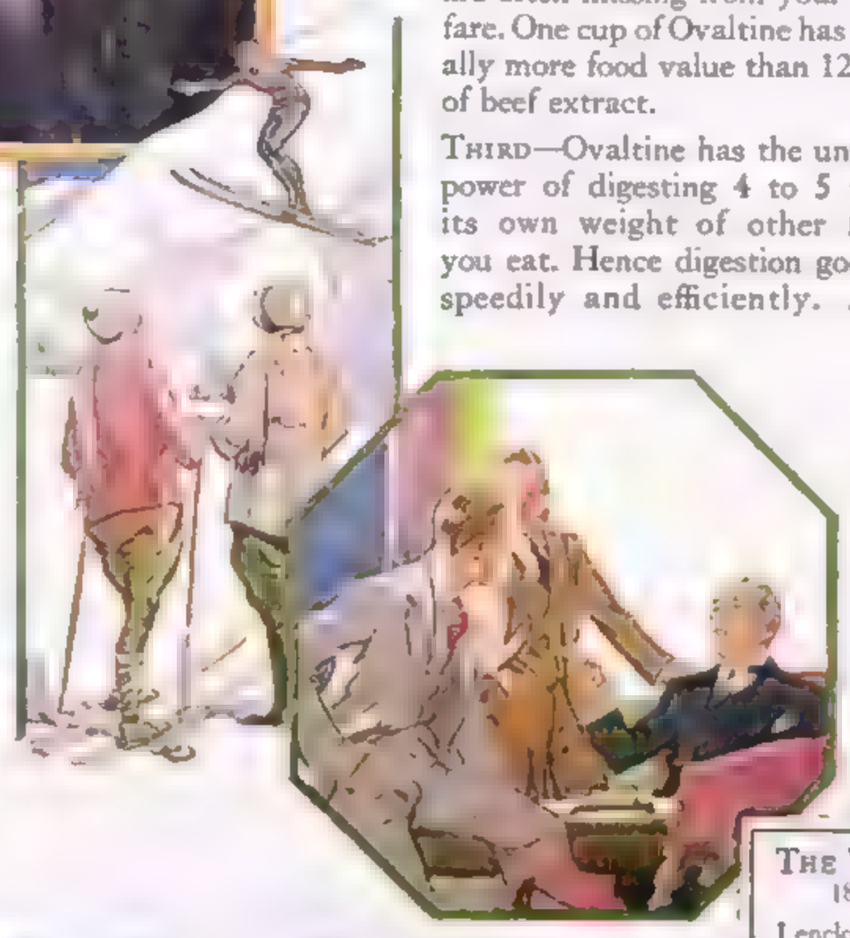
Merlin Schoeller,
Jefferson, Wis.

Fills You with Energy

Ovaltine usually brings sound restoring sleep. You awaken with boundless energy—eager for healthful sports or business. One user says:

"I needed something for general upbuilding, and felt very tired and logy in the mornings. Could not sleep well at night. Since taking Ovaltine I feel like a new person. I wake up in the morning full of pep and fresh and have no more tired feeling."

J. C. A., Troy, N. Y.



Mentally Alert All Day

Because Ovaltine brings restoring sleep, you have the energy to carry you through the day "in high." Mr. DuBois states:

"I took Ovaltine and am well pleased with the results. Could not sleep at night. Was more tired on arising than when I went to bed. But since taking Ovaltine can sleep all through the night and get up mornings feeling refreshed and 'full of pep.' Will recommend Ovaltine to my friends."

George F. DuBois, Keene, N. H.

OVALTINE

© 1927, T. W. Co.

The Wander Company, Dept. P-10
180 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine. Print name and address clearly.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

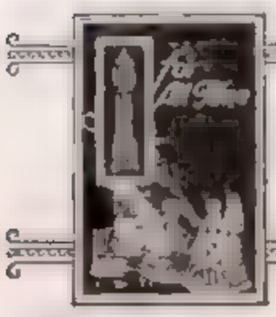
One package to a person.

The Sweetest Chimes on Christmas Morn.

THE merriest chimes, the happiest, sweetest chimes, to greet your family on Christmas morning are the mellow, melodious chimes of a new Colonial Clock. And what could be a more wonderful gift to the home! What else so radiant with companionable personality, so expressive of the permanence of home! Surely here is the perfect token of the affection which you hold for family and home.

Colonial Clocks are available in any style and size, ranging from $1800.00 downward in price. The model here shown (No. 1469) is particularly popular at present;—most of the better furniture and jewelry stores are now featuring it. Costing less than an average radio set, it has all the virtues that have made the "Colonial" name so famous—case of Solid Honduras Mahogany, weight-driven Imported Movement, chimes of Westminster, sounded by rods or tubes, for all-time dependability. Many are the homes this Colonial Clock will make happier on Christmas morn—why not yours, too?

Colonial Manufacturing Co.
Zeeland, Michigan



Send for the Free Book
This Free Book

COLONIAL CLOCKS

THE STRANGER AT THE FEAST

(Continued from Page 19)

She made an impulsive movement toward him with one hand, but drew it back. "I believe you. Please don't say any more. That's the sort of thing I can't stand."

"You'll have to stand it," he continued, "because I've only begun. What's troubling me is that I can't be sure of your judgment. You have a life which I'm not to touch, not even by accident. That's a counsel of perfection, a stumblingblock as big as a house. I'll touch it again and again and always on the raw, because I'll be doing it blindly. But that's neither here nor there, except as a measure of your sense of proportion. Where we split is that you believe there's a combination of circumstances too big for friendship to swallow, and I don't."

She turned her face toward him and it seemed she had drawn the last curtain of reserve for the first time, permitting him to discover shadows he had suspected but never quite seen. "I wonder what you'll say when I admit you're right about—about friendship. But my defenses happen to be built against something far more treacherous. They've stood for a good many years, but lately I've felt them beginning to crumble. I'd like to have you help me keep them up, because when they fall, that will be the signal."

"For what?"

"For the end of the happiness you've had from me and the astonishing happiness I've had from you. All our days have been one day, the sun has stood still in the heavens, because for a while we have been attaining the impossible. Can't you see the huge difference between knowing a miracle must pass and kicking the props out from under it? Can't you?"

"You are still older than I am," he answered, "and stronger—much stronger."

"That can never harm you. Please believe me. Give me your hand. I want you to touch me. I want you to feel how evenly the blood beats in my veins when I'm with you."

He took her hand and held it against his bandaged arm. He had expected an ordeal, a reproof far more cruel than the impersonal look with which she had set him in his place once before, but to his relief there was nothing but tenderness in her touch. For that moment she was not giving alms to a beggar or husks to the starving. She was sharing herself, taking as well as giving, but with a simplicity that was its own armor.

"Those splints," she whispered with a frown. "How long will you have to wear them?"

"Never mind the splints," said Tappen drowsily, his half-open eyes fixed on her face. "I have a slight correction to make."

"Make it quickly, because I've just remembered an engagement."

"When I said I didn't want you, the statement was partly misleading. I told you the other day about loving your hands, but now I love your hair, eyes and mouth just as much."

She drew away from him and sprang to her feet. "I knew I was late," she said as she put on her hat.

"Are you angry?" he asked.

"No."

"Will you come back tomorrow?"

"Perhaps."

She was gone, but Tappen no longer felt sleepy. He called loudly for Abdul, and when he came, ordered him to stand at the foot of the bed. The silence of his barefooted approach as well as his long robe made him appear like a white column of cloud surmounted by the impassive face of an oracle.

"Abdul," said Tappen conversationally, "I've got to talk to a man for a while. It's a funny business about women. The stronger they build, the weaker the fortress. The more they deny, the more they can give. If their signposts point north, they travel south. The better they know the way, the surer they are to think they're lost. When they really are lost they find themselves for the first time, but never admit it. You may think I'm talking just to hear myself talk, but I'm not. I'm putting up a fight for you and me as men, saving our self-respect—if we have any—by saying all the things that would get me into trouble if I said them when I should. Now it's your turn. What do you think?"

"No work, woman no good," declared Abdul, "plenty work, plenty baby, woman all right. I fetch your scoff now."

VI

HIS arm was almost well when she told him rather by suggestion than in so many words that he need not expect to see or hear from her for several days. With equal finesse he managed to let her know he understood and took care to avoid stressing even the moment of farewell beyond its usual casualness.

The week of solitude which ensued did not weigh heavily on his hands. In a way he welcomed it as giving him a chance to catch up with his emotions and bring his feet down to solid ground. He looked back upon the period of his confinement to bed as blessed with a charm too intangible for exact definition. To have seen her forget herself in the performance of small services was to discover a new allure, for her habitual reserve saved her from those acts of self-virtuous commiseration which are gall and wormwood to some healthy invalids. If she had laid a cooling hand upon his brow, for instance, he would have shouted for Abdul. But to observe the seriousness with which she would pack a pipe, set it between his teeth and hold a lighted match over the bowl, was to savor the rare joy to be had in watching a person who could be completely natural.

Though she was gone, he could still see her moving about his rooms, giving a rejuvenating touch to the flowers in the vases, rearranging her hair when she took off her hat, or opening some parcel she had brought with her. Abdul might be trusted for sustaining foods, but it was she who thought of midget radishes so fresh that Tappen insisted on eating them leaves and all, or fruit so lovely to behold that it kept his mouth watering throughout an anticipatory meal.

Buried in the memory of such trifles, he could absorb peace instead of the frenzy caused by her former absence, and borrow strength from deliberate contemplation, so that when finally she returned she stepped into an atmosphere doubly charged. Not only was Tappen fortified by his feast of the mind; he also radiated the abnormal vitality which so often follows on the heels of convalescence.

"Are you sure you ought to have that arm out of its sling?" were her first words.

He raised the limb in question, flexed his wrist and then held it out to her. "It was a clean job," he said, "but you can feel the ridge where the bones knitted. Run your fingers along them—so." He took her hand in his and pressed her fingers along his forearm. "There you are. Did you get the bump?"

She nodded, and they turned instinctively to look out of the open window, forgetting for a moment that they still held hands. The sun was already sinking in the southwest and its leveled rays struck red fire from more than one distant pane of glass in the houses of Grenelle. She drew a long quivering breath—the half of a sigh.

"Are you tired?" he asked. "Let me pull up a chair."

"Yes, I'm tired, but I don't want the chair. I've been sitting down all day."

"Standing suits me," said Tappen quickly to avoid an appearance of interest in where she had been.

"When I got home," she continued, as if urged to further explanation, "there were several things that just had to be looked after. That's why I'm so late."

"I don't even remember what that word means," he declared with a laugh. "I feel like God when he said, 'And the evening and the morning were the first day.'"

She smiled, but her eyes remained plunged in the distance. "It's strange what little things turn the currents of our lives."

"What do you mean?"

"I've been thinking for hours of this window. If it hadn't been high up and open, with nothing in front of it but roofs and the misty edge of the world, it never would have occurred to me to come here. I wonder if you can see that you yourself would have been a different person."

"It's rather terrifying to admit that individuality can hang by such a slender thread, isn't it?"

"Yes. That's what I meant. Now I'll sit down, but you take the chair and give me the hearth cushion."

Tappen held his breath—he had been holding it for a long time—ever since the moment when, himself enthroned, she had settled herself on the cushion at his feet, her shoulder resting against his knee. He breathed only with the top of his lungs for fear the rhythm of his body might startle her. With his elbows braced on the arms of the chair and his hands locked together, he stared out over her head and watched the shadows slowly deepen. The rumble from the cobbled street below seemed to rise no higher than the balcony ledge, and the window, open to the level of the floor, appeared to have widened to fit without perspective the arc of the horizon.

They were suspended and incased in silence. It pressed in on them by imperceptible advances, slow, pondered and inexorable. Warned by premonition, he set himself like a rock against whatever shock might be coming, and presently he knew what it would be. Her shoulders had begun to quiver to the strain, and quite suddenly she broke—not little by little but all at once.

She turned, half arose and fell heavily face down across his knees, her body and arms hanging lax and disjointed, as if her bones as well as her will had melted. He had never felt a woman cry like that, but he knew enough not to touch her, and above all, not to move.

She stopped at last. When she held up her hand gropingly, he understood and gave her his handkerchief. She dried her cheeks and then looked up at him. He never knew how he got to his feet, but she arose with him, in his arms. He pressed his face hard against her head, forgetting her mouth only because her whole body was a kiss. Her hands clung to him as if they would never let him go, and yet the next moment she was standing away from him. For an instant he saw her through a haze, then it cleared and their eyes met as they had never met before—a look that wiped out barriers.

"Now you know," he whispered. "I love you—all of you."

"And I love you," she answered; "but—that was the end."

"The beginning!" he exclaimed, taking a step toward her.

She stopped him with a flutter of her hand. "Don't. Please don't touch me just now. It wouldn't be fair—to you, I mean."

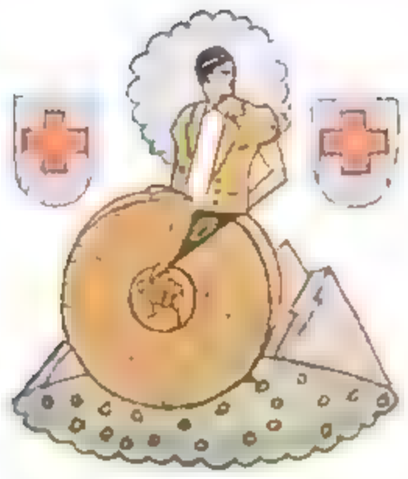
"What do I care about being fair to either of us? I want you and you want me, and that's all there is to it."

"Let me talk to you, and then you can have whatever you want."

"You mean it?" he asked, half stunned, not by her words so much as by her recovered self-possession.

"Yes, I mean it," she said slowly, her eyes studying his face with the impersonality he had learned to dread. "But whatever happens—whatever you choose—that was the end of something between us two—something we can never bring back."

(Continued on Page 106)



SONNE UND BODEN HOCHGELEGENER THALER, ALTERPROBTE, VON VATER AUF SOHN UBERLIEFERTE HERSTELLUNGSWEISE, DAS SIND DIE TIEFERN URSACHEN FÜR DEN BERÜHMTEN GESCHMACK DES "SWITZERLAND CHEESE."

Sun and soil of Alpine Valleys— patient, pastoral methods — thus has Switzerland Cheese become famous for its flavor

Other nations may try to make cheese in the famous Swiss manner. Their cheese may look "Swiss," but there its similarity ceases. It can never have the wonderful goodness of Switzerland Cheese. For Switzerland Cheese is the product of rare-flavored milk produced from Alpine pasturage, the like of which is not found in any other country in the world.

To make sure of enjoying this flavor that can't be copied, you must insist on Switzerland Cheese and look for the numerous imprints of the word "Switzerland" on the rind. Asking for "Swiss Cheese" or even "Imported Swiss Cheese" is not enough. Every dairy country in the world exports Swiss Cheeses, but they can never approach Switzerland Cheese in flavor.

Switzerland Cheese harmonizes delectably with different foods. It is useful—and correct—on simple or elaborate menus. Placed between slices of bread it makes butter unnecessary because it is so rich and satisfying. Eaten with a salad, it accentuates the piquancy of succulent vegetables. Serve it with demi-tasse or fresh fruit and you'll marvel at the combination. And then . . . eat it by itself . . . a generous slice. An entirely new side of its flavor comes to your taste.

Great hotel chefs introduce Switzerland Cheese in their most ambitious menus. In homes, too, where functions large and small follow each other continuously, Switzerland Cheese appears by itself—a fitting delicacy, or the flavor-giving element in a dozen different food surprises.

It is easy to identify Switzerland Cheese at your store. The rind of these great "wheels" of cheese is covered by numerous imprints of the magic word "Switzerland." Sometimes the natural color of Switzerland Cheese varies from a cream to a butter-yellow, depending upon whether the cheese was made from winter or summer milk. The size of the eyes also varies from medium to large. But the rare flavor and quality never change. Your dealer will cut Switzerland Cheese to your order—pound, half-pound, quarter-pound or ten-cent piece. Switzerland Cheese Association, Berne, Switzerland.

At the end of the dinner—serve the coffee—fragrant and hot. With it bring Switzerland Cheese—cut in attractive pieces interspersed with crackers. Then, for a gay note of color—a crystallized strawberry and cherry appropriately placed on the plate.

SWITZERLAND CHEESE

Genuine Swiss Cheese from Switzerland

Wouldn't you like a drink of this rich, warm milk?

AT A GLANCE YOU CAN IDENTIFY SWITZERLAND CHEESE.
THE RIND IS STAMPED WITH MANY IMPRINTS OF THE WORD "SWITZERLAND."
NO OTHER CHEESE CAN BE THUS MARKED.

'Way up in the Alps the women do the buying

Dad, it's great!

Meccano builds *Thousands* of models —*all different and in colors*

The NEW "OO" OUTFIT—$1.00

The World's Best Value

EVERY boy wants a construction toy and naturally he wants the best. Meccano is the system that builds models on real engineering principles. With it any boy can build fine engineering models that work just like real machines. There is no fun like the thrill of building models with Meccano, and there is no limit to their number—the Meccano boy can have a new model every day in the year if he likes. All these models are in color and, of course, this gives them an added charm.

Meccano model-building requires no study—it is dead easy and anyone who can use a screw-driver can build Meccano models. No tools are necessary.

Meccano parts are made from the best steel and are beautifully finished in bright colors. All parts are accurately made and the Gears are *cut* from solid brass so that they work smoothly and correctly, which they would not do if they were *stamped* from sheet metal.

This year we are introducing a brand new Outfit (it costs $1) and with it hundreds of splendid new models can be built—in colors. This No "OO" Outfit includes many additional parts and is the best value in the world. With it there is a fine new Instruction Manual illustrating scores of new models that it has hitherto not been possible to build with any construction toy.

The "OO" Outfit is a fine present that will gladden the heart of any boy.

Send for This Book—It is Free

This splendidly illustrated book explains the Meccano System and shows scores of models that may be made with Meccano. A copy will be sent free. You can send the names and addresses of three boy friends. You can send a postal card if you like. When you send for the book please mention this paper for reference we may be able to send after your own name and address.

MECCANO COMPANY, Inc.
Div. S-4, Elizabeth, N. J.

This fine Outfit contains a full assortment of Meccano parts—many of them beautifully enamelled in shining colors—packed in a strong wooden box. The illustrated Book of Instructions included with it shows how to build 425 superb models, but the Outfit will build hundreds of others in addition to those shown. The Outfit also includes a powerful Meccano reversing patent Electric Motor with which you can make the models work like real machines.

Other Outfits from $1 to $43. Buy them from your dealer, but if he cannot supply you we will mail direct on receipt of price.

SPECIAL
$10.00
OUTFIT
No. 3X

This Wrecking Car with Electric Motor is one of the 475 models made with a $10 set.

Win $500 Cash

Send for particulars and entry blanks for our Grand new Model Building Competition—first prize $500 in Cash.

MECCANO

Engineering for Boys

(Continued from Page 104)

"Then let it go," he begged. "Let's keep today and tomorrow."

"I promise to let you try if you'll only listen. I wouldn't admit it, but I've known all the time I was leading you on, as I was being led; perhaps by something stronger than you or myself—anyway, I hope so."

"Stronger, thank God."

"You're so young in some ways, I can't tell how much you've seen, but I'm old enough to have watched woman after woman—some of them my friends—give herself to an affair and burn out, remember the glow, and give herself again." She paused, seizing and holding his attention with leveled eyes. "If that's what you want," she continued steadily, "I owe it to you, and you can have it."

For an instant he was stunned—not shocked, but stunned. "It's horrible for you to say that," he said sharply, and continued in an even, tense tone, "You know you're offering something I never asked from you. You know it would tear down everything I want—everything you've built up in me. All I want is an old-fashioned humdrum matter, the sort of thing that people who really love each other do every day. I'm tired of mystery—all I ask is just to marry you."

She gave him a look of pity, but spoke firmly: "I can't prove it, but I've been married for nine years."

There was silence while he absorbed the literal meaning of her words. "Is that all?" he managed to say almost immediately. He laughed shortly. "Then unmarry."

Her face did not reflect his levity. "It's easy for you to settle in a second what I haven't been able to think out in years, isn't it?" she asked. "Try to unmarry when you can't prove you're married."

"But that's nonsense!" he exclaimed, feeling the first cold breath of desperation. "It must be nonsense. You can have the marriage wiped out—I know you can."

"I don't wish it wiped out."

"What?" he gasped.

"It wouldn't suit me at all. There's a reason why it's unthinkable to have it wiped out."

"What is it?"

A touch of the old anger flared in her eyes. "Something that not even you can tear out of me," she said as she turned to go.

He watched her unbelievingly.

"If you can leave me like this," he said as she reached for the handle of the door, "then everything you've said and done is a lie."

She turned as if he had struck her, her face suddenly white and her eyes wide. Her lower lip trembled—vibrated so that she was forced to catch it between her teeth. "I tried to show you how much I love you," she stammered when she could speak. "Perhaps—if you can change so quickly—you want your pound of flesh, after all."

He stopped her mouth with his hand, slid down to his knees and wrapped his arms around her. "Don't! Don't say that again!" he begged, his face buried in her skirt. "I was wrong. I was hurting myself as much as you. Please don't punish me."

For a moment she was content to stand with her hand resting on his head, quieting him without words, but presently she said softly, "Get up. It's all right, my dear. You haven't really hurt me."

He was on his feet, holding her hands and then her arms, drinking strength from the light in her eyes. Abruptly the realization flooded over him that even in going she left behind more than he had ever dared ask in his most sanguine dreams. Like every man since Adam, he had been humble in the first grip of love, fooling himself into believing that all he wanted was the right to an unrequited adoration. He had imagined himself being permitted to care for her openly and without limitations, but had stopped short of the hope that she might love him as unrestrainedly as he was ready to love her. The gift of the gods was at his feet and he had almost spurned it.

"That's better," she whispered, watching his face. "You forgive me, don't you?"

When she had gone he returned to the chair before the window and sat down. He was alone and yet not alone, for the eternal mystery had done its work in him, giving presence and body to the intangible. An extraordinary feeling of peace and well-being possessed even while it puzzled him. He would sit here and think it out. There could be but one answer. Love was not subject to being cut into sections by a parting, like a string with a pair of shears. It contained its own beginnings and its own end. Then it followed that no one was its arbiter; nobody had the right to order it around, telling it where to start and when to stop.

He felt rather than heard Abdul come into the dark room and stand in questioning silence for a moment before he announced, "Scoff ready."

"Abdul," asked Tappen, without moving, "where does the missis go? I mean where was she all last week?"

The boy snapped on a light and stared with his nearest approach to surprise at a master he had never before found stupid. "You no know?"

Tappen faced around. "Come on now," he said sharply. "Don't show off. Where?"

"She go see baby for her same place she catch train."

Tappen's neck sank into his shoulders—the familiar movement of a hunter sighting unexpected game—and his hands tightened on the arms of the chair. "Of course," he said, after a frowning pause. "No wonder you thought I was dumb." He went on to himself, but aloud, following the line of his own speculations: "That lovely kid, and just the right age."

"Scoff get cold," declared Abdul.

"To the devil with it!" said Tappen impatiently. "Eat it yourself."

"All right." He turned to go.

"Wait a minute. I suppose her servants know all about it, eh?"

"Naw," said Abdul scornfully. "Nobody know nothing—only me and you."

"But they must think something. What is it?"

The boy's teeth showed in a diabolical grin. "They think she got another man same like you."

"That's enough," ordered his master. "Get out."

"You no want scoff?"

"No. Put out the light before you go."

Tappen sat far into the night, schooling himself for his sins of omission. He had been remiss in the practice of the one art in which he was supreme. Deduction, the reading of past events in the light of the facts at hand, was merely a glorified name for spooring. In his blindness he had thought she had told him nothing, but now, with his eyes wide open, he looked back along a trail of turned leaves and broken twigs.

He began to sum up. She lived within a wall—a wall so solid, so skillfully constructed along the usual lines of vulgar intrigue, that neither friends nor even servants had ever suspected the thing beyond it. She was driven to escape from time to time by an urge that verged on madness. To see him? He did not fool himself. Not at the beginning anyway. What drove her then was the burden of a secret, kept to herself alone for nine years. No wonder she thought of liberty—personal, individual freedom—as a man dying of thirst thinks of water.

But the thing that hung heaviest in the crop of his self-esteem was that he had witnessed that early morning separation and never suspected it was between a mother and her child. He relived the scene: The train with all its blinds drawn save one, and himself sitting at that unveiled window. The little group hanging back, half hidden behind the station. The undemonstrative farewell not quite furtive and yet charged with the mystery of its performance by such actors at that hour and place. The players themselves. The elfin child and the

(Continued on Page 109)

"No appetite · · headaches · · *even my interest in sports was gone*"

A morning's "bag" . . . Mr. Joseph P. Moore, *Somerville, Mass.*

Somerville, Mass.

"Due to the confining nature of constant work as a calender operator I became run down. I was constipated. My head ached continually. I ate little and slept less. I was so tired and worn out that I lost all my former interest in hunting and other outdoor sports.

"A friend suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate it for three months. Nothing could have improved my condition more! The headaches disappeared entirely. Worry from constipation was at an end and I was again good for any outdoor exertion. My appetite improved, and I slept like a top."

Joseph P. Moore

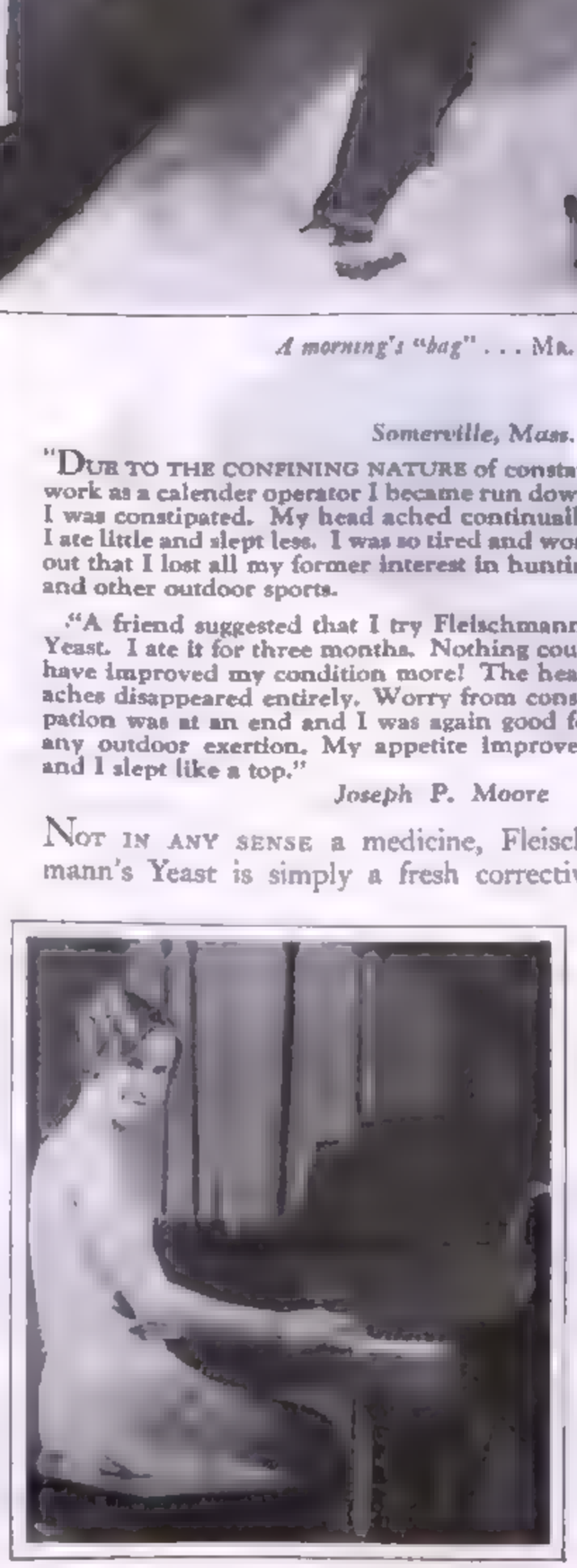
"I HAD BEEN troubled with constipation, which resulted in stomach trouble, for many years. It hardly seemed likely that I could find anything that would help me. Finally a friend of mine who knew my condition, told me what Fleischmann's Yeast had done for him and advised me to give it a good trial. I started eating three cakes every day and kept it up. I began to feel better after only a short time. My improvement continued until I was completely well. I felt better, looked better, and found that I could eat things that before had caused severe indigestion. Fleischmann's Yeast had literally done wonders for me and I find that, by eating it regularly, I can keep the good health it brought me."

F. A. Jetter, Former Secretary of State, Boise, Idaho

Not in any sense a medicine, Fleischmann's Yeast is simply a fresh corrective food. It possesses to a remarkable degree the power to cleanse and stimulate the intestines. It causes easy, natural and *complete* elimination of food waste.

As a result, your whole blood stream is purified. Your digestion and assimilation are improved. You feel as if you had rediscovered youth. Your very complexion wins back the clearness of earlier days.

Order two or three days' supply of Fleischmann's Yeast at a time from your grocer. Keep it in any cool dry place. And write today for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast in the diet. Address Health Research Dept. D-52, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York.



LEFT

"UP TO THE TIME when I began to notice advertisements in the papers and magazines about the great health-building properties of Fleischmann's Yeast nothing seemed to help me. Like many others, I had got into a run down condition. I felt exhausted after my day's work was over. I decided to give Fleischmann's Yeast a trial. If I were to write ten sheets they still would not be enough to explain what wonders Fleischmann's Yeast did for me. Today I am in excellent health, and hope to continue that way by using three cakes of Yeast daily."

Marie Urbaner, Wyandotte, Mich.

"DURING a particularly busy summer in Chicago I began to lose that soft, clear complexion which is a woman's most valued asset. Sallowness developed. I became haggard and tired. My maid saved the situation. She began to appear at my bedside each morning with a cake of Fleischmann's Yeast dissolved in a glass of milk. Soon I ate my three cakes every day. Before long that tired feeling disappeared, and I regained my soft, clear complexion."

Sophie Tucker, New York City
(*The "International Singing Comedienne"*)

This easy way to recapture health

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day, a cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain in small pieces, or drink it dissolved in water—hot or cold—or eat it in any other way you prefer. For stubborn constipation physicians recommend drinking one cake dissolved in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. (Train yourself to regular daily habits.) Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

One of those rare gifts that really includes the whole family!

CHRISTMAS dinner more luscious than ever .... and so much easier to prepare. Savory surprises that just *make* an impromptu party. A bountiful reserve of foods for unexpected guests. These—the very essence of the holiday spirit—made pleasantly possible by a General Electric Refrigerator.

Why not have the supreme satisfaction of a General Electric Refrigerator during the holidays? It's an all-year-round cold storage plant in miniature. It protects food from the killing chill of winter and the bacteria-breeding heat of summer. It makes quantity buying possible.

The General Electric Refrigerator is unusually roomy. Even the smallest size (the one illustrated) has a shelf area of nine square feet—and that's generous for the needs of the average family. Special designing of shelves and freezing chamber has given each model the very greatest food storage space.

This simplified refrigerator hasn't a single belt, fan, drain-pipe or stuffing box. It needs no oiling. It is unusually quiet. All its moving parts are enclosed in a single hermetically sealed casing. There's no machinery under it .... none in the basement. It can be plugged into any electric outlet. It is the worthy product of fifteen years of research .... and is guaranteed by General Electric.

• • •

Write us today for Booklet 12-S, which is completely illustrated and fully descriptive.

Electric Refrigeration Department
of General Electric Company
Hanna Building Cleveland, Ohio

GE Refrigerator

GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 106

girlish woman, both made of the stuff that can say its good-bys with a look, etched against the presence of the stalwart guardian nurse.

Married nine years. He drew a long breath, but presently began to tense in his chair. He was thinking of Paris—Paris of nine years ago, Paris of the fall of 1915. The surly cab drivers, scornful of their idle fares. Meals at fixed prices, and *tisanes* in place of vintage wines. The forlorn guard of the *chic cocottes*, making its last stand for commercialized love in the square room at Gerny's. The *embusqués* who fed them, draft dodgers disguised in American clothes of the most extreme cut to save themselves from being stoned. But back of all that scum and froth, the unsmiling people.

He remembered them en masse at a music hall with every seat taken. Presumably they had come to be amused, but he had been witness to an uncanny phenomenon. They could watch broad farce and listen to the snappiest jokes with scarcely a smile, and yet give an impression of friendliness to the hard-worked artists. But a new stillness had seemed to graft itself on silence when a lone singer appeared on the stage. For a moment her thin body looked tired, worn to the verge of collapse, but abruptly a flood of vitality inspired it with the suddenness of a flag broken to the breeze. With astounding power from such a fragile source, she hurled out The Marseillaise, and the sober audience rolled to its feet in a single monstrous billow, lifted by the roar of the blood in its own veins.

That was why they had been there—to see and hear the nightly immolation of Marthe Chenal, to steal its strength and share in its sacrifice. What oblations, humble as well as mighty, had not been laid on the altars of that Paris of nine years ago without a thought for the judgment of the cold tomorrow? What motives could not have taken root in that soil, sprung up and bloomed, before awakening pictured the flower as standing alone within a leveled morass, threatened by resurrected prejudice and hoary-headed injustice? "I can't prove it, but I have been married for nine years."

Perched in his window on the edge of the starry night, Tappen had come to his intuitive conclusion, but he did not rise as if from a finished task. He only settled himself more deeply in his chair and frowned at the lowest star, while he checked item against deduction and fact against probability. In the end he had something less definite than a picture puzzle, solved and framed, but at least it was a logical though still tentative portrait of Paula Newcombe, built, as must be the case with every true portrait, on something deeper than coloring or feature.

For the first time he could see her with the eyes of his brain as well as those of his heart, and he thrilled to the realization that the process added to her stature. Her weakness in falling just short of a frank and total acceptance of consequences not only made her more lovably human but became her greatest strength. She had built existence on a furtive secret and it had become a rock foundation. It was the source of her reserve, of that poise which, having its origin in frailty, had grown through added years of a single determination into a reservoir of power. Her initial decision might be open to question, but once taken, there could be nothing but admiration for the indomitable manner of its enforcement. "Something that not even you can tear out of me."

To sum up, he felt that he knew what had happened, though not all the manner of its happening. The important thing now was to readjust himself to the chords of the new fugue or admit that he had no share in its harmony. The latter alternative was naturally far from his mind and he renounced it at once. However complete the idyl in which he had been granted an equal share, however indestructible it might be as a possession, he had no intention whatever of accepting the finality she had implied. It remained then for him to decide not where he stood but where he was going, and he frowned more and more deeply at the lowest star until, to his disgust, it indifferently went to bed.

Accepting the hint, he did likewise, but not to sleep. Too many speculations tickled his whirling brain, urging it on to faster and what seemed more futile gyrations. He saw himself as a climber, clamped to a cliff with both hands and one foot, and feeling with the other for a boss of rock from which he might spring. The worst of it was he knew the protuberance was there, somewhere inside a limited area within his reach. He knew it as definitely as if he had knocked his head on it, only to have it disappear or hide. It was almost morning before he fell asleep, but when he awoke it was to find his dangling foot firmly planted. He could look up and change the grip of his hands at leisure.

VII

HE HAD what he needed, though little more—an inspiration, a central idea, a figurative goal, something toward which he could work with a sense of daily accomplishment. Because he realized the road was long and strewn with obstacles, he set out upon it slowly, taking time for thought as well as action. One feature of his peculiar situation, never before particularly valued by himself, now slowly assumed preëminence as a keystone factor. It was his isolation—the fact that as far as Miss Newcombe's circle was concerned he was still nonexistent. Considering how little he was responsible for that condition, he looked upon it as an augury of hope.

It took him three days to formulate his plans, then he sent Abdul out to buy a large-scale map of Paris, guidebooks in English and French and a brochure describing the machinery and inner workings of the city's government. With this store of ammunition at hand, he sat down for another three days and bombarded the intricacies of centuries of metropolitan growth and the development of civil procedure. He had a double object: To acquire for himself the answers to all the questions he would have liked to put to a lawyer and to absorb the working knowledge of an inspector of police.

It was no small order, and as he began to measure its magnitude he was tempted more than once to call in one of those sleuths who advertised daily in the papers that they were ready to undertake all such delicate missions as shadowing a woman, ascertaining her true financial position, or even trapping her into an indiscretion. Such a man, if he happened to be professionally trustworthy, could possibly have attended to the business in hand in a couple of weeks. But however intrinsically innocent his object, Tappen recoiled definitely from such a partnership. He had great confidence in his ability to look after himself in any company, and even to control rascals with whom he came in friendly contact, but as on a previous occasion, he shrank from recourse to the sordid as a short cut to the ideal.

So he decided to play a lone hand, however long it might take him, and more than a week went by before he began a series of excursions as puzzling as they were out of the ordinary. Troubled by his lack of any genuinely old clothes, he took the suit he had promised not to wear again and subjected it to such treatment as made it practically unrecognizable. By chance he had unearthed a worn felt hat, abandoned by some former tenant of the apartment. In these garments and a soiled shirt, he managed to strike the note between slovenliness and decent poverty which makes a man least noticeable in a big city.

In appearance he belonged to the mass of needy humanity which pays least attention to international differences. He could not only go where he liked unmolested but he could betray his accent without arousing animosity. Crook, laborer or walking delegate, he carried on his person the credentials of membership in a universal brotherhood. Those districts where such an appearance became a handicap were exactly the districts which interested him least. He passed through them to haunt the headquarters of the more humble *arrondissements*.

Had one of those detectives who advertised their omniscience been assigned the task of shadowing these wanderings and solving their objective, he would doubtless have given up the puzzle or gone mad. But Tappen knew exactly what he wanted and armed himself with the patience necessary to get it. His system was to avoid the open corner cafés but to seek out an *estaminet* where men met to do their serious drinking away from the restraining influence of the acquisitive sex. His next requirement was that the dive of his choice be the nearest to the local governing offices. Here he would strike up acquaintance, pay for a few drinks, but not too many, and gradually get into the good graces of the proprietor. Generally it was a man, though sometimes he came across one of those hearty devil-may-care women who are the equal of any two Frenchmen in the wit to meet an emergency.

One such was called Berthe la Fine. She had thin wrists and thin ankles, but the rest of her was turned on generous lines without putting her in the class of the fat or even of the distinctly plump. A broad laughing eye in a broad face. A full mouth stretched to a smile or pursed in a transitory pout. Broad shoulders and bosom, strong arms and sturdy thighs. A wealth of vitality and of the strength which is weakness in complacent moods but a battering ram in moments of defensive rage. She could take care of herself in any company—if only her whim happened to be to take care of herself.

Tappen was attracted to her place in the first instance by the sound of a powerful untrained voice. One leaf only of a narrow double door was open directly on the street. He slipped into a gay though sordid interior.

On the left was ranged a bar, behind which stood Berthe la Fine. Except for an arch opening on an inner room, the rest of the walls were flanked with crude benches. In the middle of the limited stone floor was placed a round table and three chairs, but they were not occupied; they were merely in the way of a compact knot of men who stood facing the singer. Having finished his song, he was now declaiming, his excited eyes ranging up and down Tappen as the latest arrival without really seeing him.

"Me, I have a voice, as you, my friends, have heard today and every other day. Could I not sell it? Could I not rove the streets or earn my place at the cafés where goggle-eyed tourists disgorge their dirty money? But me—I am a laborer. I work with my hands. I spit on the idle when they are rich, but sing to them if they are poor. If you offer me a drink for my song, *sous le comp* is my answer; but if you offer it for my company as man to man, that is another matter."

"I offer it for your company," said Tappen, with a friendly smile. "But you must permit me at least to drink my admiration."

His auditors found the phrase well turned. They watched without envy while he and the singer pledged each other formally.

"You are not of these parts," said Berthe pleasantly as she took Tappen's money.

"No," he answered, giving her an admiring glance; "but who knows? I may be, for, like all of us here, I seek the gay moment after the day of toil."

"But he is witty!" she exclaimed, sweeping the room with round eyes. "And amiable! He must have eaten much salad to be so amiable. He has the words to pick a lock."

There was a roar of laughter.

Before it had quite died down a little girl appeared in the arch leading a man. He was tall, and although his face was raised, his head stooped forward sharply

Continued on Page 111

For Christmas Give a Loud Speaker Extension Cord

Every radio set owner will appreciate a radio gift, and a unique and useful gift is the Belden 25-foot Loud Speaker Extension Cord.

This handy cord can be connected to any loud speaker without tools, and permits the loud speaker to be moved to near-by rooms or porches.

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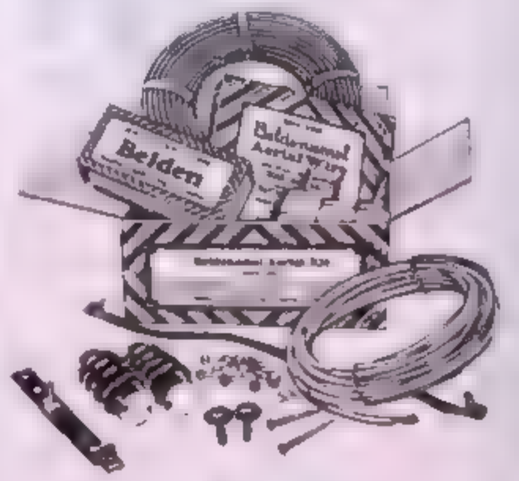

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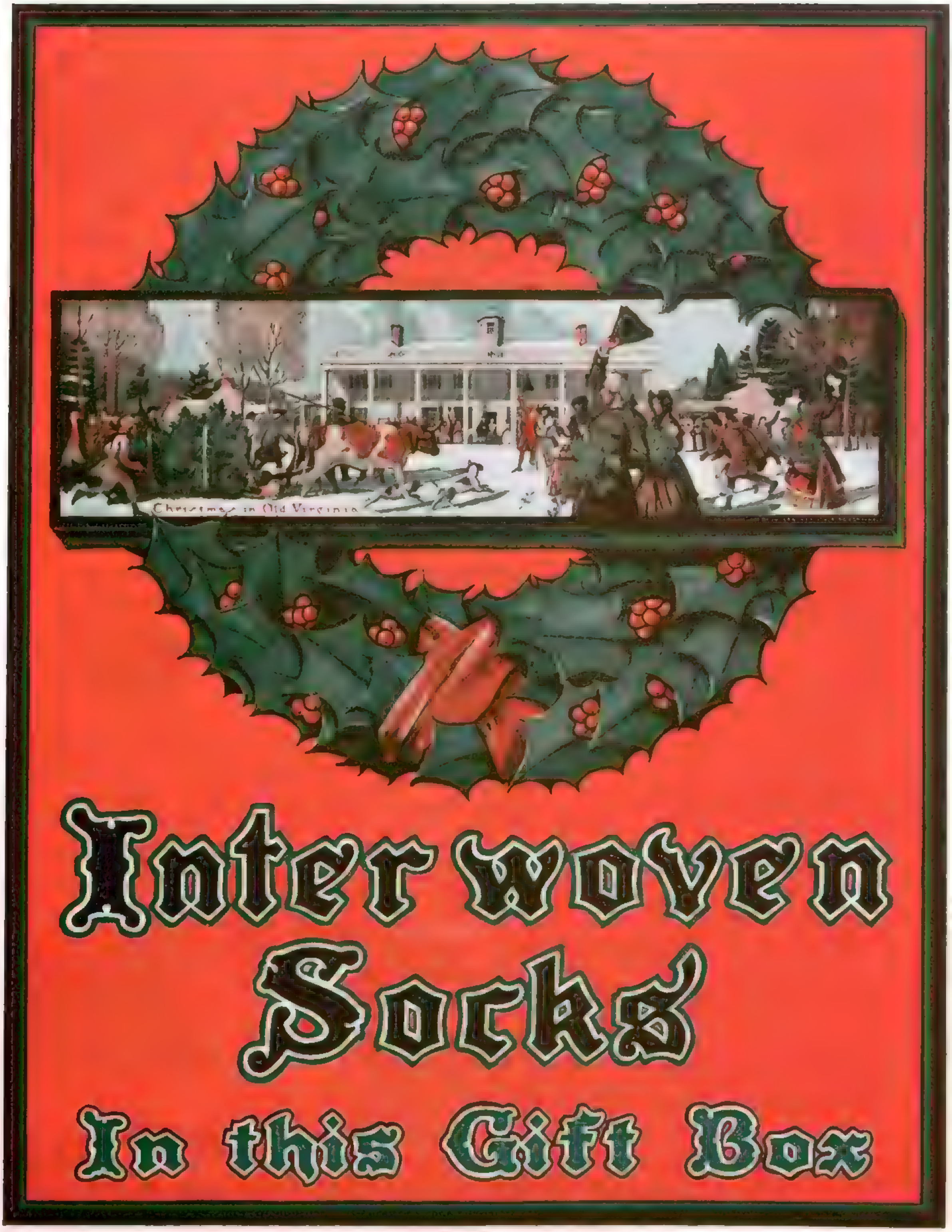
Christmas in Old Virginia
Inter woven
Socks
In this Gift Box

(Continued from Page 109)

from his shoulders. One knew at once that he was blind in spite of the fact that his blue eyes were wide open and apparently uninjured. Dressed in a workman's smock and trousers, Tappen would scarcely have noticed him if it had not been that he was abnormally clean. Although in disorder, his curly hair looked as if it had been freshly washed, and he had been shaved recently enough to make him a contrast to the others in the room.

The child led him to a seat on the bench in the farthest corner and turned with a pretty gesture of accomplishment. Her mother left the bar, passed into the inner room, and presently emerged carrying a bowl of thick soup and a stick of bread. She placed the bowl in the blind man's lap and left him, but the child remained at his side. Two other youngsters joined her and the three children took turns breaking off bits of the crisp bread and dropping them one by one in the soup. Then they would cry out directions to the blind man as he pretended to have difficulty in locating the floating morsels with his spoon: "Left! No—right! Straight ahead! Oh, but you're stupid! Right again! Ah!"

No one but Tappen paid any attention to the game in the corner. Berthe was back behind her counter, wiping it clean and taunting cheerily: "Well, gentlemen, what goes? Am I to pay for the soup as usual? But no, I was unjust. I didn't mean you, Monsieur Beltran, nor you, Monsieur David."

The customers crowded up to the bar to wipe out her slur, and Tappen with them. Later he tried to talk to the blind man, but was rewarded only by a pleased smile. "He doesn't talk," explained the eldest child without shyness. "He only eats and sleeps."

"And walks," added her smaller brother.

"Yes, and walks," she admitted. "But only when it's fine and warm."

In this humble bar, where Tappen would gladly have spent most time, his mission was soonest ended. He gained the full confidence of Berthe la Fine by the third day and learned that the particular combination of circumstances which he sought did not exist in that *arrondissement*. Even so, he might have lingered in the genial atmosphere if he had not caught a too appreciative gleam in madame's frank eye.

He fled, but the episode seemed to have changed his luck. At his very next attempt he found the sort of clerk of the records he was seeking—a man driven under the triple spur of poverty, injustice and sickness. Here there was no warm-hearted woman to help things along, and it took days of stubborn digging in before Tappen could arrive even at speaking terms with the soured little secretary he wished to make his friend. Monsieur Rivier-Debouts turned out to be the ideal prospect. His term as well as that of the *maire*, his chief, was near its close and he was not likely to get another. More important still, he was one of those embittered individuals who may be led to commit a single fault for their own good, but would never round on their benefactor and attempt to derive a permanent revenue out of their sin.

Nevertheless, all was not clear sailing. The sweeter the kernel, the harder the shell. The very points which made the little clerk so perfect a prospect made him morose and difficult of access, but Tappen was encouraged rather than dismayed. Again patience, the weapon, came into play, and literally he sat himself into the good graces of Monsieur Rivier-Debouts until it became established that the two should spend the hour of the *apéritif* at a table by themselves. They talked life, women and books, but mostly books, and Tappen spent half his nights brushing up on Gallic literature so that he could hold his own. At last he received the accolade of being invited into the Frenchman's meager home.

Not many days later the clerk smuggled out from the *mairie* the register for the fall of 1915 and the two friends subjected the records to a microscopic examination. Tappen was amused that it now became his task to hold back his fellow conspirator. Having struck his bargain in exchange for a large amount of friendship and a relatively small sum of cash, Monsieur Rivier-Debouts was all for making delivery at once. But Tappen was just as strongly opposed to any hasty or inconsidered action which might some day bring to naught the infinite precaution with which he had so far advanced.

"Go slowly!" he laughed. "It is not enough that you make me a present of the foundations of somebody's dynasty—it must be a dynasty to which no heir can possibly appear. As I told you, I wish to right a wrong without committing one. No harm must come to any stranger and none must threaten you or myself, now, tomorrow or ten years hence. That is our sole justification, and also embraces all the value as far as I am concerned."

"My faith, but you're right," agreed Monsieur Rivier-Debouts. "Forgive only my enthusiasm, and let us take down our choice of the entries. Then go away and leave me for three days. At the end of that time I shall have traced the persons named and either I shall have what you want or it is not here."

He was better than his word, and could scarcely contain himself until nightfall when Tappen reappeared on the third afternoon.

"I see you have succeeded," he murmured across their Martini-Cinzanos.

"Perfect," whispered the clerk. "The man was killed within a week and the girl died less than six months later. No known relatives, no possible issue."

That night Tappen insisted on making the necessary erasures in the great register himself. He had come properly prepared. He lifted out the names with a razor-edged scalpel and with its smooth ivory handle rubbed back the glaze on the paper. "There," he said, holding a blotter ready. "Now write lightly."

They studied the finished work through a reading glass and looked up to smile at each other with boyish satisfaction. The clerk then drew from a folder some forms already bearing the seals of the Republic and the *arrondissement*, copied the revised entry in duplicate and handed the certificate to Tappen, who gave him in exchange an envelope containing more money than the little man had expected ever to have at one time.

"I shouldn't take it," he murmured, weighing the packet with a lugubrious expression denoting a losing fight between rigid honesty and cupidity. "One does these things for friendship only."

"Let us say for friendship also," said Tappen quickly. "Technically you have committed a crime, and I pay you for it. But morally you have done a great good with no possible harm to anyone. For that I give you my respect and my friendship."

"Don't abandon me too suddenly," begged the clerk with a touch of wistfulness.

"I won't," promised Tappen, "and not altogether because it would not be wise. You can give it out soon that I have found work at the other end of town, but I shall come to see my comrade from time to time as long as I live in the city."

They parted with the conventional embrace Tappen had so often laughed at, but this time he felt in it nothing ridiculous. He hurried back to his apartment, and late as was the hour, Abdul was waiting up for him. The boy smiled as he watched his master take some documents from his pocket, lock them in a dispatch case, then tear off his ragged hat and clothes, which he kicked into a pile in the corner.

"Throw away?" asked Abdul.

"No," said Tappen, after a pause. "Brush them well and hang them up somewhere. Get me a hot bath and change the sheets on the bed."

The next morning was half gone when he awoke. He loafed for the rest of the day, but in the evening selected a few things and ordered them packed in a bag. Twelve hours later he was on a train bound for Dijon, where he arrived in time to motor to Nuits-St.-Georges and back before dinner. The following day he went out by train and loafed around the little town, stopping at each of its two inns for rest and a drink. He sought out the taprooms where the natives congregated, settled back quietly and, without appearing to listen, kept his ears open to everything they said. He had first come on a Tuesday and it was Friday before he learned what he wished to know, almost without having asked a question.

He went out along a country road until he came upon the entrance and outhouses to the Château aux Hêtres. A high wall backed by a solid mass of trees stretched to right and left for a long distance, making it impossible to see the house itself from the public highway. But just before him the wall curved inward to form a wide semicircular bay in the center of which was a huge gate of wrought iron through which he could barely glimpse a curving shady driveway.

To one side of the gate stood the keeper's lodge and a range of stables and sheds, all built of moss-grown granite. On the other side was the long low gardener's cottage, looking very much alive by reason of its freshly washed stucco and painted woodwork, its flower boxes and dainty window curtains, and most of all because along the ridgepole of the thatched roof there grew a row of irises in bloom.

Tappen smiled. He scarcely need have been told that it was here the person he sought was living, and not in the château, which he had learned had been closed ever since she bought the property. He walked along the wall until he came to a fissure and a break in its tile-roofed top. Without hesitation, he tossed his stick over and climbed after it. He had no intention of being told Miss Newcombe was unknown or out. He meant to come into her presence unannounced, even if he was carried in wounded by a game warden.

He found his stick without trouble, for, as in most French forests, there was no underbrush. As he arose he saw that the solid growth of trees was merely a deep border around an undulating sweep of sward and lawns, in the midst of which rose the steep-roofed château. At that distance, bathed in the mid-afternoon sunlight, it gave the impression of a jewel, so clean-cut were its lines. It stood on a gentle rise, flanked on one side by a walled garden and on the other by a domed grove. In spite of the dead lights of its boarded windows, he had a feeling that the garden and the grove were alive.

Ten minutes later, led by his intuition, he was standing behind a bush, filling his eyes with a scene so alluring that it seemed a dream, fragile, easily shattered, but still breath-takingly real. Around the trunk of a great beech was fitted a circular cane seat, built for comfort as well as grace. On it sat Paula Newcombe, dressed in such gossamer summer clothes as he had never seen her wear, hat characteristically tossed to one side and on the other an open book. Slim legs, crossed at the ankles and disclosed to the knees, made her seem surprisingly girlish, as if she had slipped back in her absence to the threshold of womanhood. Her hands were braced lightly on the bench and her head was thrown back so that her eyes could follow lazily the high courses of a swing.

Its ropes came down from the hidden depth of the inverted bowl of the huge tree. They were so long that they appeared to join before they quite melted from sight in the filtered green light beneath the roof of leaves. On the board of the swing stood the child he had seen at the station less than four months ago, but the eager light in her face transformed it so that she was barely recognizable. Even her slanted body, supple as an arrow, seemed to have bidden farewell to some of that wan thistledown quality which had made her look as if she had been blown in from far away.

(Continued on Page 113)

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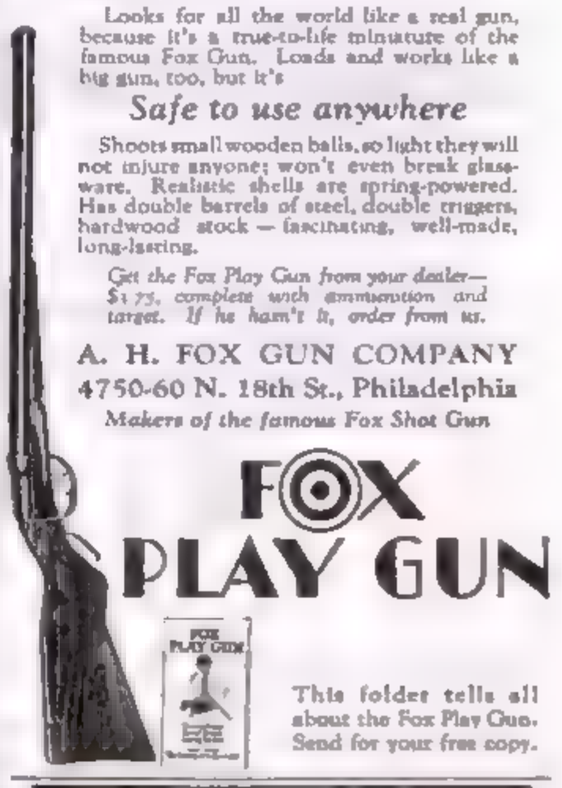

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COMPLETE FOR ALL HEAVY CARS $48 . . IN THE FAR WEST $49

FOR LIGHT CARS

Owners of millions of America's light-weight cars can now enjoy the new sensation of Stabilated Motoring. For the new Watson Stabilators, Type AA, have been expressly designed to conquer the riding peculiarities of small, short-wheelbase cars, such as: Chevrolet • • Dodge • • Oakland • • Whippet • • Chrysler • • Nash • • Star • • Essex • • Oldsmobile • • Wolverine • • Pontiac.

COMPLETE FOR ALL LIGHT CARS $28 . . IN THE FAR WEST $29

WATSON STABILATORS

(Continued from Page 111)

She was golden as the bubbles in champagne as she swooped down and then up through the still air.

"Not so high, Joan!"

"Oh, please, darling! I must touch the leaves."

"No!"

"Yes! . . . Oh—ah!"

The flying figure quite disappeared for a second and Tappen gulped his heart back down his throat as he watched it descend, followed by a slow shower of leaves.

"Stop the swing and come here, Joan."

"Can't I let the old cat die?"

"No."

The child left the swing, walked slowly toward her mother, but stopped a few paces away. Not from fear, however, for she stood erect. "I really don't know why you should be angry. I promised never to kick the limb again, but I never said I wouldn't touch the leaves."

"Quite true, dear. I know I'm wrong, but please come here."

The child rushed to her. "Why, you're as white as anything. You're shaking."

"You can see it, can you? That's the trouble. I don't want you to be a coward, and I'm never one myself except when you're in that terrible swing."

"Do you want me not to use it any more?"

"No; just not to go into the leaves—while I'm around."

"All right."

"And never kick the limb whether I'm around or not."

"I've promised that already."

"You see, Joan ——"

Tappen had stepped from behind the bush and was walking toward her. Only the set smile, fixed on his face like a plaster, betrayed his inner nervousness. At sight of him her lips had stopped speaking, but remained parted. Recognition, amazement, anger and dismay followed each other so rapidly in her eyes, and the blood rushed so swiftly to her cheeks, that Joan turned a frightened face toward the approaching stranger.

"Who is he, darling?"

"Don't tell her—Paula," stammered Tappen, his eyes pleading far more eloquently than his tongue. "Please don't—not just yet—not till I've talked to you alone."

"He knows you!" cried Joan, looking Tappen over with sudden curiosity.

"Yes, dear; and I know him. Please run along. Go over to the garden and wait till I come for you. Will you?"

"Of course," said the child. She started slowly, gradually increasing her pace to a run, but presently stopped and began to loiter along, looking over her shoulder hopefully from time to time. But as long as she was in sight, the two under the tree held the position in which she had left them, Tappen standing, Paula looking up at him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE AMERICAN BOOK OF WONDER

(Continued from Page 11)

making that same gesture, no matter what else they may be doing or thinking. Sometimes they make it first, sometimes they see it first; that is by chance. The gesture asserts nothing. It is to and from all manner of men alike and yet is no assertion of their equality. To assert equality is puerile, as we know, for if it has to be asserted, it does not exist. The gesture is a sign of something they all know, and seals it silently.

As a refugee, a reporter, almost any kind of person, you might have been on a train that had waded miles through the Mississippi River flood, the train crews out ahead of the locomotive using poles to make sure the invisible track was still there; you might have noticed that at the end of the journey Secretary Hoover went forward and talked with the engineer. He did not talk to him about the flood. As Secretary of Commerce in charge of relief, it was his job to know more than anybody else about the flood. What he said to the engineer was to this effect:

"I hate to think what would have happened to this country without your railroad and its gang. I'm going to tell your president what I think of it all."

"He's doing a good job, isn't he?" said the engineer, adding the railroad president's surname.

"He is," said Mr. Hoover. "But I'm thinking particularly of the way you pulled us out of the water today with this train."

"That's my job," said the engineer.

That is all there was of it. Still nothing asserted. Values implicit. His job, the gang's job, the general manager's job, the president's job, and that one fine gesture as their common sign.

The Steel Town

As one pursuing the economic theme, you might come to the great steel plant at Gary. Here is the latest word in steel making. The operation is so large that you have to see it from an observation car attached to a yard engine. The superintendent says it may take twenty minutes to get the car up. While you were waiting, would you like to see the town?

See the town! It is a steel town. Only a few years ago you were expected not to see a steel town. Nobody mentioned it. Everybody took it somehow to be hopeless. Steel workers would live like that.

"We can hit the high spots and be back in twenty minutes," says the superintendent. Putting a section of rail down on his papers, he starts for his hat, but turns back to his desk and pushes some photographs toward you. "That's our own beach out there on the lake shore," he says. "Some shots of our picnic last week." Steel-town people playing on the sand! You recognize the superintendent among them.

"Oh, yes," he says, "the executives go along. Those two kids right behind me—no, the other one—there—they are twins. That's the mother. They did have a time of it. Look all right now, don't they?"

If a Hand Slips

The modern word in steel making. The works a standard of wonder. Yet before the works you must see the town, and before seeing the town you must take a minute to look at photographs of the all-hands picnic on the company sands, which illustrate, besides many things, that a certain Slav woman's twins, notwithstanding the time they had of it, are looking very well.

Later, in the works, when you see men in small thoughtful gangs minding volcanic energies, releasing tides of power, controlling by means of tiny levers machines that cause tremors in the earth as they go in and out of motion—then you remember the town and you understand how important it is that steel people should have nice houses, parks, playtime, freedom from all unnecessary anxiety.

You remember the twins and make a relation. If, in the act of putting a million-dollar piece of mechanical equipment into motion, a man were to be seized with a panic about his twins or by a bitter reflection on the wretchedness of their surroundings, he might jam the works quite without meaning to do it. Or if he had meant to do it, you would never be able to prove it. The hand slipped—that was all.

Leave out the slip. There is no visible accident. There is only the difference between a hand that is willing, always pressing for the optimum result, and a hand that

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contains no acids, liquids or bulbs · · absolutely noiseless · · · requires no watering or attention of any kind!

HERE, at last is a trickle charger that doesn't require watering or attention. Absolutely dry, the KUPROX Trickle Charger contains no acids or liquids, it uses no bulbs of any kind.

You simply clip the dry KUPROX Trickle Charger to your battery and forget about it. You never have to water it or bother about it in any way. Its efficient 1-ampere charging rate (much higher than most trickle chargers) . . keeps your battery always in fully charged condition. This new, dry trickle charger is noiseless in operation . . attached to any "A" storage battery, it makes an efficient "A" power unit that is always full of pep and power.

The KUPROX Trickle Charger is constructed entirely of metal . . a simple series of KUPROX metal discs, riveted together. There is nothing to wear out, burn out or replace . . nothing to require adjustment.

KUPROX is the marvelous new metal you've read about . . . a far-reaching contribution of science to better radio reception. In addition to its use in this new trickle charger, KUPROX has been adapted to use in complete battery eliminators that make any set entirely electric. There are "A" Units, "B" Units, and Combination models that supply all radio power from the lighting circuit. The complete line of dry KUPROX Radio Power Devices is on display at your radio dealer's.

Modernize your present wet Trickle Charger

If you have an electrolytic trickle charger or power unit, KUPROX [illegible] KUPROX all-metal Replacement Unit replaces the acid jar and makes your charger a dry unit giving twice the former charging rate. Just disconnect the acid jar and attach KUPROX in its place with two simple binding-post connections. [illegible] with KUPROX your [illegible] needs no attention of any kind. Supply is small [illegible] Price $4.50 from your dealer

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is slack or heavy because the mind behind it is sullen, cares nothing for the ideal output or means deliberately to retard production in order to keep more men on the job. When by means of mechanical equipment you have multiplied the power of the hand a million times, so you have multiplied this difference a million times, and it becomes enormous.

The more your investment is in machines, the greater your stake is in the man who touches them, in his general well-being, his manner of living, his conscious and unconscious attitudes. You see clearly what the head of the United States Steel Corporation means when he says the true problem of modern industry is how to gain the loyalty, the coöperation and the understanding of the individual man. Not men in general—the man. And there is new meaning in a saying you will hear very often among industrial managers:

"The better the coat a man wears to his job, the more he is worth to industry."

Suppose you come to a motor town. It may be Flint, where the General Motors Corporation, organized somewhat like a federated government of free states, has several automobile companies, all competitive as to product and method, each one possessing state rights of which it is very jealous. The governor of one of these state jobs is a man who eats drop forgings as an after-supper delicacy. He handled machines before he could reach them from the floor, and the drive boss of old industry was his childhood nature study, from the point of view of those who were driven.

He is talking when the personnel man walks in, and stops to introduce him. Everywhere, in everybody's office, the personnel man. What does it mean?

"I'll tell you," says the governor. "It's 90 per cent bunk." He grins as he says it, and the personnel man grins too.

The governor goes on with what he was saying. The man he keeps going around looking for rough spots had said to him the frame-riveting job was bad in any way of looking at it. The hot rivets—one man to slip them into place, another to hold them, another to set them. A mean job; nobody liking it. The trouble was no one could think of a way to do it in a neat automatic manner.

Against Accepted Tradition

The governor had said to him, "You've got a new job from today. Don't do anything else, don't think of anything else, until you find a way to change that operation."

And they were now about to change it. The little thing to change it with was that—standing there in the middle of his desk—a new automatic tool. When you have admired it, he takes you to see what he thinks is the finest foundry in the world. No dirt, no dust. Do you know what a foundry used to be?

On the way, as you are entering the works, he says suddenly: "No man in this plant can be fired by his boss. I can't fire one myself. The most a boss can do is to suspend a man and send him up to the personnel court for trial. No boss can fire a man. Do you get that?"

Along with it, lest you should forget it, you receive a half-ton hydraulic thump in the ribs. Recalling what he said ten minutes before on the meaning of personnel work, you perceive that such was levity—his way of punching the personnel man in his ribs.

"Well, what do you think of that foundry?" he asks.

You tell him it is fine. Only at the shakeout—that's a little bad yet. The governor is terribly let down.

He says, "Now, of course, you would notice that, wouldn't you? It's the one damn bad spot we haven't ironed out. But we're on it."

Almost the last place you might think to look would be in the clothing trade, with the traditions of feud and discord that belong to it; and for the reason, moreover, that because the machines must be small and individual, the industry would seem not to present big opportunities for increased productivity per man by scientific management on a machine basis. Nevertheless, in any one of the so-called x-production shops in Chicago where the union of Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America has been developing the principle of collaboration you will see a new thing. The production manager representing capital meets the production manager representing labor—meets him on the floor in the open shop—and asks, "How's it going?"

The production manager representing labor says, "Here and there a little piling up. Nothing we can't move. Look around."

From opposite sides they come to a common point of view. The work goes at high speed, payment is by the piece, production is intensively intended, and yet the rhythm is spontaneous and self-sustaining. Wages are good—eighty cents to a dollar an hour for men and women together—and the costs are low.

Competition in Labor

This is a case in which the intelligence acted first, the feeling ensued. Notoriously, it was a sweated industry, wages low, hours long, conditions wretched. Union thought was generally radical, imbued with the idea of class warfare, learned in the Old World. If once the workers by militant solidarity could get physical control of production, then they would be able by extortion to take all the profit and thus destroy the institution of capitalism, with its wage slavery and other horrors. The result of warfare in that character was unexpected. The more it won in a particular case, the more it lost in principle.

The industry began to shrink in cities where the union's power was, notably Chicago, and at the same time to expand very fast in the nonunion fields. Then a light broke on the union leaders and they acted with shrewdness. First they made a thorough economic study of the situation in order to be able to show their own people that their problem was how to defend the union field. This they could do only by collaboration with capital.

Then they put their cards face up on the table and said to the manufacturers in Chicago, "What labor cost must you have to meet your nonunion competitors in Baltimore?" When the figure was arrived at they said: "Union labor will undertake to produce garments at that cost. This we propose to do not by cutting wages; we will reorganize the work on a scientific plan and at the same time we will superintend ourselves. While to do that will cost us nothing, it will relieve you of a large expense."

Next they went to their own people, saying: "The trouble is there are too many of you on this work—too many cutters, for example, jealously guarding obsolete craft rules, such as refusing to cut two colors or more than a certain number of pieces at a time, thereby limiting production simply in order to make jobs for cutters. To reduce the labor cost of garments we have got to increase production per man. Unless we do this, the garment industry here will perish."

The cutters were the aristocrats; they held the keys of production. But the survival of the union and of unionized industry was of more importance than jobs for cutters. In one case 200 of them were removed from the industry by edict of the union. The industry had agreed to give each cutter $500 of farewell money. Some of them went to other cities, some bought taxicabs, some were presently received back into the shops from which they had been expelled, because now, with lower labor costs from increased production per man, though wages were higher than ever before, the industry began at once to expand. The Chicago manufacturers were able to make headway against their competitors in the nonunion fields.

(Continued on Page 116)

In all Christmasdom .. no better gift for a man

Here's a new five-dollar gift that men really like.
They can't do without it once they've used it

"Here's something you can be sure *any man will like"*

NO bored smile and a "thank you" greets a Christmas gift of a Schick Repeating Razor. Why? Because it's unlike any shaving tool ever made.

It carries its own blades in the handle of the razor. Twenty are stored there in a clip.

The paper wrappings which so often cause dulled razor edges have been done away with. There is nothing to unwrap—no searching for blades—no time lost. Why, the blades even change themselves!

No blade adjustments—nothing to take apart or put together. Just tilt razor head and shave.

A pull and push of plunger puts new blade in place—ejects old blade.

All the shaver does is pull and push the plunger. New blade comes out of the handle. Old blade is ejected. Razor is ready again in a split second. Think of the convenience!

But convenience isn't all. The marvelously keen Schick blade is held in an entirely new position in the razor head. It moves parallel to the skin. It cannot scrape. Toughest beards come off with ease, while tenderest skins are left unharmed.

Search all Christmasdom and you won't find a Christmas present that a man will take more real pleasure in owning. Ask your dealer to show you the Schick. If he cannot supply you, send us the coupon and five dollars for the Schick finished in silver plate. Same model in gold plate costs $7.50. A clip of twenty blades is included—all attractively packed. Magazine Repeating Razor Company, 285 Madison Avenue, New York City.

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Please send me a Schick Razor complete with 20 blades. I enclose ☐ $5 for razor in silver plate. ☐ $7.50 for razor in gold plate. ☐ Extra clip of 20 blades, 75c.

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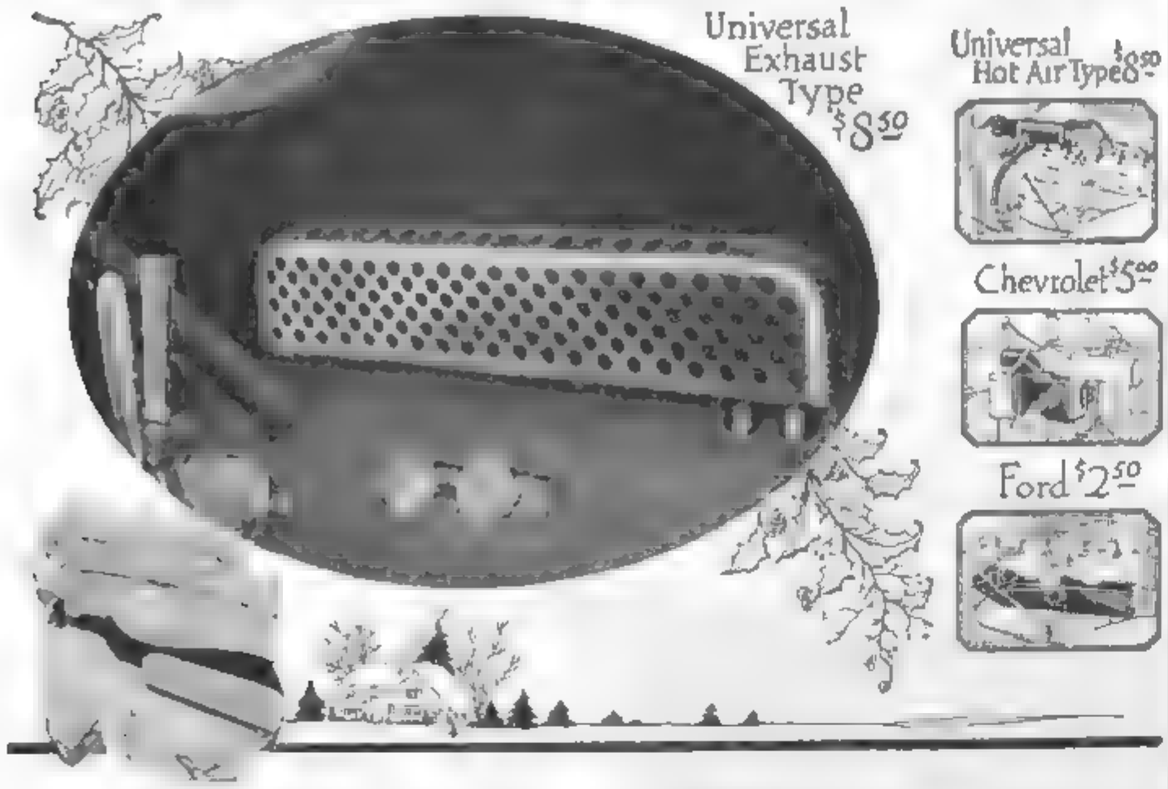

A KINGSTON HEATER is a Christmas gift that keeps friendship warm. Handsome, efficient, neatly packed—here's a present made to order. And remember, there are *two* Kingston models, Universal Exhaust type and Universal Hot Air type, that will fit and heat *any* car. Also special models for both Chevrolet and Ford. Put a Kingston on the Christmas tree, and let some friend ride as warm as toast these wintry days.

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Your dealer will gladly show you Moto-Gard, the finest-built aid to winter driving efficiency and comfort.

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Moto-Gard

THE FINEST SHUTTER MADE

(Continued from Page 114)

This had been a body of labor, nearly all of recent European origin, emotionally fixed in the fallacy shared by Old World radicals and conservatives alike that profits limited wages and that the conflict between them was by a natural law of capitalism. Therefore, from labor's point of view, the only way to increase wages was to force capital to surrender more of its profits. It has learned the American doctrine.

What limits both profits and wages is high cost. The manufacturer is not interested in low wages at all; he is interested in low costs. And where capital and labor collaborate to increase production per man, per hour, per dollar of capital invested, there you may have the phenomena of low costs, high wages, high profits.

But what you are to notice particularly in these x-production shops of the Chicago clothing industry is the effect of this experience on the state of human relations. There is no fear of the drive boss: there is no drive boss to be feared. There is no change in the rhythm of activity as the production manager representing capital comes and goes. The workers set their own pace. They have a collective sense of responsibility for a total result and a method of their own with the slacker. The object is that the cost of a union-made garment shall be so low that it may compete with one not union-made. They have for the same reason a collective sense of responsibility for the quality of the work.

It will start a train of speculation to imagine that here, perhaps, in the midst of modern industry, is the reappearance of the ancient pride of guild.

The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America, as a body, now is rich. It has a big bank in New York, runs an investment trust on sound economic lines and has loaned as much as $300,000 at a time to manufacturers in the union field whose business it could save by willing to save it. Seeing all this, the extreme radical left wing of labor from which the Amalgamated Clothing Workers departed has only one thing to say. These people have embraced capitalism. The union itself has become capitalistic. Quite so. It works that way.

The four industries touched in these glimpses—transportation, steel, motors, clothing—are very dissimilar. From the point of view of an engineer thinking to act upon them by extensions of method and agencies of power, they would seem to present unequal possibilities. And yet the force that does truly release human energy may act upon all of them alike. It must occur to you that the ultimate secret of American production lies neither in scientific method nor in the multiple use of mechanical power. You might have the perfect method and the very finest equipment, but without certain ways of thinking and feeling, from the office of administration down to the gate, you would not get the fullness of production.

Limiting the Power of Plenty

Scientific management as a way of thinking originated in a way of feeling. By an accidental path in the year 1880 a genius named Frederick W. Taylor appeared in American industry, in the guise of machinist and pattern maker. Partial eye failure had turned him from a career in law. He learned this trade instead; and then, having finished his apprenticeship, he began as a day laborer with the Midvale Steel Company. Presently he got a lathe job, and shortly after that he was made gang boss in charge of lathes.

As a lathe hand he had done as the others did. He had limited his output to about one-third of his own and the machine's capacity. Such was the universal practice of labor—called in this country soldiering, in England hanging it out, and in Scotland ca' canny. It was more than a practice; it was a principle of behavior, enforced by the group on the individual as an ethic.

A man who would let himself go was disloyal to his craft. The ground of it was fear—fear of injustice and fear of unemployment. If pay was by the day, the lazy and the industrious received equal reward. That was unfair. If pay was by the piece, the fast worker was a rate breaker. This was so because employers treated the piece rate not as the true value of a given unit of work performed but as a price for labor as labor. If men exerted themselves more in order to earn more, the rate was cut, for no reason other than they earned too much, or more than labor was worth, quite regardless of the value of what it had produced.

What was too much? Anything more than the prevailing wage. A manufacturer who permitted his workmen to earn more than the prevailing wage was said to be spoiling the labor market and was liable to be treated by other manufacturers as in the factory other workmen treated that one who let himself go. The prevailing wage, of course, was a term to express the Old World idea of a natural wage—a sustenance wage—having no relation whatever to the productivity of labor at a given time and place. Thus, labor limiting output because capital limited wages, and both together in this antagonistic spirit limiting the power of plenty.

When Taylor was made gang boss the men with whom he had soldiered on the lathes said, "Now that you are boss, you are not going to be a piecework hog, are you?" That was to ask if he intended to demand a greater output. Their experience was that greater output meant inevitably a cutting of the rate.

A Bankrupt Relation

His sympathies were with the men, then and always afterward. His duty was to the management. He said he was going to get more out of the lathes. That was his job. They said he would see; and there was the beginning of a kind of fight that was chronic throughout industry between the drive boss seeking to increase production and the workmen resolved to limit it.

Taylor tried persuasion; he tried to drive them. He trained some young men to handle lathes as pacemakers, under an agreement beforehand not to limit output; but they were no sooner competent than they went over to the other side and soldiered like the rest. Then at last he did deliberately break the piece rate so that to keep their wages up they were obliged to produce more. Their retort was to break the machines, always in some ingenious manner to prove it was the speed that did it.

This was the point at which the management, as the men knew, was always ready to give up the fight. Taylor had warned his management that this would happen. It was the workmen's last weapon. The management stood by him. Then he fined the men for machine breakage, no matter what the cause was. The roof might fall and break a lathe, but the lathe man had to pay. At that the men gave up, and agreed to do a fair day's work.

Telling of that fight before a committee of Congress years afterward, Taylor said: "It took three years to bring this about. I was a young man in years, but I give you my word I was a great deal older than I am now with the worry, meanness and contemptibleness of the whole thing. It is a horrid life for any man to live, not to be able to look any workman in the face all day long without seeing hostility there and feeling that every man around is his virtual enemy."

Out of that feeling grew the thought of scientific management. Taylor identified clearly the two radical problems.

First, industry had no means to determine precisely what a man's output ought to be; therefore it could not know to begin with what was a fair day's work.

Secondly, between employer and employe there was a bankrupt relationship, with so much suspicion, unreason, wrong thinking and bad faith on both sides that collaboration was impossible.

(Continued on Page 118)

Boys' tan blucher High Top with 12-inch upper, and contrasting black straps and back-stay Munson last. Solid leather outsole and heel (Affords secure fastening for ice skates.) For boys of all ages. Each pair equipped with a genuine "Eveready" flashlight—regular retail value $1.25—fully equipped with batteries and bulb

Boys' black blucher High Top with 12-inch upper, and contrasting tan strap, knife pocket and back-stay. Munson last. Tough composition rubber outsole. Rubber heel. Also carried in tan with black trimmings. For boys of all ages. Each pair equipped with a genuine "Remington" knife having real bone handle and high grade steel blades, worth 75c.

MAKE YOUR BOY HAPPY FOR CHRISTMAS WITH A PAIR OF

ENDICOTT-JOHNSON

"HIGH TOPS"

equipped with Eveready flashlight or Remington jack-knife

THOSE red-topped boots of your own boyhood—what a thrill a new pair gave you! But it can't compare with *your* boy's delight when he finds a pair of Endicott-Johnson High Tops among his gifts on Christmas morn.

The novelty of a flashlight—a genuine "Eveready"—rakishly strapped to the upper! Or a real "Remington" jack-knife neatly encased in a snap-button pocket! . . . Can you imagine the "hit" either would make with any red-blooded boy?

And as footwear!—there's nothing like these cold-defying, snow-battling, storm-proof boots. Snugness and warmth in the soft, sinewy, specially retanned leather. Comfort and room for growing feet in the orthopædically designed lasts. Money-saving durability in the stout outsoles. *Health* in the moisture-resisting, tightly stitched seams and high sewn-in leather gusset.

There are sturdy materials and the workmanship of real shoemakers in every inch of these boots. And the fact that they are made by the largest manufacturers of boys' and girls' shoes in the world explains their very reasonable price.

There'll be a rush of Christmas-shopping parents for Endicott-Johnson High Tops. Get yours early . . . don't disappoint that boy! If you can't locate them at one of the leading stores in your community, write us direct. Endicott-Johnson, Endicott, N. Y.; New York City; or St. Louis, Mo.—*Shoemakers for the whole family.*

You'll be surprised at the low cost

Ask your dealer for an Eagleknit Cap. It fits well, holds its shape, and is all-wool. Avoid imitations — get the genuine, patented Eagleknit Cap.

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CORNS
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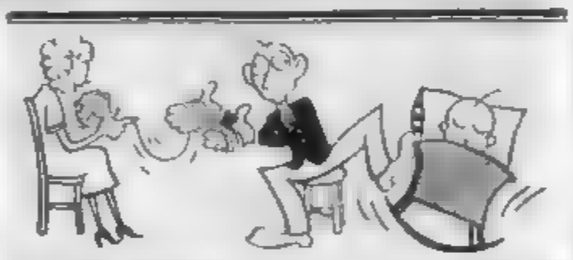
Drop a little "Freezone" on a touchy corn or callus for a few nights. Instantly it stops aching, then shortly you lift it right off. Doesn't hurt a bit.

You can lift off every hard corn, soft corn, corn between the toes, and the "hard skin" calluses on bottom of feet. Just get a bottle of "Freezone" at any drug store, anywhere.



DOUBLE DUTY

EVERY radiator needs to be cleaned of rust and scale every so often. Every radiator needs to be mended once in a while.

Bowes Seal-Fast Radiator Liquid does BOTH.

It DISSOLVES rust and scale. It stops leaks. It can't CLOG.

Scaly, rusty radiators, as well as punctured ones, need this liquid.

75c a can at all good dealers'

Bowes Seal-Fast Corp.
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BOWES SEAL FAST RADIATOR LIQUID

WRITE US FOR YOUR NEAREST DEALER

(Continued from Page 116)

In both dimensions it was production that suffered.

To the first problem there was obviously a scientific approach.

Power machines had replaced hand tools, all the conditions that governed production had changed, and yet trades were still taught and learned as in the Middle Ages. The journeyman carried the knowledge in his head and imparted it to the apprentice by demonstration. The way the journeyman said to do it—that was the way. The speed the journeyman said was proper—that was the speed. None of the knowledge in the journeyman's head had ever been submitted to analysis or scientific study. Nobody knew, for example, the ideal speed at which a lathe should turn for any certain kind of work, not even the lathe makers. It was what the journeyman said. Machines were a triumph of precision; handling of them was by the old journeyman's rule of thumb.

He could not be expected to make a scientific study of his job. He had neither the time nor the means. Beyond his skill at lathe work was an art and science of cutting metals at high speed, and that could be discovered only by research, experiment, patient observation of fact, time measurement of motion and then scientific imagination acting upon the data. And there was perhaps no kind of job that did not contain in itself the materials of an undiscovered science.

To prove it, Taylor undertook to develop a science of shoveling. This experiment took place in the yards of the Bethlehem Steel Company, where there was a shovel gang of 600 men. All using the same type of shovel, they would go from a pile of rice coal, of which a shovel load was three and a half pounds, to a pile of ore, of which a shovel load weighed thirty-eight pounds. His assumption to begin with was that somewhere between these two extremes there must be an ideal shovel load—that is, a load at which a given amount of physical effort would move the greatest quantity of stuff.

Two pairs of first-class shovelers were found willing to submit themselves to observation and training. They shoveled all day, the shovel loads were accurately counted, the pile they had shoveled was weighed. The weight divided by the number of shovel loads gave the average load per shovel, and it was, say, thirty-eight pounds. The next day the shovels were shortened to hold only thirty-four pounds, and at that average load, with no greater exertion, each man handled thirty tons, where the day before he had handled only twenty-five tons. The amount handled per man increased as the shovel was further shortened, down to a load of twenty-one pounds; below that it began to work the other way.

The Science of Shoveling

The amount handled per man decreased as the shovel load was reduced below twenty-one pounds. Therefore twenty-one pounds was the ideal shovel load, provided the lift was not more than five feet, the throw not more than four feet.

Next the difficulty of suiting the shovel to the material. It takes a large shovel to hold twenty-one pounds of rice coal; a very small one holds that weight of ore. So now various types of shovels must be issued out of a tool shed as the men come to work, and the work must be planned ahead so that the right number of men will get coal shovels and go to the coal pile, or ore shovels and go to where the ore is, and so on.

Moreover, there were many wrong ways and only one right way of driving a shovel into refractory stuff, like ore—a way of transmitting the weight of the whole body through a locked forearm. The difference between the right way and any other way might be eight or ten tons a day in the quantity handled per man, with much more fatigue at the end. This had to be demonstrated, even to the first-class shovelers.

The result of putting shoveling on a scientific basis was that 160 men, working no harder, did what 600 men had done before.

To determine the exact conditions under which a unit of human effort will produce the maximum result is purely a scientific task. Then you may know what constitutes a fair day's work. But how are you going to get it when you know what it is? That is where the second problem begins. Suppose labor declines to accept the scientific norm. Suppose it says, as it reasonably may, that wages should be determined by the result, not by the effort. Though the effort be less, still for the same wages as before it will produce the same result. Then what?

With all your knowledge, you are practically where you were before. You may know how 160 shovelers working no harder, only more scientifically, may accomplish as much as 600 working in the old way; but you will not get the result until the most scientific gang of shovelers in the world is also the highest paid gang of its kind. Such was the case with the Bethlehem Steel Company's shovel gang. The two basic conditions of scientific management were realized. Hence the importance of that experiment in the early history of the Taylor movement.

A Mental Revolution

One of Frederick W. Taylor's perplexities was to find the right name for what he meant. He never did find one. Scientific management—that name—though he adopted it in place of Taylorism, emphasized exactly what he kept saying it was not. It was not efficiency, it was not any mechanical device for increasing the man's productivity, though, of course, the means were necessary.

"In its essence," he said, "scientific management involves a complete mental revolution on the part of workmen toward their work, toward their fellow men and toward their employers. And it involves the equally complete mental revolution on the part of those on the management's side—the foreman, the superintendent, the owner of the business, the board of directors—toward their workmen and toward all their daily problems; and without this complete mental revolution on both sides, scientific management does not exist.

"The great revolution that takes place in the mental attitude of the two parties under scientific management is that both sides take their eyes off the division of the surplus as the all-important matter, and together turn their attention toward increasing the size of the surplus until this surplus becomes so large that it is unnecessary to quarrel over how it shall be divided. They come to see that when they stop pulling against one another, and instead both turn and push shoulder to shoulder in the same direction, the size of the surplus created by their joint efforts is truly astounding . . . Scientific management cannot be said to exist until after this change has taken place in the mental attitude of both the management and the men, both as to their duty to cooperate in producing the largest possible surplus and as to the necessity for substituting exact scientific knowledge for opinions or the old rule of thumb or individual knowledge. . . .

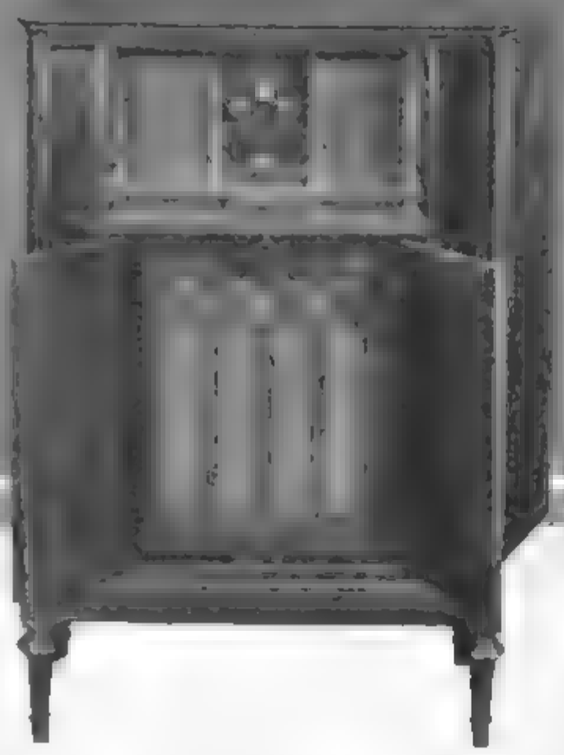
"I say that any set of men who want to earn a big profit in any industry must have that change of mind. If they want to get a big profit, they must have that view. You cannot keep men working hard on one side and not have them work equally hard on the other side. If you want a profitable business, you cannot have meanness and injustice on one side or the other; you have got to eliminate meanness and injustice from both sides."

From a characteristic way of thinking had come the American theory that wages were limited only by the productivity of labor and that profit in the highest sense might be pure surplus—simply more wealth produced with the same amount of labor

(Continued on Page 121)

BOSCH

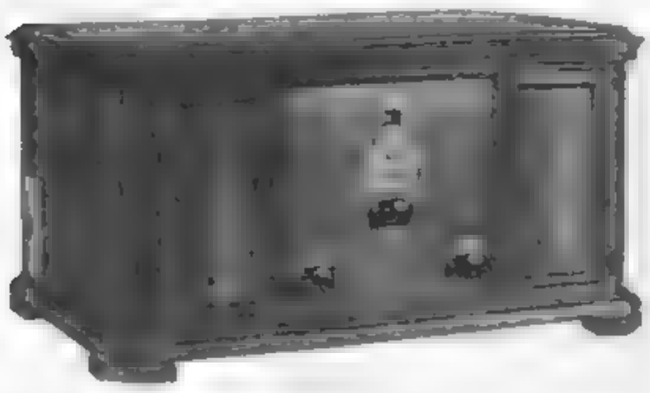
offers five perfected AC MODELS



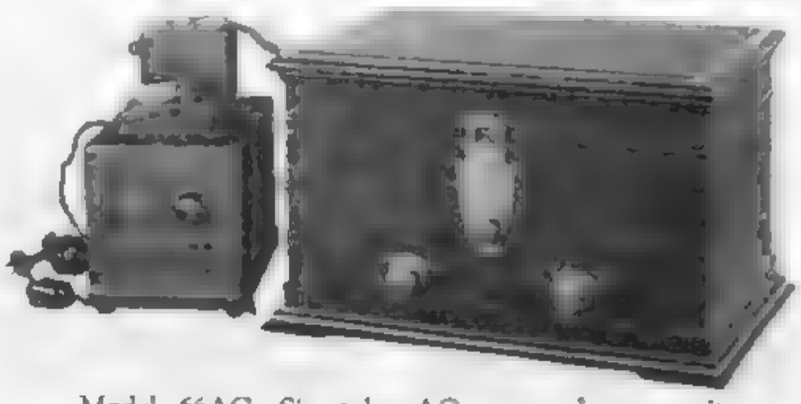
Model 107—Completely self-contained 7-tube receiver, AC tube operated, with reproducer, all tubes, loop—nothing else to buy. $440.00

Model 96—Completely self-contained 6-tube receiver, AC tube operated, with reproducer, all tubes—nothing else to buy. $295.00

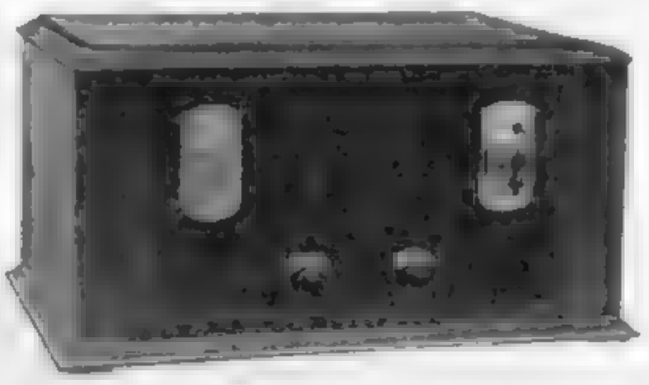
Just think of a radio receiver, so perfected that it may be brought into your home, a single plug inserted in the wall socket and a world of music is at your command. These Bosch Radio models are designed as alternating current, socket power operated receivers, requiring no batteries, chargers, water or acids. Never before has radio been so simple to own and operate. There are models requiring no antenna; there are models with the reproducer in the cabinet; there are table type models—whatever may be your fancy, there is a Bosch Radio Model to please it. The range of selection in Bosch Radio includes five AC tube models and five standard tube models. All are well engineered, precision built, beautifully designed and perfectly finished. You owe it to yourself to see the Bosch Cabinets and hear Bosch Radio before buying any radio. There is an authorized Bosch dealer near you whose name we will supply if you wish.



Model 116—Completely self-contained 6-tube table type AC tube receiver, including B eliminator tube but less AC tubes. $170.00



Model 66AC—Six tube AC operated two unit model—Receiver and A & B power—complete with B eliminator tube, but less AC tubes. . . $155.00



Model 126—Six tubes completely self-contained table type AC tube receiver with B eliminator tube, but less AC tubes. $135.00

All prices slightly higher in Canada.

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CHROME

THE PRESERVATIVE

As remarkable as the record back of it

THEIR fame in many a glorious triumph is known. For Burgess Batteries served Byrd at the North Pole ' ' ' They were with MacMillan in the Arctic ' ' ' With the daring American flyers on their historic trip around the world ' ' ' With Captain Hurley in savage South Sea isles.

But only now is the inside secret of such remarkable dependability revealed. *Burgess Batteries are made with the marvelous preservative—Chrome!*

Chrome gives Burgess Batteries the same lasting qualities it adds to leather, metals, paints and other materials. It *preserves* their life. It is fully patented.

Buy Burgess *Chrome* Batteries with the black and white stripes. They will give you the same service that made them the choice of these famous adventurers.

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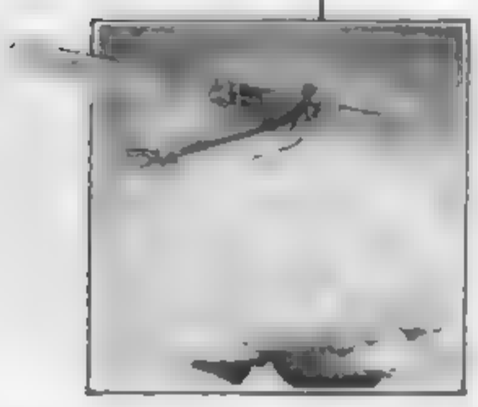

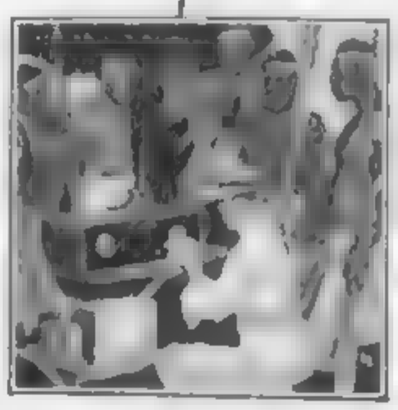

BURGESS *RADIO & FLASHLIGHT* BATTERIES

(Continued from Page 118)

and capital as before. Here in the words of Taylor is the translation of theory into the language of a working principle.

It is feasible to conduct industry by a rule of dogged conflict. Fear of want will keep men at work; necessity will oblige capital to employ itself. It is not possible by that rule to have prosperity. The surplus above a sustenance wage for labor and a rate of interest for capital, that plus quantity out of which will come high wages, high profits and more capital—simply, it is not produced.

The mental revolution that Taylor talked of did not come all at once. For thirty years industry at large understood scientific management to mean getting more for your money out of labor. The production engineer appeared. There was rapid improvement in shop practice generally. "Efficiency" was the magic word. You did not drive labor to exert itself more; instead, you created the conditions under which it was bound to be more efficient; and not the least important were conditions of working environment, such as lighting, heating, sanitation, creature comforts.

All this was to the good, of course, but because the vital imponderable content of scientific management was neglected, or misunderstood, many disappointments occurred. Union labor was antagonistic. Scientific management seemed always to be something that was done to labor or for it, seldom was it anything in which labor had a sense of initiative.

As recently as 1912 the proposal to introduce scientific management on government work resulted in the appointment of a special committee of the House of Representatives to see into it. At about the same time Dartmouth College arranged a conference to spread information about it. The newspapers were giving a great deal of space to the subject. Popular interest had been originally excited by expert testimony in a famous railroad rate case to the effect that the railroads were inefficiently managed and might very easily increase their profits out of waste, with rates as they were, if they would only adopt scientific management. Much of the controversy was confusing from the fact that efficiency and scientific management were so often taken to be the same thing.

The Core Problem

Not until some time after 1910 was it possible to recognize definitely a science of management in industry. Now one who seeks the meaning of American business, the secret of its character and the sources of its power, will be astonished at the authority and scope of that science.

Management as an institution, with its threefold responsibility—to capital, to labor and to the public—has been an amazing development. It is a new science, with a new point of view, a new quality of curiosity, a new literature.

A recent bulletin of the Taylor Society, touching the extent of accumulated book knowledge, said:

"The literature of management has become so abundant that many individuals and firms are puzzled by the problem of selecting a moderate-sized library on management subjects. Stimulated by many inquiries for assistance, the society has prepared the following nucleus of a management library."

The list, merely as a nucleus, contained 124 book titles and twelve bulletins and periodicals, all on the science of management.

In the earlier literature you will find the problem of human relationship regarded as one among others, under some such head as personnel administration. Steadily the emphasis has shifted, until now this is treated as the core problem. There is no right solution of any other problem but in relation to that one, and however you begin with that one, you come naturally to all the others.

You may approach industry from the point of view of profits and come eventually to the problem of unemployment as a natural evil. That was the old way. Or you may approach industry from the point of view of unemployment, as an economic and social disaster, and come from that direction to every other problem. To stabilize employment you have to sell what labor produces. To sell it, the product must be right, the price must be right, the cost must be low. There already you begin to touch the problems that belong to selling and production management. Then you have competition, change, seasonal rhythms, and so problems of policy, principle and general management.

How you will approach it is a matter of choice, and the choice will be determined by what is characteristic in ways of common thinking and feeling.

In 1923, when the American Management Association was formed, to succeed the National Personnel Association, which had succeeded the National Association of Employment Managers, a conviction was stated in these words:

"The association is organized on the principle that the human problem in commerce and industry is a major problem, and that personnel administration is a responsibility of the line executives, assisted wherever possible by the advice of staff executives trained and experienced in this field of activity. In short, without in the least denying the validity of other points of attack, it approaches the study of the whole management problem in terms of human organization."

As Man to Man

This was subscribed to by a board of directors representing such industries as the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, the Eastman Kodak Company, the United States Rubber Company, the Dennison Manufacturing Company, the General Electric Company, the American Rolling Mill Company, the Miami Copper Company, the American Radiator Company and the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey.

Recognition of the human factor—such was the formal phrase—expressed itself for a long time in a variety of worthy activities comprehended in the term "welfare work." The common weakness of much of it was that it gave people a sense of receiving from above what was benignly deemed to be good for them. That is all past. What was called welfare work is taboo by that name. In place of it is merely the good sense to provide what the civilities require, and nobody is either conscious or self-conscious about it.

Then came profit-sharing by various plans, some of them complicated, by no means all of them successful. Still something was left out. Stock ownership was a solid idea, leading as it did to employe representation. It worked out slowly. Employes of the United States Steel Corporation had been buying stock under a felicitous arrangement with the management for more than twenty years before they quite realized the implications of joint proprietorship. That corporation now has 50,000 employe stockholders and is greatly pleased when on their own initiative they elect a representative to appear at the annual stockholders' meeting with a case to state or some observations to make from the point of view of labor partnership. This happens to be only the most notable case. The total amount of employe stock ownership in American industry is approaching $1,000,000,000.

Recently there has developed very rapidly the idea of employe representation with or without stock ownership, regarded either as a right that belongs to labor or, if not as a right, then as a principle of relationship which the science of management finds to be sound. By employe representation is meant some form of direct participation by labor in the councils of industry.

STETSON HATS
for Christmas

¶ You will search a long time before discovering a man's gift as genuinely welcome as a Stetson. It is particularly fitting for Christmas—a personal and practical thought.

Eight to
Forty Dollars

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA
"World's foremost makers of fine hats"

IF HE SMOKES *give him a "Locktite"*

An ideal gift for the man who smokes is a Locktite Pouch. Made with the Hookless Fastener that always works—it's the modern way to carry tobacco. Many fine leathers and oilsilk—$1.00 to $7.50 at all cigar stores and wherever smokers' articles are sold. The Locktite Cigarette Case holds a full package of 20, straight and fresh to the last one. Give them both—they are sure to please.

THE LOCKTITE CO., INC.
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$131.00 in One Month Without Leaving Home!

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
325 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

How can I make my spare hours pay? No obligation in asking.

Name *Age*
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)
Street
City *State*

Leon B. Wade
of Massachusetts

LEON B. WADE is a subscription representative in a little Massachusetts town. In a single month, not long ago, he earned exactly $131.00 *without leaving his home!* How?

He earned this extra money by telephoning to many of his friends and neighbors and by writing personal letters to others. He told them that he represented *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* and would be glad to forward their orders. Some sent him new subscriptions, others their renewals—Mr. Wade's total profits were $131.00.

Extra Money for You too!

Whether you live in a small town or a large city; whether you are 18 years of age or 80; whether at one time you have days to spare or only an hour or so—we'd like to make you the same cash offer we made Mr. Wade.

Shall we send you all the interesting details? Then just get your scissors and clip the coupon above.

Number 32 of a series of bulletins addressed by the American Management Association to production executives, entitled Some Major Aspects of Employe Representation, says:

"The movement is a complex of many motives. Few innovations in the field of business management have so gripped the imagination of those responsible for the conduct of American industries."

The object is plain. It is that all matters shall be made open to human understanding. Beneath the object is the subject; and how the imagination of the science of management acts on the subject will be found at the end of the bulletin in these words:

"If it be true that the conditions of modern industrialism yield far richer experience than do the circumstances of private life, that they broaden the mental horizon and perfect the manual dexterity of the persons engaged in industry, then it should be considered equally true that employe representation is an effective means to these desirable ends. This improvement in individual quality constitutes the greatest asset any organization can have. Again, if we maintain that the first duty of the worker be to advance efficient production, should we not equally affirm that his willing consent establishes his moral claim to an equivalent reward? Such a reward beyond wages is found in employe representation. Its plan reveals native ability by providing incentives to originality and leadership. Its operation supplies contacts which illuminate the humblest task with the vision of mutual service. Each individual realizes that the successful completion of his own work depends largely on the assistance and coöperation of others."

Observe that a cycle is accomplished. The revolution is working. A way of thinking that took root in the ground of feeling and became emotionalized reappears on the plane of thought as feeling rationalized. Who now is talking of cultural values in the day's work and taking it that the meaning of the job to the man is of paramount importance? Not the socialist, not the radical, not the Utopian. It is the science of management.

At this point it is no longer so difficult to define what it is characteristic in the American way of feeling that liberates the forces of production. Anyone may recognize it. Deeply, it is an attitude toward work.

The Hand That Toils

If you ask again the question why and how we escaped those evils of laborism that limit production in the European system, particularly in Great Britain, the answer is indicated. Labor here is regarded from quite another point of view.

In the Old World, in perhaps every old system of civilization, labor has been treated as a curse, to be avoided or to be endured. Idleness was the blessing. All their economic Utopias turn out to be full of idleness. It was only in freedom from work that the individual found culture and self-expression. The act of producing wealth by contact of the hand with its raw materials was vulgar, low-caste. To command and spend it was polite, high-caste.

For the American—speaking now of what is characteristic in him—all this is quite upside down. He does not know what to do with idleness. He does not understand it. Generally it kills him.

Work is not a curse. It is his soul's anxiety and the universal medium of his self-expression. To stain and roughen the hand in the creative conflict with Nature is no disgrace. There is a kind of hunger for it, as if human experience without it were somehow incomplete. The hand is free and the man is whole. The hand is socially free. Toil leaves no stigma upon it.

There is no surprise for us in the fact that all but three members of President Coolidge's cabinet are men who sometime made their living by use of their hands in systematic manual labor. But even in the late labor government of Great Britain there was no such history of the hand. Here certainly for the first time in any form of industrial society the hand has been restored to full dignity. There is no intellectual class, born to that estate; there is no proletariat, born to that condition. It is neither who a man is nor how he lives that determines his social status; what is in him does. The disparities are not inherited. They are from differences of aptitude and character. What a man has in him, that he may be. At the top of the educational ladder no rungs are reserved for those whose rights are socially predetermined.

The thought that increasingly governs American education all the way up is how to equip the individual for self-expression in work. The emphasis is there, not on scholarship. It is not the function of the individual to exemplify learning; it is the function of education to discover and liberate the powers of the individual for the purpose of his own attack upon reality—for the job in life to which he is best suited. In the field of primary education the demand is more and more that the aptitudes of the individual shall be discovered. What is in him? What can he do?

On Middle Ground

It is illustrated again in the American idea of adult education, wherein it differs from the ideas that are represented in that movement elsewhere. In England the intent of adult education is to give the wage earner a cultural interest to fill up his leisure time—Naturestudy, astronomy, the physics and chemistry of everyday life, literature, perhaps. In Germany the intent is technical. In Denmark it is to stimulate the mind generally. In France there is not much of any kind. But the American idea of adult education is to enable the man to find greater self-expression in his job.

And now big industry, with its daily problem of bringing men and jobs together in a manner to produce the ideal result, begins to regard the individual first, because that is better method. Formerly the idea was to analyze the job and then find the man to fit it. The job was first regarded. Now the man is analyzed. What is he suited to do? What would he like to do? Find that out and you know what he will do well. This is the highest discovery yet made by the science of management in the field of human relations—that it pays to regard the individual first. That job a man can do well, whatever it may be, is the job that will call forth his utmost productive power. And it is the job in which also he will be most content.

Inequalities are facts of Nature. They cannot be abolished. There is no evidence that men want to be equal. Certainly they have no equal taste for responsibility. What they do want is equality of opportunity to exercise their powers. Equality of opportunity was first asserted as a social philosophy. Now the science of management gives it expression as active principle. So at last after a long struggle in the dark, American industry conforms in ways both of thinking and feeling to the social philosophy laid down by the founders in the Puritan spirit.

There are compensations. We have to give up something. As we have no caste of labor, neither have we a caste of pure learning. There are some Americans who sigh for the effect of American prosperity on the life of the mind. Many pedagogues will tell you that in fine scholarship we are inferior to the people of the Old World. They win the Nobel prizes; and that, says the pedagogue, is owing to the fact that we spread education so far and thin. But the ground reason is contained in President Coolidge's great sentence: "We have staked America on the potential capacity of the average citizen."

Above a life of the mind for a few we esteem a life of richer reality for the average. All the wonder of America is so derived.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Garrett. The third will appear next week

Amazing *New* A C radio tubes eliminate batteries by use of electric house current

NEW RADIO TUBES TO USE ORDINARY HOUSE CURRENT FOR POWER
NEW YORK, Jan. 3rd — Much interest was aroused in radio circles today by the announcement that a radio tube had at last been perfected which used ordinary electric house current in the operation of
NEW RADIO TUBE WILL OBSOLETE BATTERY POWER
WASHINGTON, Mar. 15th —
ELECTRICAL WIZARD RUNS RADIO WITH ORDINARY HOUSE LIGHTING CURRENT

in the

CROSLEY AC BANDBOX

6 tubes Genuine Neutrodyne

STORIES in regard to the coming of AC tubes which would operate from houselighting circuits have appeared in various newspapers, arousing a climax of anticipation in the public mind last spring.

With the acquisition of a license by the Crosley Radio Corporation under a large group of patents controlled by the Radio Corporation of America, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, General Electric Company, Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company, etc., the Crosley AC Bandbox is possible through the use of the new R.C.A. alternating current tubes, UX226 and UY227. These tubes utilize for their filaments and heating regular alternating current from the houselighting circuit. The current is stepped down by means of a transformer without need of rectifiers to supply the heat necessary for the functioning of the tubes. The converter box, which is included with the Crosley AC Bandbox, can be tucked away out of sight. It is connected to the Bandbox by a cable and also supplies the current for the plate voltages on the tubes replacing B batteries.

Now $110 without tubes

Thus the Crosley AC Bandbox functions entirely from the regular houselighting current without need of batteries, battery chargers, or any of the other usual paraphernalia which requires attention, care and replacement. The Crosley AC Bandbox with the new alternating current tubes is truly revolutionary, and brings to the radio user an entirely new conception of care-free radio. This AC model, together with the battery type BANDBOX which works with standard power supply units and storage batteries, is the country's most talked of radio! The popularity centers around two major factors:

1. *The imposing array of patents under which it is built.*
2. *The number and quality of the features Powel Crosley, Jr., has built in it for the price!*

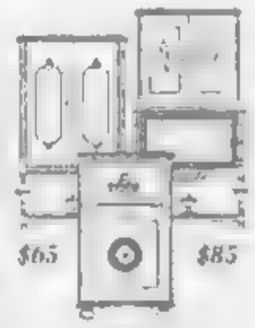
And what value Crosley has added in:

1. Complete shielding of *all* elements.
2. Absolute balance (genuine Neutrodyne).
3. Volume control.
4. Acuminators for sharpest tuning.
5. Single cable connections.
6. Single station selector.
7. Illuminated dial.
8. Adaptability to ANY type installation.

Today's radio must be adaptable to the home. It must fit into all kinds of conditions. Perhaps you have a bookcase corner—a desk compartment—a chest—or even a bureau drawer where it could be tucked away. Maybe you want it to be part of the furnishings, as an impressive console or credenza cabinet. The Bandbox fits in everywhere.

The metal outside case is easily and quickly removed.

The set is solidly mounted on a stout steel chassis. As all controls are assembled together in the front, cabinet panels are easily cut to allow their protrusion. The metal escutcheon is screwed on over the shafts and the installation has all the appearance of being built to order.



Two large furniture manufacturers have designed console cabinets in which the Bandbox can be superbly installed (*Shower Bros. Mfg. Co. of Bloomington, Ind., and the Wolf Mfg. Ind. of Kokomo, Ind.*) Powel Crosley, Jr., has approved them mechanically and acoustically and has seen to it that the famous Crosley Musicones are built in them so that the best type of loud speaker reproduction may be insured.

This is the kind of a radio you have been waiting for—the real *direct* electric set that requires absolutely *no* attention. What if it does run all night! Who cares? No run-down batteries greet you in the morning. You owe it to yourself to see the Bandbox and listen to its remarkable performance. If you cannot easily locate the nearest Crosley dealer, his name and address will be supplied on request. Write Dept. 31.

Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico and West, prices slightly higher.

CROSLEY RADIO

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORP.
Powel Crosley, Jr., Pres.,
Cincinnati, Ohio

"You're there with a Crosley"

Crosley is licensed only for Radio Amateur, Experimental and Broadcast Reception.

"for Xmas free her forever *from the worry of burned toast"*

You don't have to watch the Toastmaster

You drop in a slice of bread . . . press a lever . . . and when it's "done to a turn" up pops the toast, and the current shuts off

If you are undecided as to what to give some friend for Christmas—here is a gift that is not only *new* and *different*, but one that will be used and appreciated every day in the year.

For the new Toastmaster ends one of the most perplexing of all household problems—how to make toast without burning it. It does this *automatically*, without watching or turning the bread. Every piece is perfect every time. Crisp, golden-brown, piping hot. This is how it works:

Drop in a slice of bread
—then forget it

All you have to do is: 1. Drop a slice of bread into the oven slot. 2. Press down the two levers. This lowers the bread into the oven, *automatically* turns on the current, and regulates the length of time the bread is to be toasted. 3. Pop! Up comes the toast when it's done to your individual liking, and the current is *automatically* turned off.

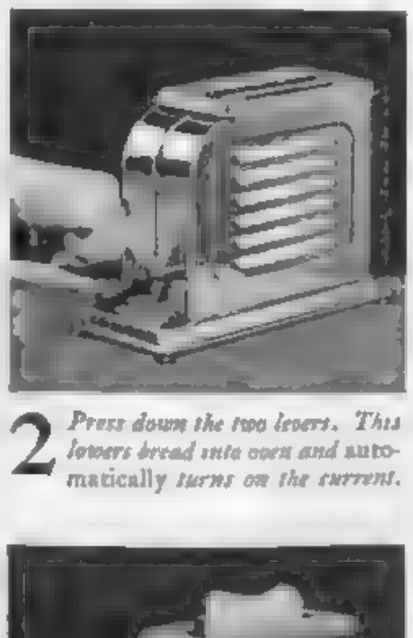
Both sides are toasted at the same time in an enclosed oven. Thus all the goodness and flavor of the bread are sealed in—and the toast is so hot when served that the butter melts and disappears in an instant. And it takes only half the time to toast a slice of bread this way that it does when each side is toasted singly.

Now ready for Christmas Gifts

The Toastmaster is a small brother of the big Toastmaster, used for years by famous Restaurants, Hotels, and Sandwich Shops. It's a little beauty. Finished in flashing nickel, it makes an attractive piece for the server or dining table. So you can make toast right at the table the minute you want it.

Give at least one Toastmaster for Christmas. Your Electric Light Company, department store or electric dealer now has it. See how it makes perfect toast every time. In case your dealer cannot supply you, simply send us your name and we will tell you where you can see the Toastmaster in your town.

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
231 No. Second Street • Minneapolis, Minnesota



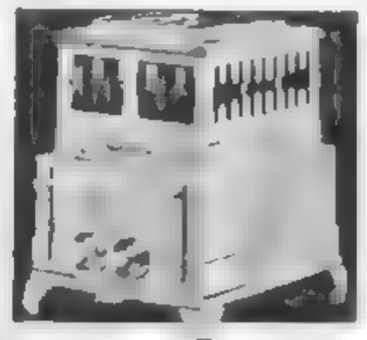
1 *Drop a slice of bread into the oven slot as illustrated above.*

2 *Press down the two levers. This lowers bread into oven and* automatically *turns on the current.*

3 *Pop! Up comes the toast when it's done, and the current is* automatically *turned off.*

NOTE TO DEALERS

Sales indicate that the Toastmaster is a most popular Christmas Gift this year. If you haven't stocked this item, order from your Jobber at once.



The commercial Toastmaster has proved to be a veritable gold mine for hotels, restaurants, cafeterias, coffee and sandwich shops . . . made in four sizes—3 slice, 4-slice, 8-slice and a new 2-slice. A postcard will bring full details without obligation.

The TOASTMASTER

ILLUSIONS OF 1928

(Continued from Page 5)

threatens the existing order of things by a mixture of opportunistic doctrine and extravagant promises.

The economic life of America has grown complicated since the war. Capital operations are being conducted on a larger scale than ever before in American history. The importance of a steady course which will not introduce irritating or unsettling experiments is accepted by the business man as essential. There are enough factors in the ordinary workings of the law of supply and demand to give business men sleepless nights, without introducing legislative restraints. Indeed, it is a serious question whether, in the long run, the removal of some worn-out restraints which are impeding business would not enable Americans to compete in the markets of the world on a more favorable basis. It took a long time, but, nevertheless, business was successful in convincing Congress that American exporters should be able to pool their interests, particularly as against foreign competition, and thus what the framers of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law could not have foreseen in 1890 was corrected nearly thirty years later in the Webb-Pomerene Act. Changes of this kind illustrate the occasional necessity for new legislation or the repeal of old laws, so as to give business an unrestricted opportunity to develop along legitimate lines. But just the same there is raised over the heads of business men a constant series of threats which range all the way from government ownership to socialism and communism.

Though there has been an outcropping of radical talk every now and then since 1918, it can hardly be said that radicalism has made much headway inside either the Republican or the Democratic Party. The nearest approach to radicalism was the coalition which the Democrats made for political reasons with the La Follette insurgents prior to the 1924 elections. But it gave the Democrats no real advantage, because, in the campaign that followed, the La Follette group nominated its own ticket and left the Democrats to be ground between the upper millstone of radicalism and the nether millstone of conservatism. It is a fact that the Democrats had a hard time financing their campaign and found themselves compelled not only to spend less than has been customary in national campaigns but to raise funds ever since in an effort to meet the deficit.

The Best Form of Slogan

With a few rare exceptions, the people who have made money in this country are those who have been in intimate contact with the business world and who know the value of capital and credit and all their uses. It goes against the grain with most of them to contribute to a campaign which has for its object the disturbance of business. Now and then a philanthropist arises who honestly enough contributes his funds because he has been convinced that an ideal or large principle is involved. But solicitors for campaign funds do not often run across this type. Indeed, more often the list of prospective contributors includes hard-headed business men who see nothing in the political program of the Democratic or the Republican candidate, as the case may be, that can possibly be disturbing, and who feel that their own loyalty to party can be expressed with confidence that one group will not be any more harmful to business than another.

If you will examine the platforms of the two major parties in the present generation you will find, of course, many half-baked ideas which were capable, if enacted into law, of creating considerable annoyance to business; but you will not find that the men who contributed to the campaign funds of either party had any real fear that the candidates they supported would really do anything to unsettle business.

Looking as far back as 1892 and 1896, when big campaign parades were fashionable and oilcloth capes and torchlight caps moved in spectacular processions in our principal cities, we find there was developed the idea that the best slogan for a presidential year was one appealing to the business sense of the individual. The laboring man was told in those days that the protective tariff meant a high wage level. In 1896, for instance, in the lapels of the paraders were little trinkets arguing for the slogan, "Sound money"—the challenge of that year to the sixteen-to-one program of "Free silver." There came, too, in later campaigns such slogans as, "The full dinner pail and prosperity."

The fact that a panic occurred in 1907 during a Republican Administration did not interfere with an overwhelming victory in 1908 by the Republican Party. And the Democrats in 1914 had scarcely been settled in Washington when a depression struck them which was attributed by political opponents to the operations of the Underwood Tariff Law, but which unquestionably was influenced to no small degree by the outbreak of the European war. Yet the Democrats, though willing to argue, as did their Republican friends in 1907, that business cycles have very little to do with politics, grasped in 1916 the slogan "Peace and prosperity" and actually won the election in the West by the use of the old-fashioned Republican doctrine of "Let well enough alone." The business outlook had very little to do with the landslide in 1920 which swept Warren Harding into office, as that was undoubtedly a period of reaction against the irritations of the war era.

Getting On in the Off Years

But 1924 found the Republican Party able to get funds very easily to offset the La Follette "menace." It should not be inferred, however, that the plethora of money had anything to do with the result; in fact, a good many political observers were of the opinion that the three-cornered political fight would have resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Republicans anyway, because the La Follette group took all the radical votes out of the Democratic Party and drove most of the conservative Democratic votes into the Republican Party. Though it is true that a party which is poorly organized cannot get very far without funds, it is equally true that a well-organized party can win an election with relatively little money if it happens to be in office.

There is an innate objection to change for change's sake in America. The home-owning individual in most instances is convinced that political change is synonymous with experimentalism; and yet district after district will change its personnel in Congress without any regard for the underlying influences of a change in the leadership of Congress. This is perhaps best explained by the fact that the average voter has not yet learned that the members of the House of Representatives and the United States Senate can collectively influence the passage of legislation affecting business. Senators and representatives usually become involved in local politics, which are in the main contests between persons rather than policies.

This is confirmed by the fact that members of Congress are keen to run in a presidential year, because they know they will be swept into office by the presidential nominee; but they are apprehensive about off-year elections, because they have learned that almost anything can happen between presidential elections. Most of our surprises occur in the so-called off years. When the Democrats got possession of the House of Representatives in 1910, it was the halfway mark of the Republican Administration. Similarly, in 1918, when the Republicans won both houses of Congress while a Democrat was in the White House,

Who are these Investors?

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

TEN years ago fifteen of the largest corporations in the United States had a total of approximately 500,000 stockholders. Today the American Telephone and Telegraph Company alone has more than 420,000 stockholders.

This is an instance of the amazing growth of saving and investment that has taken place in this country. Who are these new investors?

American Telephone and Telegraph stockholders come from every rank and file in every state, nearly every town and city, in the land. Mechanics and merchants, teachers and bankers, laborers and lawyers—every station of life is represented in this investment democracy. And it is a democracy, for the average holding is only 26 shares. No one person owns as much as 1% of the total stock.

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PLAYS for Amateurs
We can supply any play in print. Send for free catalogue. Manuscripts purchased for cash.
THE PENN PUBLISHING CO.
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18 or 80

Here's Cash for Spare Hours

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WHATEVER your age, we will offer you liberal payment to care for our present subscribers and enroll new readers for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

Byron West, for instance, has made $7.50 in 3 hours. On Saturday afternoons and in the evenings, Grant DeK. Pritchard says he has many times averaged $2.50 an hour. A. B. Arment has made $100.00 in a single month.

Grant DeK. Pritchard of New Jersey

You Need No Experience

We need more men and women workers in your locality right now. You need only the willingness to try work that is easy, pleasant and dignified. To learn all the attractive details of our offer just send the coupon below.

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326 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

I'll be glad to look over a proposition which will pay me up to, say, $1.50 an hour for my spare time. No obligation, of course, if I don't like it

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JONES SAUSAGE *and Buckwheat Cakes.*

The JONES DEALER in your neighborhood has made his plans for an extra supply of *"Little Sausages" & "Sausage Meat"* fresh from the farm, so that your family can enjoy the *"Jones Christmas Breakfast."*

JONES DAIRY FARM
PORT ATKINSON •• WISCONSIN

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No mumbling of words—no jumbling of music. No tone distortion—no blasting—no straining to hear. It's the most "human" of all Speakers, because instead of a floating reed secured at only one end, the Quam Speaker has a "Stretched Reed" like the human vocal cords. You will recognize the improvement in your radio instantly.

Surprisingly low-priced

Only $17.50

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Sold by Leading Radio Supply Dealers, or sent prepaid upon receipt of price.

Quam Radio Corporation
9719 Cottage Grove Ave. Chicago, Ill.

QUAM SPEAKER

"Built on the Stretched Reed Principle"

it was the halfway mark in the second Wilson Administration. In the 1926 elections the Republicans lost several seats in the Senate and the insurgent group really holds the balance of power in the upper house today.

This may be a defect in the American system of government by party, but it is not necessarily a permanent defect. The time may come when the feelings of the voter, as expressed in his desire for a Republican or a Democratic presidential candidate, will stick to him in the off year, so that when change does come, it will be a complete change in the executive as well as the legislative branch of the national Government.

If elections were a logical reason for creating uncertainty, it would appear that business should fear the off years much more than the presidential years. Even assuming that a traditional Democrat has little confidence in the ability of the Republicans to do anything efficiently, or, conversely, that a Republican should not think that the Democrats could ever run the Government without disturbing business, there is more reason to believe that either party would be able to carry out its program more effectively with a Congress of the same political complexion as the White House than with a Congress divided against the Executive.

After all, the most commonly heard comment in national politics today is that there is very little difference between the Republican and Democratic parties as such, and that the differences must be found in the individual capacity of the candidates who personify what may or may not be done in the execution of major policies. In other words, the difference between the two major parties has come to be a difference in formula in arriving at the main objective, the prosperity of the nation.

A Change of Tactics

Neither political party will contend that it wants to disturb business or that it wishes to diminish in any way the earning opportunities of the individual. Rather will it be asserted that a particular formula will improve business conditions and bring about the welfare of all. Significantly enough, there has been a tendency in the Democratic Party to drop the old idea of attacking big business as such. There was a time when the Bryan idea of assailing capitalism in all its forms and arguing for the masses was the principal doctrine of the Democrats. The eight years of Democratic rule brought about a change in tactics. The Democrats found, as the Republicans had, that it was just as important to keep the business elements in the electorate happy.

And then came the era of high rents which caused a wave of home building throughout America. Simultaneously, too, there started a widespread distribution of securities of various kinds. The war had taught thrift and the value of bonds. It is estimated today that there are more than fifteen million owners of securities in the United States. Each one of those security holders is likely to influence the votes of the members of the family and of his or her relatives. This has probably been one of the most powerful factors in keeping radicalism at bay that we have had in our history. People who have property and own securities are not interested in voting to aid those who would experiment with national policies. And the Democrats know this just as well as the Republicans.

The program of the hour therefore involves, first of all, the winning of confidence. The Democrats are as anxious to prove that if they are put in office they will not throw a monkey wrench into business as are the Republicans to argue that the simplest way to keep business steady is to make no change in administration. The formula for prosperity may differ, but the objective is very much the same. The Democrats cannot hope to get campaign funds if they listen to the radicals in their midst, any more than the Republicans can gain financial support if they espouse the doctrines of those Middle Western insurgents who come from the La Follette school of thought.

Safe-and-Sane Candidates

In this contest between the two major parties for the opportunity to serve, there are still political leaders who think there must be an antithesis of radicalism, or at least liberal progressivism, as against outright conservatism; but unless discontent is widespread and business is at a low ebb anyhow, so that unemployment is extensive, this particular brand of thinking does not even get a hearing in the councils of the big parties. The best proof of this is the type of men being mentioned for the two presidential nominations. Charles Evans Hughes, Herbert Hoover, former Governor Lowden, Vice President Dawes and Senator Curtis all have different personalities and probably no two of them would execute national policies in just the same way, but basically they have on most questions a sort of safe-and-sane attitude fundamentally like that of President Coolidge.

As for the Democratic side, Governor Smith of New York has on most questions got along well with the business interests in New York City—the financial center of the world. Men like Senator Glass of Virginia, Governor Donahey of Ohio, Governor Ritchie of Maryland, and Senator Robinson of Arkansas could hardly be called radicals. Even Senator Reed of Missouri, who has been on the attack so much that he is generally credited with a tendency to upset, is regarded by his close friends as safe and sane on all matters in which responsibility would place him on the defensive. Of the new Democrats who take their seats in Congress this December, there is not one who could, strictly speaking, be called a La Follette or a Brookhart.

The conservatives, or the liberal conservatives, if you will, hold a majority of both houses of Congress. Legislation that is positively upsetting is not likely to get a majority vote, and even if it did, the presidential veto would make it impossible for such proposals to be enacted into law. On nine out of ten radical suggestions there would not be a majority of both houses, and on the tenth it is safe to assume that there could not be mustered a two-thirds vote over the President's veto. Under such

(Continued on Page 130)

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Summer Comfort-Summer Sports

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Those whose longer useful lives have earned a respite from the grind come here for their "second wind"—to gain new health—new strength—recreation—through the magic of warming rays from a tropic sun—of salt laden breezes from southern seas—the witchery of moderate moonlit nights—for here is America's Riviera—*"Modern Fountain of Youth"*.

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CHAMBER of COMMERCE, MIAMI, FLORIDA

CITY COMMISSION OF MIAMI

MIAMI

World's Greatest Winter Resort

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December 17, 1927

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181	7.00	10.00
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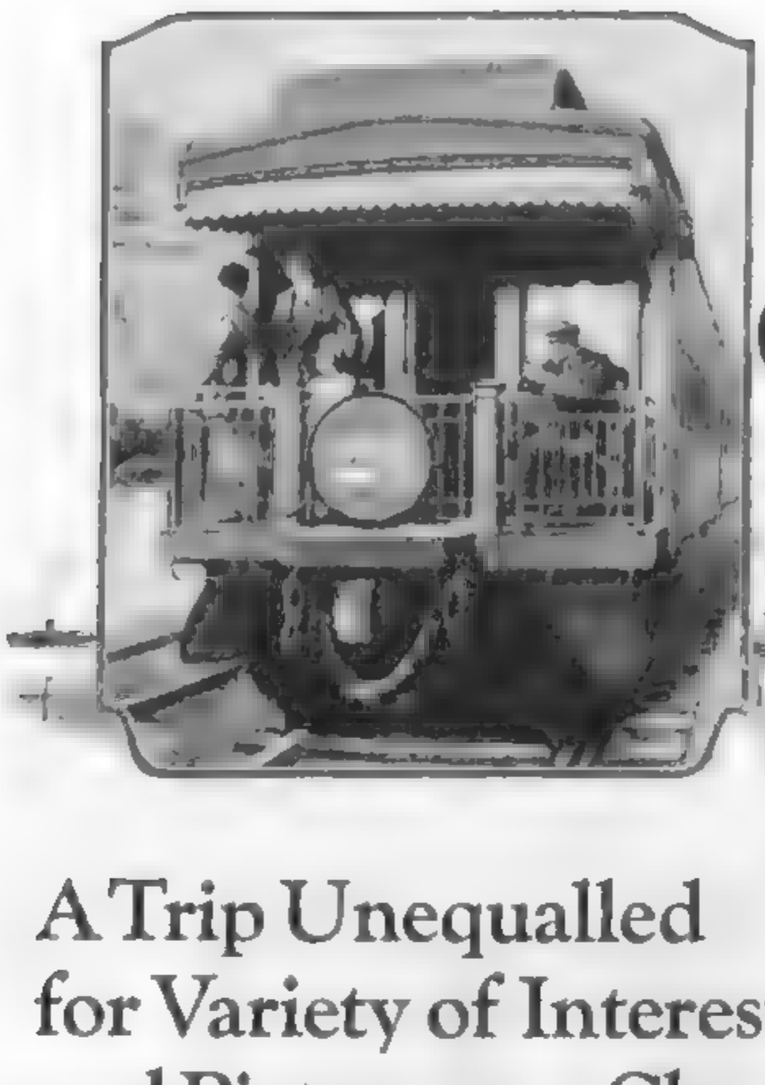
THE STEVENS IS THE LARGEST HOTEL IN THE WORLD



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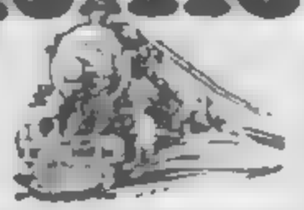

(Continued from Page 126)

circumstances, just why business should have any feeling of uncertainty about the political situation is difficult to understand, except on the general ground that a presidential year gives an opportunity for widespread discussion of the possibility of change. Analyzing the situation close at hand, one does not find the slightest reason for uneasiness so far as new policies are concerned. There is, of course, always a tendency to enlarge the regulatory function of the Government and to apply restrictions which affect individual businesses, but there is nothing in the foreground which involves a change in the economic structure of the country as vitally, for instance, as did the Federal Reserve Act in 1913 or the gold and silver controversies of 1896. If there were, opinion on such projects would have crystallized inside either the Republican or the Democratic Party long before this.

The sole outstanding issue which has caused a difference inside the Republican Party is agriculture. The Democrats, too, are divided on it. On the whole, the issue has proceeded to the point where conservative Republicans recognize that the matter must be given earnest consideration at the forthcoming session of Congress. To the extent that the Eastern conservatives have been willing to listen to a compromise solution, the situation may be said to be better than it was two years ago, when the Western insurgents were offering the McNary-Haugen Bill and the Eastern Republicans were not very actively proposing any alternatives. The opportunities for an improvement in business conditions through an improved agriculture are axiomatic, so that here again it may be said that the objective of both parties is the same, but the formulas for attaining the objective will continue to vary.

It is only natural for the political leaders to claim credit for such prosperity as is attained when their party is in power, just as it is natural for political opponents to blame the party in power for a dwindling of prosperity. Much will be heard about prosperity in the 1928 campaign. But the similarity of the programs of the major political parties is the best proof that neither political party can possibly make two bushels of wheat grow where Nature provides only one. The natural laws of business will continue to operate and curbstone economists will see in this and that factor of production or the wage scale reasons for the fluctuations of the business curve. Politics will play an incidental part as long as the two parties continue their present efforts to win the confidence of the business men of the country, and will assume greater importance only if the leadership of either party should be wrested from the liberal conservatives by radicals—a contingency which the years since the war would seem to make remote and improbable. The most difficult factor to deal with in the relationship of business and politics is the psychological impression which springs from our traditional ways of thinking, but we are rapidly dispelling such illusions.

The two major parties of today are inherently conservative, no matter what the candidates may say in their efforts to get votes. And by conservative one means being mindful of the fact that people who have property do not wish to lose it, people who have savings do not wish to see them dissipated, and people who have employment do not wish to be made idle through meddlesome enlargement of the regulatory power or misguided retention of worn-out restrictions which impede America's opportunity to sustain her business enterprises inside as well as outside the United States.

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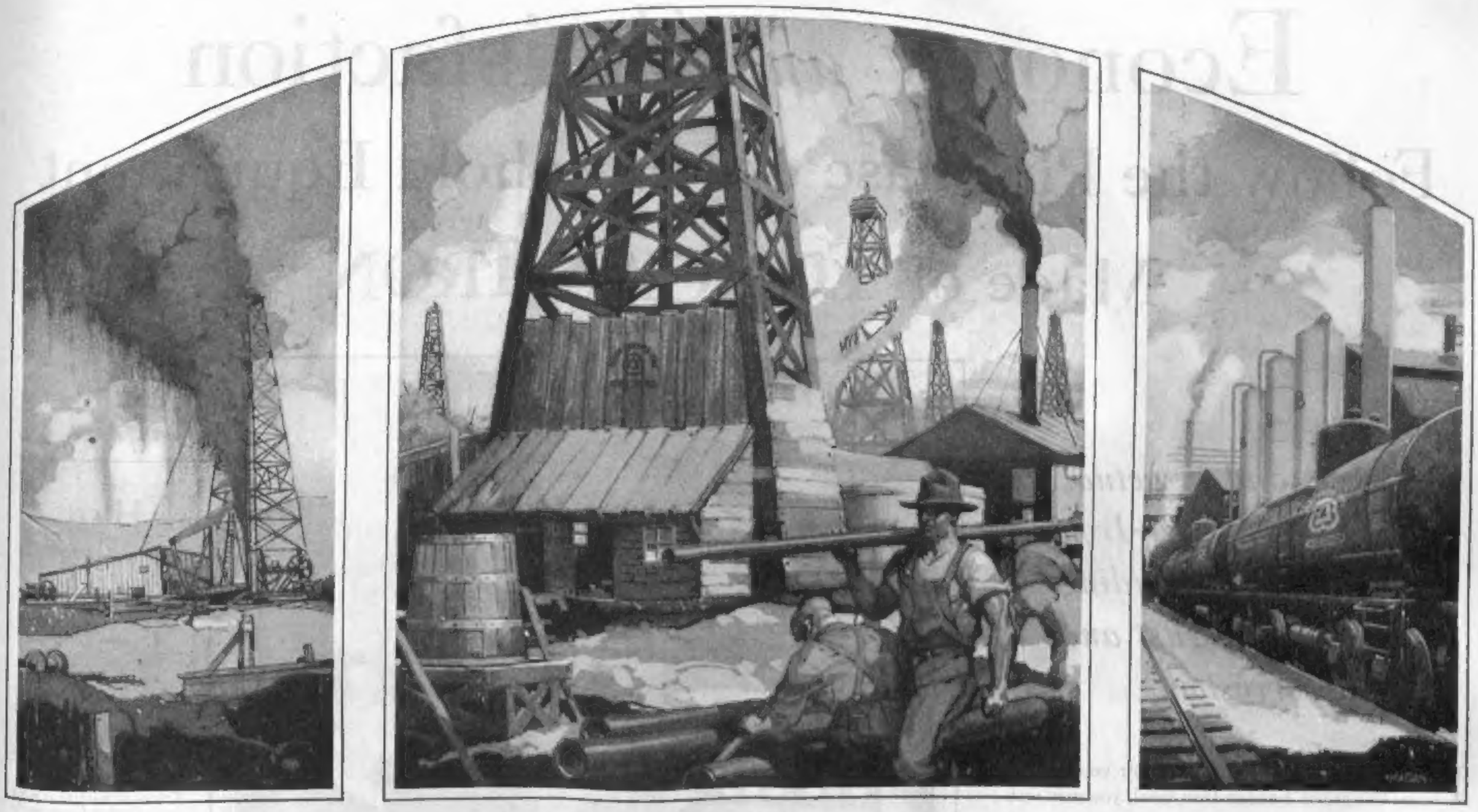

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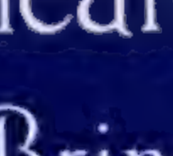

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